

Ballistic

"Corpse Stacked High"

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Pushed in, forced out, bodies fall all about
Metallic claws, by rule of law
Erased, deseased, bring them to their knees

Whenever I wan't love, I need some
Grab ahold machine gun, murder is my passion
Tearing in and out, 50mm round
And I love to hear the sound
When I cut them all down

Burned to the ground, piled to the sky
(Corpse stacked high) and my flack packed tight,
In a rapid fire fight as you pray for your life
(Corpse stacked high)

Send them to their suicide where their generations
died
Drift away and fantasize, erotic dreams of genocide

Burned to the ground, piled to the sky
(Corpse stacked high) and my flack packed tight,
In a rapid fire fight as you pray for your life
(Corpse stacked high)

Ohhh... left alone in silence, so mislead

Get out, far away, let me carry you off into the sun

As I lay waste a land, and the streets aflame
I worship no one

Now I'm packing in the passion, my very mission
Liberals in season, won't listen to the reason
Lay down instead of fight, protest human life
Suicide is right when you've lost your fucking mind

Burned to the ground, piled to the sky
(Corpse stacked high) and my flack packed tight,
In a rapid fire fight as you pray for your life
(Corpse stacked high)

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