

## Deodorant Can't Fix Ugly

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For the record I must say  
It's sad to see you all pray  
All pray your lives away  
When in reality  
Why should we believe in something we can't see?  
A mockery, Orchestrating hypocrisy  
Oh the irony  
Open up your eyes and  
There you go pointing your fingers at me  
you burn it in and out of humanity  
Now you see those clergy eat better than you and me  
They tour amongst the shores with stouthearted feet  
Trade stigma, ad harlots  
Golden letters, leather-bound looks  
Fight with fire and throwing stones our world sheds  
When our rivers run red  
We'll never know where we'll go  
'Til there's a crutch to call home  
We'll never know...