

Cranial Stomp

Razor

Yes, you loser, I caught up with you
You didn't think I knew where you lived
You tried to hide but you couldn't avoid
The violent gift that I have to give
You talk so tough when I'm not around
Why can't you look me straight In the eyes?
Crush your skull with my boots of steel
'cause lying is a thing I despise
I stomp your head
I want you dead
Dancing all over your face
It never tasted better than this
Kicking your head in, all over the place
Your death is something I wouldn't miss
Force you, with hatred to swallow my fist
The taste is something you won't forget
Deserter, you sold out my trust
Now you'll wish that we hadn't met

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