

Lamb Of God, Contractor

Chopping lines in international sand,
Feeding blood junkie habits of the elephant man
Quench his thirst with black water rising,
Executive outcomes on a burning horizon

Yeah motherfucker, let's take a ride
We're rolling Route Irish, someone has got to die
Trick or treat, it's IEDs,
So roll the dice as we leave,
Cuz it's eight miles of pure luck
With more bang for Sam's buck

Guaran-fucking-teed, someone will bleed

Privatize to conceal all the lies,
Big business is booming like it's the Fourth of July
No need for all the formalities,
Jump the kangaroo courts
And plant the lynching trees

Yeah motherfucker, let's take a ride
Running red lights in a green zone,
someone has got to die
Hidden aegis, nothing here to see,
So load the dice for me please
and let's snort the bottom line
crude cashed into refined

Guaran-fucking-teed, just sign the deed
Guaran-fucking-teed, Someone will bleed

Someone has got to die
Ours is not to reason why,
Ours is but to do if the pay rate's right
Black liquid assets, fuck the mujahideen
Paint their picket fences red with the American dream

Lay the hammer hammer down, get the job done right
Jacked up and clocked in into a fire fight
Covert reactions and you never saw me
A glass parking lot in the American dream,
They all die.
Fucking Murder.