Jack Off Jill, Bruises Are Back In Style (Clean Pa

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 ****** 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 ****, 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,
**** and **** 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 ****, 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 ****** 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 ****, then I run for a mile
When I say baby, bruises are back in style