

One Man Army And The Undead Quartet, Such A

My Daddy's got a shotgun
An arsenal of human disease
He taught me how to shoot
To trigger the double barrel monster

An invitation to downfall
A shiny error in evolution
The kid of the new world
Killed the day he was born

Such a sick boy walking the streets

Yeah, on the streets, he's walking
Walking with a shotgun in his hand
He's walking, walking with a shotgun
On his violent rampage!

Dark shades reflects society
Murder boy walks into system
Loaded with adrenaline and melted mind
One, two, three, four bodies waving goodbye
- Goodbye!!!

A storage of backwards knowledge
Where pain comes easily
Where defense is to kill!
Now he bleeds like the rest of them

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Such a sick boy shot himself in the head
Such a sick boy shot himself in the head
I said, such a sick boy shot himself in the head
Just another dead boy dancing with the dead

Yeah, with the dead, he's dancing
Dancing with a hole in his head
He's dancing, dancing with a hole in his head