

The Rabble

"Gunning For The N.R.A"

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He got an idea and then he used it
Justification of the gunner with a direct hit
Deployed to the paranoid
They've got their fingers on their triggers and
Official permits for you

Like an atom bomb they light the fury
Like a truncheon to the judge
And to the jury
The allegiance of arrogance
Choke on the selfishness of all gun-liberty

A rising sun, it sets in the west,
Above the heads of rough justice
'Cause you can do what you want
If protection's your aim Gunning
For the N.R.A, we're D.O.A. Bullets
Result in a painful death
Watch the life drain from your last breath

Read the headlines, they
Told the stories of a man with
Nothing to lose
Who no longer cared what any of us think
Death sentence on you

Here ends a legacy with a twisted ending
To the fiery pits of the deepest

Hell he is descending
Justified, nationalized
Look what you've left now that you're buried and
You're dead

A rising sun, it sets in the west,
Above the heads of rough justice
'Cause you can do what you want
If protection's your aim Gunning
For the N.R.A, we're D.O.A.

He got an idea and then he used it

Justification of the gunner with a direct hit
The act turned his heart black
Like an atom bomb, continued fury
Like a truncheon to the judge
And to the jury
Well, well, the act turned his heart black
Go!

Bullets
Result in a painful death
Watch the life drain from your last breath

Read the headlines, they
Told the stories of a man with
Nothing to lose
Who no longer cared what any of us think

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