

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