

Thought Riot

"All For God, And A Gun For All"

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As the chamber ejects the last casing
And the smoke like a snake slithers it's way to the sky,
Behold believers the effects of Grandfather's arsenal
Reflected in the dark pools collecting in the quad.

Bang, bang, the bullets fly.
Bang, bang, watch the bullets fly.
They pulled the trigger,
But you put the gun in their hands.

As the ex-lover rejects the thought of it ending and her
cry,
More a scream, breaks the silence of the night,
Behold believers the effects of a temporary rage
Reflected in his dark steel flashing crimson filigree.

Fourty times more likely to hurt; fourty times more
likely to kill.

31,000 in '88; '89 to now how many more?
Sales over responsibility - the American way?
How many more?

Their blood is on your hands.

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