

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";

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