

Holy Mother, My World War

Sister told me
I've been brain dead
Lost my home
That's a drag
I can see the only way to hurt you
Taking me to toy a life of virtue
I can feel it
Burning like from under
I can feel it
Burning from within
Trip my switchblade
Shine my steel plate
Save my life from revenge
I can breathe
A cold to make a thunder
I believe
My soul is infrared
I can feel it
Burning like from under
I can feel it
Burning from within
Every nightmare haunts your bed
The only place you're safe from dead
So help me god I'm comin' back
.....Portland, Oregon

Yet another victim of this heinous trail of street violence takes a fall
as the townspeople cry for more police officers and stronger law enforcement agents
to man the streets of a town where violence and crime have taken its toll...

I can feel
The world is crawling under
I can free
The world of my kind
It's my joke
I am your public enemy
I can feel it
Our world war
Victim's hosst hope
Vendors sell dope
Save my whole human race
If you bleed
You're only for surrender
I can feel
My soul is infrared
I can feel
It lying like your brother
I can see it
Squash you like a bug
Every nightmare haunts your bed
The only place you're safe from dead
So help me god I'm comin' back
I can feel
The world is crawling under
I can free
The world of my kind
It's my joke
I am your public enemy
I can feel it
Our world war
I can feel
The world is crawling under
I can free
The world of my kind
It's my joke

I am your public enemy
I can feel it
Our world war