

Make Them Dead

clipping.

Fear, hate, murder, anger, and illness

Starve in the fashion
March in the action
Charge for the passion
Carve every last one
Hope in the morning
Cope with the mourning
Soap for the pouring
Rope for the scoring

Make them (Dead)
Walk forward with eyes closed
Don't them say them believe this?
(Dead)
Ain't they brought they bibles?
Do they dare deceive?
Make them (Dead)
Step up to the cliff so they can count the blessed
(Dead)
Only the wicked men fall to they death, so
Make them

Eye for an eye is no eye here
Blind eye defy with no idea
Time fine feline and bitch try deal
But they can't not remind of why time feels
Not in they favor so they tongues
Wag too much and them love they guns
God, them say savior so make fun
When them end comes out of the thing they fun
Run, run ruler and run, run thief
Run, run, run under some belief
Who's your god, why did he bequeath
Hate when what you sew you shall reap?
Reaper the name and ripper too
Come from traditions just like you
Found fathers found in same same crew
So no need no judge know just what to do

(Dead)
Walk forward with eyes closed
Don't them say them believe this?
(Dead)
Ain't they brought they bibles?
Do they dare deceive?
Make them (Dead)
Step up to the cliff so they can count the blessed
(Dead)
Only the wicked men fall to they death, so
Make them

Free in the future
Seethe in a stupor
Grieve for the chooser
Leave with a suture
Hands for the contrite

Bans for the gun rights
Scan, can they run right?
Stand in the sunlight

Make them (Dead)
Walk forward with eyes closed
Don't them say them believe this?
(Dead)
Ain't they brought they bibles?
Do they dare deceive?
Make them (Dead)
Step up to the cliff so they can count the blessed
(Dead)
Only the wicked men fall to they death