

Don't Piss On My Neck and Tell Me It's Raining

Death By Stereo

The more we fail, the higher the ratings,
higher the ratings,
The more we fail,
it's the image your making,
it's the image your making
Drawn in dirt and blood from our hands,
Mass self destruction,
your means to an end

Hate fuck this revolting world, hate fuck
Hate fuck this revolting world, hate fuck
Open wide as I fuck you in the mouth,
block the lies from gouging my eyes out,
Choke on my cum, enjoy your last breath,
turning blue we celebrate your death

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
the young die fast, you fuck the rest,
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
the young die fast, you fuck the rest,
I'll drag this dagger across your throat,
with every fucking word I've wrote
Stoop and you'll be steeped on,
stand tall and you'll be shot,
We give up on ourselves, to be someone we're not,
Dedicated to the human cause,
without a rest, without a pause,
I'll speak my mind until my dying breath,
this fight lives on, beyond our death

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Blood sucking scumfuck,
I will erase you from this world,
Power mad orgy begins to curdle,
As I bend your head and snap your neck,
Spill a drop of blood for each life you've wrecked,
When your well runs dry, no blood to spill,
One look at your face and it's making me ill,
When your well runs dry no blood to spill,
Castrate the pig, a testament to free will

The absolute rejection of authority,
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The absolute rejection of authority,
I'll drag this dagger across your throat, with every fucking word I've wrote