

Blood In The Gears

The Showdown

Whoooooaa
The gun and the tongue do the job just the same
Whoooooaa
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