

A Girl A Gun A Ghost "Shake, Rattle , And Roll!"

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I am a war that is yet to be won... I have forgotten all ideas of compassion.

The pure of heart demand to be heard while the Devil preaches anything to pacify the World.

I swear to god weÂ're all dying...

Just let the bastards come, theyÂ'll be consumed by a fury that theyÂ've never known.

Yeah, come on, baby; dance with me, die with me.

IÂ'll march into battle with my own gods in tow

To battle these demons that wonÂ't let me go.

Sooner or later, weÂ'll have to decide; the broken, the heartless, together weÂ'll cry

Hell wonÂ't take me alive!

WeÂ'll spill your blood, bring you to your knees;

We will infect you like a ghost in the machine.

WeÂ'll spill your blood... weÂ'll haunt your dreams...

10,000 rioters paint such a lovely scene...

WeÂ'll spill your blood.

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