

## March Of The Morons

Damage

Got a mind but you don't want it  
You're a cretin and you flaunt it  
Wheels and gears without a movement  
A head of straw would be an improvement  
March of the morons  
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You don't read or write too well  
Got sh\*t for brains, can't stand the smell  
Your cranium is lined with fur  
And the outside world is just a blur  
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You like to dress up like a punk  
Fucking, fighting, always drunk  
But you've got a saving grace  
You'll disappear without a trace  
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