

Semi-Automatic

Deathstars

It's Planet Hell, cause of all the synthetic minds that fails us!
Trashed into the ministry under which we fail to live our lives! I am not
The slave that you are
I am not
Another one of this time! Fear not the gates I say, love won't give it away
You long for the black
When you stand above the motherfuckers saying Destroy the ministry,
Gun down grace
Fuck the ministry,
Smash it's face! The is the system, dimensions so small and simple,
Welcome the plan of which we'll succeed to live this life! You are all
Statues damned to fall
You are all
Another victim to hurt! Burn your life they say, hate will end it today
You're one with black
As you stand above, the motherfuckers saying Destroy the ministry, Gun down grace
Fuck the ministry, Smash it's face! Live fore me
You slaves of system too blind to see
Live fore me
You crowd of whores too blind to see Live my life I say
You of system, dead today
Live my life I say
You crowd of whores, dead today Destroy the ministry, Gun down grace
Fuck the ministry, Smash it's face!

Songwriters

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