

Blood, Guts And Rock'n'roll

Tankard

One, two, three pints of blood
On my cornflakes make me big and strong
Then I get my chainsaw, then I get my
I am gonna slaughter, 'cos I need it to relax

I'm just kidding cornflake killers my new hit
We're the band that signs of death, violence, blood and all that shit
Acid, chains, eating brains
Maniacs and killers
Deadly music is our trade
Murder, bloodshed, body parts, gory mess
Dripping from our stereo, slashing is the way to go

Blood metal - it's my life
Killing, hurt and pain
Blood metal - there's nothing better
Blood and guts and rock'n'roll
Give me psychotic murder, must be fun to be insane

Songs about cannibals
Roasting victims, human barbecue
Fingers for the cheesedip, grilling legs and thigh
Won't you come and join us? We will cut you down to size

Mutilation is the business of our show
Sacrifice of human life, set it in our video
Making cash with our trash
Everybody wants to
Live a sadist fantasy
Murder, bloodshed, body parts, gory mess
Dripping from our stereo, slashing is the way to go

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I'm so scared, cut myself
In the finger, blood is dripping now
Someone's got to help me, think I'm gonna die
I am touch and brutal, but this pain it makes me cry

Lethal lyrics, ugly words that bite and slit
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