

Rebellious With A Cause "There Is"

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Children, just go where you are sent. How to be sent, is the question, yes. Burnin up bodies, and dance in the ash. Christmas, killin off christians fast. Back on attack, in the blackness, coming to homes with the violent actions. R-Dub-C, bring death to the masses. Especially virgins, kids, and faggots. Be snug in bed you past three o' clock, hittin your streets loadin up my glock. Plenty of tabs, and a bottle in the trunk. Bodies lay stashed, and the bass go bump. Hear that thump on the top of your house, while I creep inside and I wait like a mouse. And your kids walk out, find a gun in their mouth, all the sudden hear (gunshots), and they'll never be found. I hear the sounds of death, so do you hear them too? Bodies lay stashed in your living room. No remorse for the couple who, shares their love on this Christmas Eve, cause they wont be safe from my wicked deeds. Begging, please dont kill me, I've got a home, with my family. Mutilation in the dead of night. Suffer and Torture, loss of light. Making you scream, dont fucking cry. Better be ready, I'm taking lives. Learn the meaning of silent night, ghastly images of my knife. Plunging deep inside and fight, flesh, while I rip, and tear your wife.

There is no love here. (There is no love)

There is no god. (There is no god)

Theres only hatred. (Hatred)

Theres only cries. (Theres only cries)

Ima kill again. So I'm stalkin in the night, hittin acid like light, take lives in the night, bringin fear and fright. For the devil commands, on this sacred night. I will take your life, and regret no crimes, hittin that spice, dont fuck with mine. Fucking your ass with a rusty spike. My gifts bring tears to the face of Christ. How about this widowed mother, laying in her bed at night. Waiting on the sun to rise to give her child the gifts she bought last night. I'm sneakin slow, tiein her arms to the bed, and her legs to the bed. Started hackin up flesh, til the sheets turned red. As her body goes limp, I can rape the dead. Yon virgins, I bring gifts of the flesh. I sodomize you with a candle stick, and abort your guts, with a crucifix. You wouldn't believe it, I'll leave you

bleeding and screaming. I dont need to kill for a reason, I only do what I must to please the demons. They live inside my head, they tell me God is dead. So christmas time is here, and the reason of cheer is the sight of death. And on this day in time the antichrist has made his mark, accept the triple six, and follow me, into the dark.

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