

Art Kills

U.S. Bombs

Kill I kill too much
I killed you
Now I made a fucking mess
A mop and pail to clean the blood
Kill I kill too much
I killed you
You made me snap I'm sorry corpse
Spilled your guts with a hook

You might recall we were constitutional
You might recall we tore down the wall
The road has gotten narrow
They keep it subliminal
You might recall the uniform control
You might recall stallion installed
New world order of the new

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