

# Game of Destruction

## Fishbone

You're so out of it  
You can't give a speech You're so wasted  
Your brain cell won't think Your eyes are shocking pink  
Your lips are ruby red Wouldn't it be better  
If we were peanut butter  
On a moldy piece of bread Knowing that the angels will soon  
Let loose the winds of dread Die wicked generation  
Uttered an angel from the sky  
Die wicked generation  
For this is the close of your game of destruction You vote for a president  
That decides full of flaws Anti-christ government  
That's the way it's gonna be You must fight for your rights  
Against a politician most of all  
When they won't listen Happy birthyear judgement day  
Death has won the race  
So let us all embrace Die wicked generation  
Uttered an angel from the sky  
Die wicked generation  
For this is the close of your game of destruction Game of destruction, yeah yeah !...

Lyrics provided by

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