

## 7A3 "Lucifer"

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("Peace") (continues throughout the song)

[ VERSE 1: Bret E.B. ]

World, wake up, can't you see what's goin on  
We all live in sin and say the other man is wrong  
But yo, in the '80s, this world is out of hold  
Cause man hates himself, but he loves the battlezone  
Ignorance is on the loose  
The color of my skin could put my neck in a noose  
Yo, my brain is haunted from the hate and violence  
And everywhere I rock I see they take a code of silence  
Said in the Bible that my Savior died  
Yet other than me, they say the Lord has lied  
People walkin like zombies, they never know  
What they're doin,, what they're seein,  
what they're hearin, where they're goin  
It seems to me that the nature of man  
Is to abolish all the knowledge that he can understand  
Livin with Lucifer, yo, you better cease  
Cause it's all about peace

[ VERSE 2: Bret E.B. ]

Wise but still wonderin, all of the blunderin  
My soul is drenched in blood and the sky is thunderin  
Subject to all discrepancies  
Is a man who chooses his enemies  
???? all the blessings or the color of his shirt  
My enemy is chosen when a animal is hurt  
The honor of the tiger can destroy the man  
But he fights to the death till he cannot stand  
Satan has prophets such as Hitler  
We use human flesh to paint a picture  
So many died, so many cried  
By a German maniac, is to live out a lie  
????? warrior magic of a ?magician?

Producin death, the nuclear technician  
Man disrespects his woman and whose mind is fair  
Are the only ones who speak and show that they care  
Others turn their heads and they say it's a shame  
But they live in a ???? so tell me who's to blame  
You're livin with Lucifer, yo, you better cease

It's all about peace

[ VERSE 3: Bret E.B. ]

In 1984 the devil opened the door  
For the next 7 years the Earth he shall explore  
King Jr., a noble man who believed in peace  
Must've thought he was wrong, so his life had to cease  
Hate is a necessity and love is a choice  
Men are persecuted if they choose to voice  
Their opinion, see, the world's so opinionated  
This is fact, not fiction that I just stated  
Don't know it all, but understand a lot  
Boy is playin in the sand and in his head he's shot  
By another brother who had brought the tool  
He was robbin a sister for her dookie gold  
Children subjected to satanic rituals  
Run demonic ways which they make habitual  
Spend a million dollars on a Super Bowl  
Meanwhile a child is starvin only three years old  
Classy anglosaxons, filthy white trash  
Dancin jiggaboos, high yellow ass  
Seems that the world is so stereotypical  
We turn on our own, that's somewhat hypocritical  
You're livin with Lucifer, boy, you better cease  
It's all about peace

And all we are sayin, my brothers  
Is give peace a chance

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