

White Zombie "Fast Jungle"

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fast, fast jungle king of the road fast, fast jungle got a
suicide machine big bad jungle flying down high down
the sewer streets sailing down the river streets
destination light neon number forty-two grind and
move my way found and kick my way down and save
my way hanging on psychic ride sliding down fridays
child get out now before you cripple shell crowds a
carbon long while a twisted root digs the citys hold
careless saint preach of love modern trash scream for
war citycide going nowhere citycide nowhere which
ung end in a dragstrip crash leatherman singing for
the past painted eyes got a face to remember king of
control dead september do what I say not what I do
leave it to the true beasts the mindless, motherless
dog bitch spread her life on the fucking floor rip her
legs in the shattered glass retaliation murders
retaliation murders now the rot control the tooth and
the dirt in the world say freak father to brother, sister
to mother taste the failure from one another
sometimes all that glitters gold when its howling in the
widows grave where a broken skull speak like a god
and the head-stone reads --buddy holly-- join the
ressurrection rave on in my direction rave on got to rave
on rave on rave on rave on

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