

# Clutch, Pile Driver

You put me in the clutches of sin  
Making me a burning specimen  
Of worn animosity, just to aspire  
Leaving absolutely nothing behind

But now it seems that the tables have turned  
Another dead end, another lesson learned  
One good turn deserves another  
So here it is, motherfucker

You're just a semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
And I've gone ballistic

Tooth and scratch  
Give me an axe to grind  
A practice made perfect, matter over mind  
I've got the urge, I've got the urge  
To clean up this place of your scourge

If cleanliness is next to Godliness  
Then that would make you the devil  
Call it what you will, a pre-emptive strike  
But the first law of nature is to defend one's life

You're just a semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
And I've gone ballistic

Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Grapes of wrath  
Grapes of wrath

You're just a semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
And I've gone ballistic

And you're just a statistic