

# My World War

## Holy Mother

Sister told me  
I've been brain dead  
Lost my home  
That's a drag  
I can see the only way to hurt you  
Taking me to toy a life of virtue  
I can feel it  
Burning like from under  
I can feel it  
Burning from within  
Trip my switchblade  
Shine my steel plate  
Save my life from revenge  
I can breathe  
A cold to make a thunder  
I believe  
My soul is infrared  
I can feel it  
Burning like from under  
I can feel it  
Burning from within  
Every nightmare haunts your bed  
The only place you're safe from dead  
So help me god I'm comin' back  
.....Portland, Oregon  
Yet another victim of this heinous trail of street violence takes a fall  
as the townspeople cry for more police officers and stronger law enforcement  
agents  
to man the streets of a town where violence and crime have taken its toll...

I can feel  
The world is crawling under  
I can free  
The world of my kind  
It's my joke  
I am your public enemy  
I can feel it  
Our world war  
Victim's hosst hope  
Vendors sell dope  
Save my whole human race  
If you bleed  
You're only for surrender  
I can feel  
My soul is infrared  
I can feel  
It lying like your brother  
I can see it  
Squash you like a bug  
Every nightmare haunts your bed  
The only place you're safe from dead  
So help me god I'm comin' back  
I can feel  
The world is crawling under  
I can free  
The world of my kind  
It's my joke

I am your public enemy  
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