

# Cutdown

## Bongzilla

There they all lay cut down  
Before their time you took them from  
From the mother before they gave  
The holy flower, the love we need  
Life itself now the mother comes  
With the hand, the hand of vengeance  
To take your life, you must die  
For the sins, there you are strung up to one  
Blood drips from the cuts made  
For the babies that you slayed  
Justice will be served to you on a platter  
Now death creeps upon your lifeless soul  
The mother takes it away forever  
You pay the price and you die

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