

Brace yourselves for the bottom  
Where every special snowflake melts in the dirt  
You've got to give up everything  
You know you've got to make it hurt  
You want to keep things comfortable  
You want to french kiss the status quo  
But you know what you already know  
Death throws death throws death throes

Bury down their gods  
Defy their king  
No flag, no idols  
One King of Kings

Let's see the god of violence  
Finally put to shame  
Gun happy pagans and their flags  
We've blotted out their names  
They go sullen into peace  
Miserable and two by two  
After all, guns don't kill people  
People who defend guns do

Landscape of blood and cholesterol  
From the throats of screaming animals  
The shopping malls of cannibals  
And child slaves in their stained glass walls  
Wake up oh you sleeping child  
Whose heart is for rebellion  
Draw them from their seats of comfort  
Into non-violent insurrection

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