

## Kill The Snakes

Trash Talk

Lockdown  
We're falling out  
Decaying ranks and pranks  
Against my flesh  
Death's finished ripping and hell has broken loose  
Decay's on every corner, war is on the tube  
A generation of dropouts is empty handed and discontent  
The bastard sons of the revolution: what you see is what you get  
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Death's finished ripping and hell is broken loose  
Decay's on every corner, war is on the tube  
It's so ironic, the weak will follow the blind  
And rats will race while the master's away  
Rise to your feet, come line your street  
For the path of the pale horse leads not astray  
I wrote a song I hoped the world would hate as much as I hate myself today  
But I'm still screaming at the top of my lungs so you can hear me...  
Kill the snakes