

The Mother Of All Fuckers

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

Do you remember your past
And the dreams that once lived in your head?
Or maybe the day
That you laid down and died for death
Let's wind back the clock
Make the bullshit walk and forget it
There's a seed inside
And it don't ever die, it lives
So live

You've got to make yourself clear
And have no fears
When your back's to the wall
You've got to kill them all

And when you look they're small
After all