## Stabilizers, Tyranny

I can see you've got things well in hand You seem to think this is your promised land No parade without a tip of your hat If the people cry - you give them what they ask Both good and bad - and as the sky turns black

What's a little tyranny to you? When all you need to do - is come to me So what - what's a little tyranny

Now the plan begins to take some form I could swear you had a soul before You're in command - holding tight to your course You close your hand and promise them much more From behind your door - they've heard it all before

Now it seems your luck is running down A masquerade in pieces on the ground The fear you've lost has suddenly been found They've come for you - go to your angry crowd Hear them calling out loud You're wearing a smile through the frown