Psycho Realm "Art Of Execution"

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(Jacken)

Lets start this with scandalous war criminals

Who act heartless, parade in harmfest

Don't let arms rest and dwell in darkness

Our search accomplished finding fugitives who're in

Hiding

Crime abiding, ridingthe storm

Spilling blood people dying

The innocent recive evil sent lead, die in bewilderment

Evidence on puzzled faces leave traces of killer's

Scent

Why'd you kill'em for?

They weren't part of any war, now they're scarred

You can run but oyu can't hide from bounty squads

Murder dogs at execution point wait with blood lust

Sound unjust but you will be targeted when the guns

Bust

Hook:

Look out, bullets are going to fly like rain

And anybody taht's meant to die will get slain

Trained ourselves to kill ignore pain

And now were spraying these bullets holes in your

frame

Execution style murdering is entering

In your town like wild wind

Coming in murder bells are ringing

And our souls are full of sin

And singing about execution

(Duke)

The art of making your body fall apart

Is brought to a start instruction of god

The enemy is tied to poles and then shot

Courtesy of the bullet-bring murder squad

Leaders on the opposite side of us lie

Get set up execution-style and then die

Looking at the grey of the sky

The eyes of victim are full of surprise and ask why?

Why you want fill us with holes and kill those

That wrote out justice for the people

Fuck that, the govering old man is cold

And responsible for the souls that got stole

(Jacken)

Operas

Tie 'em, to a pole release their soul
Cover their eyes they se no more
Blind to the fate they're headed for
Feeling the pain from bullet holes
A waiting execution, fusion of the bullet-flesh union
Leaving your numb, few guns is all it takes
For you to die at the stake, break you some
Of fed proper pop a gun you're ammo stopper
Rock a felon with body droppers nobody stop us
Coppers stand by and observe the nerve of post-war

We walk the crooked path Payback wrath with a trigger blast Last laugh but the aftermath, we murder too Now we wear the killer's mask Hook:

Look out, bullets are going to fly like rain
And anybody taht's meant to die will get slain
Trained ourselves to kill ignore pain
And now were spraying these bullets holes in your
frame
Execution style murdering is entering

Execution style murdering is entering In your town like wild wind Coming in murder bells are ringing And our souls are full of sin And singing about execution

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