

## In Distortion We Trust

Crucified Barbara

Run fast, you're going down  
We are the superstars from Sheep Valley town  
The noise will blow your speakers away  
If you don't like the shit you don't have to stay

Wicked sounds on the gasoline drums  
The Evil eye is watching you  
Strings of steel Forces you down  
The Crap is mad and it's ahouting out loud

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