

Drawing Blood

Stuck Mojo

Slit the wrist, the devil's kiss evil days it slips

I loathe them and hate them for
Their sickly toxic presence
For the country I love they
Show no god damn reverence
No character, no pride
A man without a sense of dignity
Collectivist mindset, a danger to our liberty

I feel the need to kill the seed
To bleed the breed of this disease

Happiness and ignorance as long
As he can pay the rent
Until the day that freedom's gone
Utopian society, a welfare state for you and me
Until the day that freedom's gone

I smell it, I taste it
It runs through my blood, I'm free
I see the fear in your eyes
I'm not afraid to bleed
Survivalist of the apocalypse
Fingertips my freedom grip