

# Revenge

NIM VIND

For me

It's cold like the reptile's blood  
The diamond in rattler eye  
A vaccine to mystified  
A cold at your door  
Damming the signs of end times  
The hammer waits to fall  
The streets are cursed and violent  
Pull weapons from the wall

And if your charge is killing me  
There ain't no cure to call  
There in in blackened swagger  
There now a cruel sweetheart

Get your gun

For me

It's cold like a soldier's stride  
Like hands on a homicide  
Police at my suicide  
A cold on the floor  
Damming signs of end times  
The anvil waits to fall  
Threats are marked and imminent  
Pull weapons from the wall

And if your charge is killing me  
There ain't no cure to call  
There in in blackened swagger  
There now a cruel sweetheart

Get your gun

It's going down for me  
The madness has energized  
Continues to mesmerize  
The masses have organized  
And take hold the floor  
Revolution is coming fast  
Like days of a civil war  
Your rationed right dissolving  
Won't matter anymore

And if you've come to kill me  
There ain't no cure to call  
I will in blackened swagger  
I will now creul sweetheart

Get my gun

And get some killing done