

## Shock Tactics (1000v)

### To The Grave

Deliver me  
Their heads on a fucking plate

Pack up the picnics  
It's time to panic  
Rip up the stitches  
Shock tactics, the back of the head  
Nothing in common  
Lick up your vomit  
Morally twisted  
Fence sitters ripped the fuck off it

Choking on blood, we bit off our tongues  
All for what?  
If they could sell the air in your lungs  
You'd already be done

Shut it  
Hanging threads cut now your bodies drop  
Didn't have the guts to watch  
Rip the veil from their threats

12 gauge loaded with dragons breath  
Scatter carnists  
Dracarys

Our blades razor sharp  
Did them like the Starks  
Cut the fat from your heart  
A naked cunt has few excuses  
A flayed one none

Disturb their "peace"  
Dig up all their dead  
Revenge does not rot  
Choking on blood, we bit off our tongues  
All for what?  
They wanna eat the brains in your skull  
Luckily you have none  
Stabbing our backs, twisting the knife  
All my life  
Dominion dies tonight  
Together we will rise

Blood bathe us clean  
(I will take this liberation with fire and blood)  
Blood bathe us clean  
(This is a call to arms, limbs, legs and severed fucking heads)

Carve a target  
In their foreheads  
So they never fucking forget  
The side that they picked

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Welcome to the fucking  
Meat grinder  
A circle of hell reserved for the liars  
Meat grinder  
Cheap cuts lined up for the incisors inside us