

Entombed, Amok

God is away
It's business every fucking day
You wanna say
Well, I don't give a fuck
How does it feel
You wanna eat you gotta steal
Keeping it real
You're running out of luck

Amok

Yeah, God is away
It's business every fucking day
You need to pray
I don't see you first
How does it feel
You wanna eat you gotta steal
Keeping it real
When you're about to burst

You wanna hurt me
You wanna bite my cock
You're gonna make me run amok

You wanna see me dead and buried
You better think again
I am the one your daughter married
And I don't play pretend

God is away
It's business every fucking day
You wanna say
Well, I don't give a fuck
How does it feel
You wanna eat you gotta steal
Keeping it real
You're running out of luck

You wanna hurt me
Well, I throw the first rock
You can't touch me - no
'cuz I will run...

Amok
Amok
Amok
You are running out of luck

A moth will find light
Fuck and feed
High on power
Firestorm greed

You wanna see me dead and buried
You push a lot of luck
And now you gonna say you're sorry
Well, I don't give a fuck

Needless to say
I am the one that got away
You need to pray
I don't see you first
How does it feel
You wanna eat you gotta steal

Keeping it real
Damnation of the cursed

You wanna hurt me
Well, I throw the first rock
You can't stop me
'cuz I will run...

Amok
Amok
Amok
Godforsaken listless fuck
Amok
Amok
Amok
You are running out of luck
Now!