

Get Up

Skid Row

Indecisions pre-empt holy war
Every religion has it's
Drunkard and whores
We're only your savior in the days of your need
Yet you drag our dead bodies through your piss
Landed streets

Your gods are guns that make you run to what you
Can't conceive
Sit back and feed our wealth
Give me a bomb and I'll drop it myself

Get up- get ready to go
Get up- you know you got to
Get up- 'cause she's ready to blow
Get up
Get up- get ready to go
Get up- you got to, got to
Get up- 'cause she's ready to blow
Get up

Done is the hatred that is scaling our walls
Won't turn a blind eye when you're storming our halls
If only once you had the presence of mind
You'd appreciate your fears if we left you behind

Does not our being to burn away in eastern sun?
Bury your heads in the sand
Then celebrate with out blood on your hand

Sit back and feed on the wealth
Hand me the bomb and I'll drop it myself