

Otep

"Battle Ready"

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I.

simple souls overload as i explode the data banks

'cause the earth & space gave birth to this paleface

supreme -- linguistic -- mental machine

my brain cells swell - the intellects extreme

fire fills my veins as eye proclaim my resistance

to the mind-swapping parasites that feed off my
existence

as eye -- skin the burn to relearn the royal plan

somewhere out beyond the edges in the depths of
spirit land

its the authentic, apocalyptic destroyer

damaging challengers -- resurrection, disorder

a monument of crisis - eye strikes this - your dead

line my nest with your soul -- cleansed in bloodshed
[chorus]

BATTLE READY!

poets gonna take control

BATTLE READY

souls violate parole

BATTLE READY

violently invade your home

-- breaking the bones

OF THOSE WHO POSE

II.

commanding the mic -- striking up a verb-fest

mass destruction is my function - time to put it to the
test

in combat --- attacking since way back

in the days eye drew praise for the way that eye slayed
facts

formulating flows in revolutionary science

its the catastrophic prophet from the anarchist alliance

freaking techniques -- this creature of speech

ewe feel the fury of devastation 'cause ewe tasted
defeat

eye'm alone on my own in this universe of fear

royalty divides my soul -- in this role eye'm revered

as the pinnacle -- lyrical master -- queen of disaster

eye ruin brain fluid -- the UNKNOWN IS WHUT EYE'M
AFTER

[chorus]

shaking up the world -- just like the 2nd coming of
christ

-- when eye write -- thrice divine with this goddess sight

Words will flow -- wounds will grow

ewe know -- bones will be exposed from the force that
eye unload

its THE SOUL EATER!! -- mic bleeder with the voice of
chaos

eye got the nectar of the gods flowing from my mental
pod

gather the flock -- alarm your block

tell them the shepherds have come & got the keys to

unlock

a holy war -- through your veins it courses

more lyrical artillery than the armed forces

supernatural -- styles be volatile

its the mind manipulator -- the WAR CHILD

[chorus]

[bridge]

COME!

SHADOW SOLDIERS!

we came to defy - ewe living life as a lie

we embryonic satellites need our freedom to fly

TO WATCH EWE DIE! -- agonizing cries are heard in
stereo

eye'm visualizing battlefield scenarios

in the line of fire -- watching empires fall

into attack position -- ELIMINATE ALL!!!

MY SPECIES!!!

[chorus]

[outro]

MY SPECIES!

MY SPECIES!

NO SURRENDER!

NO SURRENDER!

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