

The Red Chord

"Film Critiques And Militia Men"

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Face it your not a horror actor.
Why not stick to what you do?
The last one is a rotten egg,
But the first twelve get holes in the head.
You can't tell me how to live.
We'll kick ass and roll some heads.
I'd rather hang with my homeboy Bruce and the local
Militia group.
Spinning, Spinning.
I'm Getting Nauseous.
Spinning, spun.
I'm just too old.
Live free or die.
Live free.
Die hard.
I don't know and who cares what the devil wears.
Riding around with his head on fire Another national
treasure.

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