

Pistol Grip, The Rebels Are Dead

Everybody run for your life the rebels are dead
Bodies laying in the streets the gutters run red
Religion burns bright in the minds of the foe
Got the citizens glued to the television
Show me where the blame shall rest the rebels are dead

Tell it to me one more time
why does smoke rise and ashes of humanity fall
Tell it to me one last time
this is just a bad dream not reality

Everybody run for your life the pious now fly
Terrified by the birds that have fallen from the sky
The snake can't be found when it's living underground
and now it's being helped by a government
show me where the bombs are kept the rebels are dead

Tell it to me one more time
why does the smoke rise and ashes of humanity fall
Tell it to me one last time
Is this just a bad dream or rationality's last call
Run for the battle lines
no ones gonna take what the other's got to give
Revolution all the time
every battery's got a plus and a negative

All the children run for your life the rebels are dead
Two shots to the chest and one to the head
The killers the thugs the learned the priest
The dealers of drugs and the television
show me where the arms are kept the rebels are dead