

# Slayer "Dittohead"

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This fucking country's lost its grip  
Subconscious hold begins to slip  
The scales of justice tend to tip

The legal system has no spine  
It's corroding from inside  
Slap your hand, you'll do no time

Reality on vacation  
All across a blinded nation  
Mentality under sedation

Anyone can be set free  
On a technicality  
Explain the law again to me

Here in 1994  
Things are different than before  
Violence is what we adore

Invitation to the game  
Guns and blades and media fame  
Everyday more of the same

Murder, mayhem, anarchy  
Now are all done legally  
Mastermind your killing spree

Unafraid of punishment  
With a passive government  
There's nothing for you to regret  
Nothing to regret

Unimposing policy  
No enforcing ministry  
Gaping with judicial flaws  
Watching a fading nation crawl

Clashing with the public's frame  
I'm the one that's place in fame  
Legislature sets the stage  
Social slaves caught in my rage

Administrative anarchy  
There's nothing you can do to me  
The world around you drifting to a  
Continental tomb you see

Violence is my passion  
I will never be contained  
Living with aggression and it's everlasting reign

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