Slumpark Correctional, Ground Incursion

Murder, bullshit, allies, torture
We're the idiots on the run
What you gonna do (you little shit you little shit now)
Can't escape this ground incursion
Can't escape... Ah!
We're the guilt in your temptation
We're the fault in your equation
We're the slaves your soul can't master
We define your inner fear
Fire in the hole you bastards!
We're the idiots on the run
What you gonna do (you little shit you little shit now)
Can't escape this ground incursion
Can't escape... Ah!
We're the guilt in your temptation
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