

## The Crucified "Getting A Grip On Things"

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Hatred is the perfect word  
For everything I think of you  
You were conquered by my God  
You, prince of darkness  
The arrogant fool  
If given the chance, and the strength  
To do all that I wish to you  
I'd shout with glee (!) show no mercy  
And rip the filthy life from you

Getting a grip on things  
Tightening our grip on things  
Satan has been beat  
Focus less on his power  
And more on his defeat

I'd start by stabbing seven times  
For every single lie you've said  
For lust of eyes I'd pluck out yours  
For lust of flesh I'd split your head  
For loneliness I'd seal your ears  
For bitterness I'd burn you  
For capitol punishment of unborn innocents  
I'd take the sword and run you through

For bigotry I'd paint you black  
Yellow, white, and red  
For oppression of my bretheren  
I'd tie a noose around your neck

The verse, you know and heed  
The words of God:  
"vengeance is mine"  
Your time will come

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