

# Scissorfight, Metal Mother

Wildfire at the discotheque  
At Sasquatch Carnage  
That's where the saucers wreck  
It makes no sound  
It makes no sound  
As it's stomping the ground  
In retreat  
Got you hauling  
As the heat  
Driven to mauling  
Eye wire trip to manifest  
Area haunted  
As the sky runs rapid black  
Blood red run  
Blood red run  
Of the phantom sun  
Feel the teeth  
Crush into skull  
Rotten helmet of meat  
You find yourself captured  
Yet ready to leave  
Knocked down (rotten)  
Knocked out (rotten)  
Out cold with the death lock taking hold  
High tide of the big grotesque  
That metal mother  
Descends to interject  
It makes no sound  
The flames get strange  
As it's touching down  
Feel the heat  
Rush into skull  
Rising retreat  
You find yourself captured  
Yet ready to leave