

## Gunning For The N.r.a.

The Rabble

He got an idea and then he used it  
Justification of the gunner with a direct hit  
Deployed to the paranoid  
They've got their fingers on their triggers and  
Official permits for you

Like an atom bomb they light the fury  
Like a truncheon to the judge  
And to the jury  
The allegiance of arrogance  
Choke on the selfishness of all gun-liberty

A rising sun, it sets in the west,  
Above the heads of rough justice  
'Cause you can do what you want  
If protection's your aim Gunning  
For the N.R.A, we're D.O.A. Bullets  
Result in a painful death  
Watch the life drain from your last breath

Read the headlines, they  
Told the stories of a man with  
Nothing to lose  
Who no longer cared what any of us think  
Death sentence on you

Here ends a legacy with a twisted ending  
To the fiery pits of the deepest  
Hell he is descending  
Justified, nationalized  
Look what you've left now that you're buried and  
You're dead

A rising sun, it sets in the west,  
Above the heads of rough justice  
'Cause you can do what you want  
If protection's your aim Gunning  
For the N.R.A, we're D.O.A.

He got an idea and then he used it  
Justification of the gunner with a direct hit  
The act turned his heart black  
Like an atom bomb, continued fury  
Like a truncheon to the judge  
And to the jury  
Well, well, the act turned his heart black  
Go!!!

Bullets  
Result in a painful death  
Watch the life drain from your last breath

Read the headlines, they  
Told the stories of a man with  
Nothing to lose  
Who no longer cared what any of us think  
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