

Warhead, Scream

people are coming to take me out of my house
don't understand the angryness of the crowd
bursting windows raining down the floor
don't realize what they are reaching for

GET OUT!

running, falling, slavering hands on my shirt
again and again they punch my face into the dirt
I lost my last hope when they started to beat
I'll never get myself out of this heat

WHAT FOR SHALL I DIE?

now they tighten the rope around my neck
a kick, the chair falls down, my heart attacks
no breath, no life, am I going to die?
what have I done, I don't know why?

they say that you have cought him,
they say he's punished now
they say that none should mess with you,
you infallible crowd
be proud of what you've done
for your selfrighteous sense of justice
the beast is dead, this is the end,
an act of fair revenge

but didn't you know that not just far away
another little girl was raped today?
and didn't you hear 'bout the man sitting in jail
that he has confessed this last two murders?

GET OUT!...