Supermanic Soul

Ministry

Well I just shot a man to death
I've got a bullet out of my head
He fired back and I can't stop
A final shot and a final breathAfraid to stop and afraid to check
The smell of fear and the color red
Had him with a 2 inch shellWell it's a brutal smell of death
Well it's a brutal smell of death
Well it's a brutal smell of death
Well it's a brutal smell of deathSaw my reflection in a spoon
I had it with my not approved excuse
I've got a super manic soulI've pulled the trigger in the record room
I've pulled the trigger in the record room
I've put a stop to his loonytoons
I've put him down in the record roomThese are for you
Dead, break this
These are for you
Dead, break this
DeadThese are for you
Dead, break this
These are for you
Dead, break this
Dead, break this
Dead, break this
Dead

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