

# Heavens To Betsy, Terrorist

You follow me on the fucking street  
You make me feel like a piece of meat  
You think I don't know what war means  
Now I'm the terrorist see how it feels

I'm going to kill you  
I'll cut you up, gouge out your eyes  
I'm going to kill you  
I'm not your prey, I'll make you die

On my mouth, there is a gag  
Everything I say is wrong  
You laugh at me and knock me down  
Now your turn is coming around

I'm going to kill you  
I'll cut you up, gouge out your eyes  
I'm going to kill you  
I'm not your prey, I'll make you die

I'm not kidding  
And I've had it just about to here  
And I'm not kidding  
I threaten everything you hold dear

You follow me on the fucking street  
You make me feel like a piece of meat  
You think I don't know what war means  
Now I'm the terrorist see how it feels

I'm going to kill you  
I'll cut you up, gouge out your eyes  
I'm going to kill you  
I'm not your prey, I'll make you die