

Dittohead

Slayer

This fucking country's lost its grip
Subconscious hold begins to slip
The scales of justice tend to tipThe legal system has no spine
It's corroding from inside
Slap your hand, you'll do no timeReality on vacation
All across a blinded nation
Mentality under sedationAnyone can be set free
On a technicality
Explain the law again to meHere in 1994
Things are different than before
Violence is what we adoreInvitation to the game
Guns and blades and media fame
Everyday more of the sameMurder, mayhem, anarchy
Now are all done legally
Mastermind your killing spreeUnafraid of punishment
With a passive government
There's nothing for you to regret
Nothing to regretUnimposing policy
No enforcing ministry
Gaping with judicial flaws
Watching a fading nation crawlClashing with the publics frame
I'm the one that's place in fame
Legislature sets the stage
Social slaves caught in my rageAdministrative anarchy
There's nothing you can do to me
The world around you drifting to a
Continental tomb you seeViolence is my passion
I will never be contained
Living with aggression and it's everlasting reign

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