

## **Fishbone**

# **"Game Of Destruction"**

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You're so out of it  
You can't give a speech

You're so wasted  
Your brain cell won't think

Your eyes are shocking pink  
Your lips are ruby red

Wouldn't it be better  
If we were peanut butter  
On a moldy piece of bread

Knowing that the angels will soon  
Let loose the winds of dread

Die wicked generation  
Uttered an angel from the sky  
Die wicked generation  
For this is the close of your game of destruction

You vote for a president

That decides full of flaws

Anti-christ government  
That's the way it's gonna be

You must fight for your rights  
Against a politician most of all  
When they won't listen

Happy birthyear judgement day  
Death has won the race  
So let us all embrace

Die wicked generation  
Uttered an angel from the sky  
Die wicked generation  
For this is the close of your game of destruction

Game of destruction, yeah yeah !...

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