

Stuck Mojo

"Drawing Blood"

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Slit the wrist, the devil's kiss evil days it slips
I loathe them and hate them for
Their sickly toxic presence
For the country I love they

Show no god damn reverence
No character, no pride
A man without a sense of dignity
Collectivist mindset, a danger to our liberty
I feel the need to kill the seed

To bleed the breed of this disease
Happiness and ignorance as long
Until the day that freedom's gone
As he can pay the rent
Utopian society, a welfare state for you and me

Until the day that freedom's gone
I smell it, I taste it

It runs through my blood, I'm free

I see the fear in your eyes

I'm not afraid to bleed
Fingertips my freedom grip Survivalist of the
apocalypse

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