

Pieta Brown

"Death Rattle And Roll"

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I was born to burn
I'm a bile-boxed baby
I camp in my lip
With rods on my hip
I'm out of my hole
I'm on cruise control
I'm wrapped in flesh
I've gotta merge with death
Were goin' my way
On the highway
I gotta' spread you thin
All over the ground
By the silent savior
The supersonic wrecker
On the road kill, road killer
Road people, road thriller
Don't do what I do
Do what I say
You could believe
You could be saved

I'm a chip off the old block
I got a chip on my shoulder
I can't face reality
But down in the poor melody

Of my death rattle and roll
Death rattle and roll
Death rattle and roll
Death rattle&€|

One track baby
Where the torment never sleeps
The shits off the show
Their is no relief
From my death rattle and roll
Death rattle and roll

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