

Slaves On Dope

"Mr. Freeze"

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You will be the lucky one
Who will see the deadly one
You will die on your knees
By the hand of Mr. Freeze

Will you see when the rest are blind
Will you remain frozen in time
Will you flee underground
Watch the blanket search the ground
You will die on your knees
By the hand of Mr. Freeze

Horror awaits for those who evade
The cold blood stops in their veins

Arm yourselves to the T
Repel the threat of Mr. Freeze
See the blood drop in your eye
See your family burned alive

I don't even know you
I just know where you live
I raided your child's bedroom
And burned his virgin skin
I crucified your nation
I left the dead rot
I parade down the street
Carrying an iron cross

The oceans have been ripped away
It does no good to pray
Cataclysm
Men restore to cannibalism

I'm worth all you'd care for
Then I'll fuck you in the ass
I'm so fucking happy
I'll kick your face and laugh

Today's war stories
At night you can hear him scream

There's blood on your pillow
This is no bad dream
You try to think with reason
But all you can do is scream

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