

Trees, Ammunition

When you got a gun, you can do as you please
spraying your bullets like it was a disease
People packing pieces like its going out of business
Evolutionary process survival of the sickest
Your right to bear I've got to bear that right
well I reserve my right not to get shot tonight
I've got no gun in this wild wild west
Well I'll rest in peace when the pieces rest
Rat a tat tat it happens just like that
don't even know your shot
until you got one in the back
Now your just another victim
now you're just another stat
Now your dead your dead
you ain't never coming back
>From channel to channel from station to station
TV is the drug that has numbed the nation
You're so horrified but you're so fascinated
so the violence just keeps on escalating
PRAISE THE AMMUNITION
A piece without a puzzle a puzzle with no peace
I reach for my revolver I reach for my release
Mass murder in America
a sad but true tradition
I'm armed to the teeth for my own salvation
I'm a twisted man with a twisted grip
and I got the whole world at my finger tip
A pistol packing preacher in a gun toting nation
pass the Lord and praise the ammunition
I'M AN ANGRY MAN WITH A GUN IN MY HAND