

## Dead Wrong

## To The Grave

Bloodsoaks the bolt cutters  
Bleachsoaks the boxcutters  
No revolutions before retaliation

Mistake of a creation  
Your flesh obsession, no more  
Thought we'd stop at liberation  
Well they were dead wrong

Death threats carved into the flesh  
Abolition knife twists, step on your neck  
Demons smell blood and want the rest (six feet)  
Aim down sights and breathe in deep  
TTG on repeat  
Spit back in their faces  
Raise your weapons  
Empty cages

Mistake of a creation  
Your flesh obsession, no more  
Thought we'd stop at liberation  
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You had your final warning  
If it breeds, it can bleed  
If it can bleed it must die by morning

That's right, motherfucker  
Empty cages, to the grave  
Colorado Springs to Sydney bitch  
Hang the bastards by their intestines

Karma, the blade of vengeance

They had their chance to change, now everyone dies  
Rain down the shells, light up their skies  
There is a hell, I've fucking seen it with my own two eyes  
I said everyone dies

Everyone dies

Nailgun the newborns, it's decided  
A cure for the flesh eating virus  
Empty cages  
Lay down on the pavement  
Wonder where your face went  
All your empty fucking cages  
Will never be used again  
Blunt force, blowtorching awaits