

Dead Kid Harvester, Wormy Justice

Worms of ages past,
Drowned and killed in the blast.
Burial ground of pink in the sea.
Dying bodies in a heap.
Fallout from a bright red sky.
Didn't you know?
Today's the day you're going to die!

You send your worms to their death.
The rattle of battle until the last breath.
The world on fire and the sound of war.
You keep coming back for more.
Casualties are on the rise.
Your cold heart will be your demise.

Wormers wriggle around in their chairs,
Tapping their keyboards like somebody cares.
Burning through worms like cigarettes,
'Til one team stands up and takes revenge.
No lump in your throat ever felt bigger
Than when you're looking down the barrel of a bazooka.

With the wind, the fighting turns.
A hunger for payback burns.
Don't be fooled by their size,
They've got guns and you're their prize.
From all directions comes a treat.
Exploding sheep, revenge is sweet.

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