

Soldier of Fortune

Razor

Give me the weapons, I'll finish the job
I do what I have to, to win
killing the weak if they're not on my side
I don't know the meaning of sin
under command if you're paying my price
I'm paying your back with my skill
a hit man who deeds out the violence with ease
emotionless, customized kill
I've still got drive and I've still got the fucking desire
Survivor of torture disturber of peace
fightning for reasons unknown
really don't care if I'm good or I'm bad
you pay me and I set the tone
like a cancerous cell infesting your blood
they still haven't found me a cure
victim circumstance, driven by greed
believe me, my hatred is pure
S.O.F., lives to be claimed
living in trenches and barrens untamed
S.O.F., treasonous crimes
motives uncertain a sign of the times
killing machine, evil regime, sinister dream, listen for screams,
paying my price, rolling the dice, should've thought twice
your neck I will slice

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