

Alexz Butcher, Plastik Bombs

They put on me a plastic bombs
They thought it's their way to go
They lay down on their plastic layer
But it burns in the great red fire
They put on me a plastic bombs
They thought it's their way to go
Waxy fucked they really are
Walking machines with a pissing gun
Don't break my mind or I'll break your head
Watch you screaming till you're sure dead
I'll show you the way to the heart core
I'll show you the way to the heart core
I'll show you the way to the heart core
I'll show you the way to the heart core
Give me a gift and I'll give you mine
The except is that mine's real hard
So spread your legs, don't wait for sun
Sun is dead as your mind dumb