

Peds "Berkowitz"

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ISOLATED AND FEELING MEAN
THE DEMON DOGS HAVE BEGUN TO SCREAM
HE SITS ALONE CLEANING HIS GUN
CONTEMPLATING ON WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE

(CHORUS)

BERKOWITZ DRIVING HIS CAR AT NIGHT
BERKOWITZ LOOKING FOR LOVERS
BERKOWITZ PACKING HIS 44

THE SCREAMS ARE LOUD AS HE TURNS TO LEAVE
AND SPENDS ANOTHER NIGHT ROAMING THE STREETS
TWO REMAIN CRIPPLED AND PARALYZED
TO SEE THE LOOK OF DEATH IN THEIR PRETTY EYES

BERKOWITZ
BERKOWITZ
BERKOWITZ

(GUITAR SOLO)

HE THINKS OF BLOOD AS HE FIRES HIS PIECE
HE THINKS OF NOTHING BUT HIS RELEASE
SIX DEAD AND SEVEN ALL FUCKED
YOUR LUCKS RUN OUT SO NOW YOUR NUMBERS UP

(CHORUS)

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