

## Bugs

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Armies march in darkness  
Training to attack  
For years of senseless crushing  
They're gonna fight back  
Coming out of the woodwork  
Infesting every pore  
They don't just want revenge  
They want to rule the world

Bugs, bugs

They have a fearless leader  
A strong and wise old roach  
Ants collect his food supply  
While he sits on his throne  
Bloodshed will be welcome  
To feed the leech patrol  
They're much too quick to splatter  
They scurry down their holes

For every can of pesticide  
There'll be a human genocide  
They're crawling to get you

To arms, to arms  
We only have two arms  
How can we fight them  
When the Raid is gone  
A hundred bugs to every human  
The odds are so unfair  
Crabs destroy your sex life  
Lice are in your hair