

# Brain Dead

Plasmatics

We are brain dead  
We march without no head

Product of the brainless  
Product of the dumb  
Radiation roaches got you on the run

Soldiers for the DNA, dissidents are put away  
Dragged off in the dead of night, disappear without a sight  
For global peace is what we pray, as long as things are done our way  
Disagree or acting rude, we will chop you up for food  
Our agenda is your end, until then we'll be your friend  
Act not thinking is our tool, stand up for the golden rule

Stab your friends in the back, rule the world load the pack  
Human flesh is what we crave, nothing wasted in the grave