Brain Dead

Plasmatics

We are brain dead
We march without no headProduct of the brainless
Product of the dumb
Radiation roaches got you on the runSoldiers for the DNA, dissidents are put away
Dragged off in the dead of night, disappear without a sight
For global peace is what we pray, as long as things are done our way
Disagree or acting rude, we will chop you up for food
Our agenda is your end, until then we'll be your friend
Act not thinking is our tool, stand up for the golden ruleStab your friends in the back, rule the world load the pack
Human flesh is what we crave, nothing wasted in the grave

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