

# Jack Off Jill, Bruises Are Back In Style

God bless America, land that I love  
Stand beside her, and guide her, through the night with the light up above  
From the mountain, to the prairie, through the ocean white with foam

God bless America, my home sweet home!  
Write your name, and spell it well  
All good children go straight to hell  
See what you saw, see all you can see,  
As you get fucked by your own liberty now  
If love is a taxi, the devil would drive  
If hatred is English, then I'm speaking Jive  
If this is a fuck, then I run for a mile  
When I say baby, bruises are back in style.

God bless America! God hates America!  
Know your name when you're in a rage,  
Piss and shit lines an empty cage  
The people look, they all stop and stare  
At the little girl with the long greasy hair now.  
If love is a taxi, the devil would drive  
If hatred is English, then I'm speaking Jive  
If this is a fuck, then I run for a mile  
When I say baby, bruises are back in style.

God bless America! God hates America!  
Know your name, and spell it well  
Sign in blood, you might as well  
See what you saw, see all you can see  
As you get fucked by your own liberty now  
If love is a taxi, the devil would drive  
If hatred is English, then I'm speaking Jive  
If this is a fuck, then I run for a mile  
When I say baby, bruises are back in style.