

Happy Death Day

Gwar

Happy anniversary, schools are short of funds
This is what I say, give the kids more guns
All of the classes are on how to kill
If you don't teach them then someone else will
Happy death-day to Columbine
Let's make the world an Oklahoma City, fine
Wacky Waco, happy death-day, babies that were burned
The wheel has turned
Happy death-day to you
Happy death-day to you
Barricades are growing in the halls
Bullet holes are stitching in the walls
The students are well-armed but so are the pigs
This thing is gonna be big
We must now attack the very children that we taught
That they must never fight the fucked up wars that we had fought

Someone detonates a bomb, they said that it was huge
Bull dozed all the evidence and blamed it on some stooge
Happy death-day to Columbine
Let's make the world an Oklahoma City, fine
Wacky Waco, happy death-day, babies that were burned
Hey look, the Wheel has turned
Happy death-day
Happy death-day to Columbine
Let's make the world an Oklahoma City, fine
Wacky Waco, happy death-day, babies that were burned
Babies that were burned, baby, baby, baby
There's only one way to save you
Rape, maim and enslave you
Finish what we started
I guess you could say that God farted

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