

Am I Blood, Determined Anger

Heading for the planet, there's a chance
To find your head from the ceiling
Let me hit the door with a can
Full of fingers, I'm praying
Born to be human another day with a
Candle's end
Thinking about my friend in a plane
Have seat, swallow me deep into the
Mouth of misery drinking pure fuel
Cut a head off
Give me the freedom to have my own left
Dirty black color throws a machine
To the side of sickness
The wheels of a flat hole are driving
Me insane with shadows
Backdoor Jesus got his hand full of brains
He thinks about the memory of possessed
Jew Espy a fanatic jew from the camp
Of electrocution, out in nowhere
Lust to the planet
A Bonnie little hippie with the tank
Full of spirit - Antichrist
Heading for the planet there's a change
To find your head from the ceiling