

Kill The Snakes

Trash Talk

Lockdown
We're falling out
Decaying ranks and pranks
Against my flesh
Death's finished ripping and hell has broken loose
Decay's on every corner, war is on the tube
A generation of dropouts is empty handed and discontent
The bastard sons of the revolution: what you see is what you get
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Death's finished ripping and hell is broken loose
Decay's on every corner, war is on the tube
It's so ironic, the weak will follow the blind
And rats will race while the master's away
Rise to your feet, come line your street
For the path of the pale horse leads not astray
I wrote a song I hoped the world would hate as much as I hate myself today
But I'm still screaming at the top of my lungs so you can hear me...
Kill the snakes