

Dittohead

Slayer

This fucking country's lost it's grip
Sub-conscious hold begins to slip
The scales of justice begin to tip

The legal system has no spine
It's corroding from inside
Slap your hand and you'll do no time

Reality on vacation
All across a blinded nation
Mentally under sedation

Anyone can be set free
On a technicality
Explain the law again to me

Here in 1994
Things are different than before
Violence is what we adore

Invitation to the game
Guns and blades and media fame
Every day more of the same

Murder, mayhem, anarchy
Now are all done legally
Mastermind your killing spree

Unafraid of punishment
With a passive government
There's nothing for you to regret

Nothing to regret

Unimposing policy
No enforcing ministry
Gaping with judicial flaws
Watch a fading nation crawl

Clashing with the public's frame
I'm the one that's place in fame
Legislature sets the stage
Social slaves caught in my rage
Administrative anarchy there's nothing
You can do to me
The world around you is drifting to a
Continental tomb you see
Violence is my passion
I will never be contained
Living with aggression and it's
Everlasting reign