

Band Geek Mafia (The Horn Of Justice)

Voodoo Glow Skulls

the band with glasses and hard looks
has got you down in their black book
computerized, the crust elite
don't need the smell of mission street

have your cake and eat it too
with fellow scum that worship you
when you choke on our black smoke
no one will be there for your rescue

your fake representation
shows right through your rotting skin
the only ones you're fooling
are the imbeciles ones you're fooling
are the imbeciles who think like you

you probe us with your jealousy
your anger gives us the defeat
we'll keep walking separate ways
until someday, again we meet

the band geek mafia all unite
as we watch you fade away
and on your gravestone we