

Pile Driver

Clutch

You Put Me In The Clutches Of Sin
Making Me A Burning Specimen
Of Worn Animosity, Just To Aspire
Leaving Absolutely Nothing Behind

But Now It Seems That The Tables Have Turned
Another Dead End, Another Lesson Learned
One Good Turn Deserves Another
So Here It Is, Motherfucker

You're Just A Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
And I've Gone Ballistic

Tooth And Scratch
Give Me An Axe To Grind
A Practice Made Perfect, Matter Over Mind
I've Got The Urge, I've Got The Urge
To Clean Up This Place Of Your Scourge

If Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness
Then That Would Make You The Devil
Call It What You Will, A Pre-Emptive Strike
But The First Law Of Nature Is To Defend One's Life

You're Just A Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
And I've Gone Ballistic

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory
Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory
Grapes Of Wrath
Grapes Of Wrath

You're Just A Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
Semi-Automatic Hate Machine
And I've Gone Ballistic

And You're Just A Statistic