

L.A. Guns

"Killing Machine"

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Make your move make it fast
do it right could be your last
iron black cold steel heart
tear your fucking world apart

On my killing machine my my killing machine
take you to the brink of madness
it's a killing machine
like you've never seen
it's a killing machine
leaves a wake of hate and sadness

Moves stealth like through
the night
leaves nothing else in sight
psycatronic suicide
in search of genocide
knows nothing else but hate
was made to decimate
shall roam the world in anger
till nothing else is standing

I shall give death my kiss
I rule supreme in anger I dream

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