

Marching Lies

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh, mine eyes have seen the horror of our leader's thirst for war.
He is trampling on the truth and with great ignorance does roar.
He wants to loose all holy hell, create great scenes of gore.
His lies are marching on.

[CHORUS]

Glory, glory, how he'll screw ya.
With his lies he will delude ya.
In his violence he'll include ya.
His lies are marching on.

I have seen how in his vanity and ignorance he camps.
His arrogance he spits forth in the evening dews and damp.
With seething hatred and with bloody arrogance he rants.
His lies are marching on.

[CHORUS]

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.
Death and violence in his name he thinks is just so sweet.
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer and to make sure crow he'll eat.
His lies are marching on.

[CHORUS]