

Ministry, Bad Blood

What's lies?

Full moon and thoughts collide

We look for answers in those catatonic, dying blood-shot eyes

We ask if vermin are the ones that already learned

Those aren't tears

They're just bad bad blood

Just bad bad blood!

What lies?

No big surprise

We get our clues from the ones who thought up they will conquer us

Are we too fucked to say the end is here too much?

We're in denial with bad blood

Do you remember the strain?

Do you remember the pain?

Do you remember who caused all the blame?

Bad Blood!

Do you remember me?

Do you remember us?

Do you surrender your dreams or your trust?

Bad Blood!

What lies?

He's finally come alive

Out of these mediocre plentiful things all the time

A steady stream of madness

Conscious to a flood

The clock is ticking for Bad Blood