

Tables Are Turned

Cryptic Slaughter

Well Ron you blew it this time
You've had your turn, now it's mine
All your lying caught up with you
It's your mistake, what will you do?
You knew about it all along
You deny it, same old song
You try and blame it on someone else
No one's to blame except yourself
Did you think you'd get away?
I hoped this would happen someday
To see your lies blow up in your face
Another crooked president, just another disgrace
Well Ron, you've had your fun
Ignorant to the damage you've done
Got America where it doesn't belong
You still deny it, same old song
In my lifetime, I hope to see
People living with real peace
Without fear of death unreal
Without pain they already feel