

100 Percent

Angelspit

Dip my tail in blood ink, write it down in red
Scribe the words "HAPPY MEAL" right across your head
Tired of getting walked on, treated like a sheep
Don't blame me for all the years that you were asleep
Relax, God is in control
Watch the dot, take your meds
Obey my demands
Trust my dog, time for surgery
Relax, God is in control
Watch the dot, take your meds
Obey my demands
Trust my dog, shut your eyes, you're dead
Televised mass poison, spitting at the screen
Keep the masses deluded with fabricated dreams
Powdered God in a bag from the Vatican
I want you to fuck off as hard as you can
Relax, God is in control
Watch the dot, take your meds
Obey my demands
Trust my dog, time for surgery
Relax, God is in control
Watch the dot, take your meds
Obey my demands
Trust my dog, shut your eyes, you're dead
Heaven has burst open, now it's raining bones
The chaos will erode you, breeding little clones
Born of a fallen rib from the monkey's womb
Overcooked by cathode rays, evolved to consume
100 percent
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Eating from the butcher's slab, becoming what they meet
Restrained and roasted while they gorge, strapped into the seat
Bathing in your arrogance, dining will ensue
God made me a cannibal to fix problems like you
100 percent
100 percent
Last time was the last time
This time, you're 100 percent
Last time was the last time
This time, you're 100 percent
Last time was the last time
This time, you're 100 percent
Last time was the last time
This time, you're 100 percent fucked

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