

# Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers "Anthem"

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Turn off the sound of silence  
Garfunkel just killed Simon  
My mouth just keeps on climbin'  
Up, up, up, up, up, and I'm in

Ok, our music's violent  
Explodes like dynamite and  
Light bulbs but no ideas  
Now your gunna see it

We're the cold hand slidin' down your own shirt  
We're the last of the Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers  
We're the bad man comin' and it won't hurt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers

That's right we're comin' in  
Don't lose, we always win  
We'll tell it like it is  
EVERYBODY IS OUR BITCH!!

If you don't agree with this  
Take a second and try our chips  
Roasted to perfection  
Flavorful, not flavorless

We're the cold hand slidin' down your own shirt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers  
We're the bad man comin' and it won't hurt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers

(Various screams)

We're the cold hand slidin' down your own shirt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers  
We're the bad man comin' and it won't hurt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers

We're the cold hand slidin' down your own shirt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers  
We're the bad man comin' and it won't hurt  
We're the mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldiers  
I'm a mother fuckin' Rock 'N' Roll Soldier

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