

Protest & Sever

To The Grave

Bring me their heads now
Bring me their scalps

I brought war to their doorstep
Let red dots paint their foreheads
Prep the forceps
Hold tight while I carve a price into your flesh
Armed to our sharpened teeth
Always a weapon in reach
The sickest scenes you've ever seen

Today we turn the tables
Bring me rapist scalps
Lost count of the bodies, bodies, bodies
Left rotting, rotting, rotting
Dogs put down
Stabbed in the streets
Get attacked in traffic in the passenger seat
Just say you're sorry, sorry, sorry
It's funny, funny, funny you're fucked now

Can you smell the bacon burning?

I'll be back with a vengeance
Drop the guillotine, death sentence
Bodies as fuel for the engines
Those we trust to protect us have turned against us
I've got a bone to pick
Approach at your own risk
Avoid direct eye contact, pig

Today we turn the tables
Bring me racist scalps
Lost count of the bodies, bodies, bodies
Left rotting, rotting, rotting
Dogs put down
They showed up with badges and guns
Bet when we pull the hatchet you'll run
Say you're sorry, sorry
It's funny, funny, funny you're fucked now

They said that justice mattered
Then the pigs get away with murder
I offer my hand for peace
Show no tolerance, my hands will speak

So bite at the hands that feed
Break their chains and set the world free
I offer my hands for peace
We let our hands speak

Last cunts I call in case of emergency
Pigslaughter in the third degree
We let our hands speak
Boxcutters dipped in bleach
Next street to clean
So bite at the hands that feed

We let our hands speak

Today we turn the tables
Flesh cut by the pound
From a mountain of bodies, bodies, bodies
Left rotting, rotting, rotting
Dogs put down
They bit the claw that feeds
Now they choke on the marrow underneath
Say you're sorry, sorry, sorry
We're cutting, cutting, cutting the leech out

Vilified. Targeted. Nevermore. Finish it.

I can tell that you're scared
You've got that, "Please, just kill me" stare
Killed more than the vibe
You could cut the tension with a knife

Razors for rapists
Burn out the bigots
Pliers, pulling their weapons off
Straight through the fleshy part of the thigh
Die, pig, die