

Weapons of mass destruction

Gene Simmons

Born in the ashes of ruin at the birth of your kind
In the dawn of creation you conjured me in your mind
Love thy neighbor as you love yourself
You just can't hear the sound of your own church bells
What you reap is what you get

I bring you the weapons of mass destruction
E pluribus unum
Illusion
Delusion

No matter where you go there I am
Like salt on a wound you're the sacrificial lamb
You deserve everything that you get
You're guilty 'til you're proved innocent
What you see is what you get