

411**"Sick Bastards"**Visit "[Sick Bastards](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You beat yer kids, you beat yer wife,
You torture them for yer fucked up lives
Yer so pathetic, you make me sick,
How could anyone be such a prick
And when yer lacing into them,
Does it make you feel more like a man????
Its bastards like you who need to prove themselves
By putting yer wife and kids through hell

Sick bastards, sick bastards
Sick bastards, we'll get you in the end!

What makes you think that she deserves
The pain that you inflict on her
You've made yer family live in fear,
How can you look yerself in the mirror
If i were you i'd kill myself,
And end all this domestic hell
For what you do there's no excuse,
STOP THE SPOUSAL AND CHILD ABUSE!!!

Sick bastards, sick bastards
Sick bastards, we'll get you in the end!

You beat the weak to prove you're strong,
Yer fucked in the head so you don't see what's wrong
You've ruined yer wife and childrens lives
Yer a spineless prick and you deserve to die

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