

# 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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