

# Apostle Of Hustle, Energy Of Death

In the rhythm of this song,  
Well we drink and fucking fight when we bring it on

Prayer, that some might answered you  
But your lips are red, girl, they know what to do

Powerful grace there's a fight he's so devout  
There's a waterfall of sewage from his mouth

You, children of this dying earth  
Our possessions and our money have no worth

All the gods are driving us in ways  
We do not understand  
All the gods are driving us in ways  
We do not understand  
Do not understand

Calm us of our drug delivery  
Well we vowed to end our mother's misery  
Wind that fills the world with bitch's breath  
You know that it's called the "energy of death";

All the gods are driving us in ways  
We do not understand  
All the gods are driving us in ways  
We do not understand  
All the gods are driving us in ways  
We do not understand  
We do not understand