

The Blamshifters "Children"

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Cover up the dry patches with an
Overbearing sense of religion
Kill your friends if that's what they're worth
Society makes you feel like a jerk

Children, whip them
Children, kill them

Take a minute to set a few things straight
Then I'm done and we can go out and play
Do the time that's time alone
I don't need testosterone she said

This is sick, I hate this shit
The words fall on the floor
Turn away, from what is left
And you come back for more

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