

# Hella, Let Your Heavies Out

Look the world in the face  
Tell it you don't want its thievery no more  
Quite rewriting your theatrics  
Step into the skin you were born to be born in  
Cause you were no accident my friend  
You were the experiment of a higher need to win

And win we will (if so instilled)  
We'll slay through fire  
Psych those rulers of evil empires  
When there (sic) souls get thrown through the crowd  
As we shout...  
"Why don't you let your heavies out?"

The world will never be your maker  
Beauty is your undertaker  
Give a kiss to your nemesis on your way  
Accept awards on television  
Credit the lord without his vision  
You'll be there when everyone is white  
So why don't you let your heavies write!

Play the game  
You're all in chains

Kill and kill and  
Kill your man and feed him to your kids  
January 24th that's what they did  
No longer of one kind  
They are now of all time

Uncover your indifference spell  
Let your eyes see with their mind  
If the ocean is so endless  
Imagine how the rivers of uncertainty unwind  
Nothing is sacred except what is sacred  
And the only thing sacred I can't see

Kill your man and feed him to your kids  
January 24th that's what they did  
No longer of one kind  
They are now of all time

The world will never be your maker  
Beauty is your undertaker  
Give a kiss to your nemesis while you're here  
Because everything good is gonna disappear  
Into the decaying atmosphere  
So break your mirrors