

Lexicon Devil with a batterd brain
I'm looking for the future, the world's my aim

Gimme, gimme your hands, gimme, gimme your minds
Gimme, gimme your hands, gimme, gimme your minds
Gimme, gimme this, gimme, gimme that

Toy tin soldiers that can push and shove
Gunboy rovers that'll wreck this club
Build you up and level your heads
We'll run it my way cold men and politics dead

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Silver guns to drip old blood
We'll give this established joke a shove
We're gonna wreak havoc on this rancid mill
I'm searchin' for something even if I'm killed

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Empty your pockets, don't need their change
I'm giving you the power to rearrange
Together we'll run to the highest prop
Tear it down and let it drop

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