

one night I laid down and turned the lights out  
next thing I know I'm awake in the white house  
only a few feet away from the president  
who's giving answers to reporters while they question his  
foreign policy his stand on ecology  
the war on poverty and his plan for the economy  
and as the camers focuses nobody notices  
my form crouched underneath a desk motionless  
then he told them its time for action  
and he doesn't care who's willing to back him  
he's attacking for the AMerican dream  
plans for blasting at the terror regime  
prepared it would seem to spend dough on more weapons  
he said no more questions rose and walked past  
fingers crossed heard him laugh then he saw me it seems  
and whispered.....  
(even if you kill me I'll still be in your fuckin' dreams.....)[repeat]

a couple nights with my alarm set for ten I've gone  
to sleep in my bed then woke up in the pentagon  
in the basement, adjacent to the war room  
by the general's chair, where they're planning your doom  
saying civilian casualties are a small price  
for killing their faculty to get oil and gas for free  
the president said these Muslim's practice blasphemy  
if I don't blast them first they coming after me  
ain't notice me, talking openly bout smoking three  
world leaders and covering paw prints of perverts  
wearing rosaries, it's like a spells holding me  
controlling me, forcing me to see the sights that they're showing me  
talking bout blowing these, countries off the map  
rockets smoke 'em openly, cause we got the gats  
leaned back in his chair stared at me it seems and said.....  
(even if you kill me I'll still be in your fuckin' dreams.....)

some nights when I drift into dream  
this is the scene, I wake up a killer marine  
guerilla machine, with a nine milli that scream  
titanium hollow tip clips to drill out your spleen  
my team, is the last resort, a special task force  
performing government hits, we catch a fast corpse  
then leave without a trace, your body leave without a face  
send your cadaver off with NASA to rot in outer space  
this time I've been assigned to find the minds  
who design anti-American crimes  
I climb, through the mountains I hear a sound in a cave and  
I think I found 'em I walk in and cock my pound and I stop  
I'm shocked astounded at what I see  
W.B., Mr. American me, chilling with the terrorist three  
discussing oil prices, my legs went soft like boiled rice with  
the thought that I'm caught in soiled vice grips  
stabbing my heart like ice picks  
the betrayal is never ending like Atrayu and my life is  
flashing in front of me I cock my gun and they scream.....  
(even if you kill me I'll still be in your fuckin' dreams!)