Drawing Blood

Stuck Mojo

Slit the wrist, the devil's kiss evil days it slipsI loathe them and hate them forTheir sickly toxic presence
For the country I love theyShow no god damn reverenceNo character, no pride
A man without a sense of dignity
Collectivist mindset, a danger to our libertyI feel the need to kill the seedTo bleed the breed of this diseaseHappiness and ignorance as longUntil the day that freedom's gone
As he can pay the rentUtopian society, a welfare state for you and meUntil the day that freedom's goneI smell it, I taste itIt runs through my blood, I'm freeI see the fear in your eyesI'm not afraid to bleedFingertips my freedom gripSurvivalist of the apocalypse

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