It rapes all in its path,
It bleeds when it is strung.
The more it aches, the more you'll see,
you're right where you belong.
And my hate is where it ends,
so I hate myself again.

So easy to give into this voice, you could turn your back. But I have no choice.

Now whats that sound, turn it around.

We're gonna take you to the freaky town.

So carry a gun if it makes you feel calm.

No matter where I go, I see you drop the bomb.

And that's alright, you know, everyone is thinking it.

You go down with the ship, cause you're the one that's sinking it.

It doesn't really matter what I say. You know they're coming for you. They're gonna take you away.

It spits like a wicked cock,
It flirts like a dirty mouth.
It don't give a up a on bloody knees
when the ship sides going south.
And it sweetly starts to burn.
A battle engine to the fern.

You better wipe that mustache off yo face before we shoot you from a cannon into out of space

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