

Rancid

"Killing Zone media Controller"

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Drop bombs, You're gonna be warned
You're gonna be scorned, You're gonna be torn
There's a storm hittin' your home, not a false alarm but
a real one
Can't trick it, let's wake up, can't stick it, pick it lines
striking
If you like it, don't fight it, just hold it, then want it

Head straight to the killing zone, Now the war's on
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holes in the ozone, we're all gone
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All the nights of constant run, if you're the one, well
now you're bombed
Sail on, Mr. Dumb One, you got a shot gun, hit the
marksmen
Complex thoughts here, he don't live here, keep the
war there, just to control there
Without a care here, you should just see there
Start a war there, cross the borders

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[x2] Head straight to the killing zone, Now the war's
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