

Blood In The Gears

The Showdown

Whooooaa

The gun and the tongue do the job just the same

Whooooaa

And under the knife you will cry my name

Impale, the reaper prevails

And drags you from a cursed earth

Erased, easily replaced

Another suicidal gear

Dream death

Suicide nation

Blood in the gears

Suicide scream

The suicide machine rolls on

Blood in the gears to keep it strong

Come now sleep

And bring me a man who will dream of my name

Now come leech

And drain me the fuel to drive us all insane

Suicide

Futile Rebellion

Suicide breaking your will

Suicide

Hatred turned inward

Suicide

Kill the machine

Our blood in the gears kill the machine