

Between The Buried And Me, Destructo Spin

King Kong illusion...destruction! Crumble this place of existence. Let's bow down to the king of the masculine, the macho redneck lord. Killing innocent for the revenge of the innocent...turning this country into shit. Just another rich white game. Bomb the world...Ice for my cramped hands. This controller is designed poorly and the blood keeps staining my suit. The plasma screen shows me stutter but technology will prove everyone wrong. Ego trip headfuck. I've been hired for destruction. The King Kong of the century has been molded by me. Leading them blindly into brainwashed blood lands. My world expands with your destruction. I have to prove my strength. Peer pressure of a nation, selfish action spreads. Kidding myself. Do I really care or worry about any of this? My conscious controls me, but deep down I don't think any of this makes me lose sleep. Once again I prove my confusion. Mordecai flies once again. Will he ever truly stay gone?