

# Get Up

## Skid Row

Indecisions pre-empt holy war  
Every religion has its  
Drunkard and whores  
Were only your savior in the days of your need  
Yet you drag our dead bodies through your piss  
Landed streets Your gods are guns that make you run to what you  
Cant conceive  
Sit back and feed our wealth  
Give me a bomb and Ill drop it myself  
Get up- get ready to go  
Get up- you know you got to  
Get up- cause shes ready to blow  
Get up  
Get up- get ready to go  
Get up- you got to, got to  
Get up- cause shes ready to blow  
Get up Done is the hatred that is scaling our walls  
Wont turn a blind eye when youre storming our halls  
If only once you had the presence of mind  
Youd appreciate your fears if we left you behind  
Does not our being to burn away in eastern sun?  
Bury your heads in the sand  
Then celebrate with out blood on your hand Sit back and feed on the wealth  
Hand me the bomb and Ill drop it myself  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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