

Acid Drinkers, Under The Gun

Maybe you wanna be dead, you gotta watch your head
You look like a rat, this is your big test
Speeding along you're fighting
Speeding along you're biting
so much happiness at once
This is the time of dying, they wanna see you crying
oh, this is your last dance, so much rage against me
Speeding along you're king
speeding along big thing
loading very obese guns
They ask you boy, are you ready,
yes you can begin, I'm steady
oh, it's the last time, maybe there I'll be fine
Screaming like ghost you're fighting
screaming like ghost you're frighten
there's no place where could you run.