

Ministry, Supermanic Soul

Well I just shot a man to death
I've got a bullet out of my head
He fired back and I can't stop
A final shot and a final breath
Afraid to stop and afraid to check
The smell of fear and the color red
Had him with a 2 inch shell

Well it's a brutal smell of death

Saw my reflection in a spoon
I had it with my not approved excuse
I've got a supermanic soul

I've pulled the trigger in the record room

I've put a stop to his loony toons
I've put him down in the record room

These are for you
Dead - break this
These are for you
Dead - break this
Dead!