

# Psycore, No Money-No Manners-No Mercy

i penetrate your weakened mind  
i take your world from behind  
i am your fear, your worst nightmare  
when you want peace i'm always there

no money-no manners-no mercy

you can't resist the devil's charm  
but if you can i'll break your arm  
i take control, i drain your soul  
i wear you out, scream and shout

no money-no manners-no mercy