

No Remorseful Reply

Beatallica

This happened once before
We smashed in your door—no reply
You said it wan't you
But I put your head through your window
War without end
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I know that you saw me
As I looked down to kick in your face
I tried to telephone
Before I trashed your home—the strong survive
Cuz I know where you've been
And I will bash right in your door
Bullets they fly, people they die
Die right by my hand
I creep across the land—death is near
No mercy for what we're doing
NO thought to even what we've done
We don't need to feel the sorrow
No remorse to the helpless one
No remorse