

Adrenicide

"Mothers Die... Fathers Kill"

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Letter posted hits the floor
Crack it son is time for war
Pack your bags and kiss your wife
Vacation where you're taking lifes
From others

Got your helmet
Grab your gun
Run to the front
You'll have such fun
Now point your riffle
At the target
To take the life of someone's son
Or mother

Random target, such a body pile rise
Puppet heart's breaking now's the price of shame
Finger twisted, has the shots are fired
Hired assassins hold their breaths
As lifes just fades in pain

Mothers die... fathers kill
They fight an unstopable war
'Til all their blood spills
Mothers die... fathers fucking kill...

Manipulated meat for the machine
Thrown in the grinder
Passes through it like shit
Instant hero just had weaponry
Corporates of fool, agents of devilry
Crosses align, bullets at a spine
Numberless, numb skulls
Nurshed nationalistic none sense
High velocity, solution... delivered

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