

Fishbone, Game Of Destruction

You're so out of it
You can't give a speech

You're so wasted
Your brain cell won't think

Your eyes are shocking pink
Your lips are ruby red

Wouldn't it be better
If we were peanut butter
on a moldy piece of bread

Knowing that the angels will soon
Let loose the winds of dread

Die wicked generation
Uttered an angel from the sky
Die wicked generation
For this is the close of your Game of Destruction

You vote for a president
That decides full of flaws

Anti-Christ government
That's the way it's gonna be

You must fight for your rights
Against a politician most of all
When they won't listen

Happy birthyear Judgement day
Death has won the race
So let us all embrace

Die wicked generation
Uttered an angel from the sky
Die wicked generation
For this is the close of your Game of Destruction

Game of destruction, yeah yeah !...