

REDZED, BLACK MASS SUPERVISION

There's nothing wrong, nothing wrong with the black mass
Them witches die when they burn in the fire
Inverted cross being surrounded by dead rats
The demons riot, standing over the pyre

Shots fired, shots fired
TNT blowin' up, life has expired
Suckers die, bitch, I'm on and I'm inspired
Definition of the sound that just transpired
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I am the man who just came from the future
I know the things you just don't want to know
The blackest rain dropping down, look how huge are
All of the drops, while the strongest wind blows

Look at the skies if you want supervision
The darkest souls take control of your lives
They operate everything with precision
We're just some worms in the back of their minds