

# Funeral Dress, On Your Knees

Hey Mr President, calling out for war  
For Death and Glory? Just like before  
Shooting lies, we're target n 1  
The clock is always ticking, terror has begun

Time for an apology, get on your knees  
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Scorching the Earth, power is the cause!  
Leaving a trail of tragedy and loss.  
Enforcing war between enemies or friends,  
Master Moron, only death is where it ends!

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SOOOOOLOOOOOOOOO

Kill one - you're a murderer  
Kill a million - you're a conqueror  
Kill 'em all - you're a god  
What do you choose? Aaah, FUCK YOU!

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