

## 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