

## **S.O.D. (Stormtroopers Of Death)**

### **"Make Room, Make Room"**

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I saw a proline sticker just other day  
Another mental fool with no right to procreate  
Elbows bumping, tempers growing  
Veins bulge in my neck and eyes  
We're just a bunch of animals  
That fuck to survive

Make room, make room  
Spread the fuck right out  
Make room, make room  
For the hand of doom

I built a wall around myself  
From a world that's on the brink  
There's a problem with my armor  
'Cause there's just too many chinks

Cyanide the water supply  
Take a drink and watch 'em die  
Release ebola in the air  
Swell and bleed out everywhere  
Sarin gas for you to smell  
Take a train ride, next stop hell

A Y2K census and we're all filled up  
Like a thick head of beer overflowing its cup  
A culling of humans, a matter of space  
Like herd management for the human race

Line 'em up against the wall  
Aim and fire, send in more  
Dynamite, hand grenades  
Cold Guyanin lemonade

Judas Priest pumpin' loud  
Pump your shot gut, listen 'pow'  
Poisoned, stabbed, mass contusion  
Chop 'em, burn 'em, fuck it, nuke 'em  
Fuckin' nuke 'em

There's too many people  
Too many mouths to feed

What is the solution?  
When billions need to eat

There's not enough space  
Nowhere to put our waste  
With a little salt and pepper  
How do you think we'll taste?

With a little salt and pepper  
How do you think we'll taste?  
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How do you think we'll taste?

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Sarin gas for you to smell  
Take a train ride, next stop hell  
Line 'em up against the wall  
Aim and fire, send in more  
Send in more, send in more

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