

Passed out on the Tel Aviv offramp
Shot down got too close to the sun
Burned out like a molotov cocktail
Payback is the thrill of the hunt

And I know you can never question
A divine suggestion
Like a sick obsession
Give in, you got nowhere to turn, yeah

Where are you gonna run to now
Where are you gonna hide
Where are you gonna run to now
It will be cold and lonely
Until judgement day comes
And justice has won

Nonstop on a flight going nowhere
Got lost where the horses run free
Blacked out in a sweet smelling coma
Broke down on a killing spree

And I know you can never question
A divine suggestion
Like a sick obsession
Give in, you got nowhere to turn yeah

Where are you gonna run to now
Where are you gonna hide
Where are you gonna run to now
It will be cold and lonely until judgement day comes
And justice has won
My kingdom come, my will be done
And justice has won

Caught dead at the scene of the crime like a revelation in desperation
Replay at the end of the game with a mob demanding
Let justice be done