

Adrenalin O.d., Bugs

Armies march in darkness
Training to attack
For years of senseless crushing
They're gonna fight back
Coming out of the woodwork
Infesting every pore
They don't just want revenge
They want to rule the world
Bugs, bugs
They have a fearless leader
A strong and wise old roach
Ants collect his food supply
While he sits on his throne
Bloodshed will be welcome
To feed the leech patrol
They're much too quick to splatter
They scurry down their holes
For every can of pesticide
There'll be a human genocide
They're crawling to get you
To arms, to arms
We only have two arms
How can we fight them
When the Raid is gone
A hundred bugs to every human
The odds are so unfair
Crabs destroy your sex life
Lice are in your hair