

Smell of rot, taste of hate,  
Eyes bloodshot, doomed by fate,  
Yeah I remember Timothy McVeigh,  
One of many whose life was burnt away.  
The Columbine kids once calm and relaxed,  
Not a trace of evil from their front to their backs,  
Another set of souls fallen from grace,  
It's lunch time now, holding a gun to your face.

Chaos to make, a world to break,  
Dark shadows of retaliation,  
Chaos to make, a world to break,  
All negotiation will fail.

Mentally I'll hidden among us to kill,  
Extremist geniuses driven by will,  
Should the government take the blame?  
Conspiracy is the name of the game.  
Some grew up tortured, others buried in wealth,  
An atrocity waiting to happen in full stealth,  
Sick of the way things are going around,  
So they blow up a bus or bring buildings down.

Chaos to make, a world to break,  
Dark shadows of retaliation,  
Chaos to make, a world to break,  
The innocent will pay.

What makes the perfect targets?  
Federal buildings seems to be the prime,  
They've caught the bastard and they put him to sleep,  
For the most inhumane crimes,  
But when the bombs go off again,  
And you all thought that he was dead,  
A sentinel rises to proceed the chaos,  
You'll remember what his epitaph said.

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Dark shadows of retaliation,  
Chaos to make, a world to break,  
The innocent will pay.