

Red Dot Sight

To The Grave

Red dots on the radar
I'd find more guts in a graveyard
Pull it, pull it, do us all a favour
Pussy with a platform, it's target practice when we cross paths
Hollow points in the chamber

Fire up the chainsaws
Cut off their limbs
Keep a bullet spare in case I turn into one of them

The devil's activist right under the surface
If I died trying it'd be worth it
Drag these clowns back to the circus

You made your choice
Stole their voice
Pull it out from underneath you
So fucking funny to be so see-through
The butt of the joke and nobody likes you

So I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
Tried to drown me in a sea of the shallowest threats
I've seen the rats scatter right into traps, gather behind our backs
I've seen blood circle the drain again and again
I got a bag full of body parts
I heard the scent attracts the next zombie march
Finish the war you started - anticarnist
Those so insecure you influence

Bearing the mark of the ignorant

In one ear and out the other execution style
Backed into a corner, branded ones get slaughtered

Do red dot sights make you nervous?
Snakes on a screen, fucking shedding purpose
Do red dot sights make you nervous?

You made your choice
Stole their voice
Hide behind clickbait, I know you're a bitch mate
Knife in your spine make you sit straight down

Knife in your spine make you sit straight down
Sit straight down

So I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I see a coward to my right and his army on my left
I look into your eyes and see a fully-grown bitch in his bastard habitat

Venom dripping from your mouth better off shut

SOS is stab on sight when they send shots
Weapons in our hands, point blank headshot