

Suicide Commando, Better Off Dead

In the name of Jesus
What have we done
Slow death and diseases
We're on the run
No one will hear you
You're on your own
No one to save you
We all die alone

We're better
Off dead

We're the slaves of evil
Where angels weep
Escape from my hell
You fucking creep
We killed our nature
We lost all hope
Destroy my creature
Where is the rope

We're better
Off dead