

Mr. Statesman

Enough things are running through my head
Wondering why so many have to hunger
Why so many can't even get a loaf of bread
I'm asking you Mr. war monger

You've come in the name of peace
To make the multitude think all is well
The future becomes blurry and extortions increase
Then heaven shifts to hell

Watch out brother Lazarus
This man claims to be a messiah
Rest assure not upon a self-acclaimed genius
He's a poor man's playa

He comes in the season of selection
Just for your ticket
After that, he kisses off your afflictions
And wallows in bastard grandiose

We're not blind, we're seeing you
You use the people for your bounties
And your silver-tongue as a clue
Last warning! We're tired living in agonies

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