

You want a blue sky, how provincial  
Focus the dead eye upon the guard of the liars  
Kinetoscoping not to fear a thing  
Not anacondas under the cover of liars

Poseying in prose again  
Mount Toby friends are make pretend  
Never offered cover model jobs outside of Factory Hollow  
So I'm the god of the liars

A truss construction never fears a thing  
Look through the onion  
Skin under the guard of the liars  
New position minus friction  
X-game starlet earns the mention

(Yeah yeah yeah)  
No-way ticket trained in consent  
Kissing cousins' train's a-coming  
Puff puff  
Now I'm the god of the liars  
(Yeah yeah yeah)