

# Dittohead (live in California 5/98)

## Slayer

This fucking country's lost its grip  
Subconscious hold begins to slip  
The scales of justice tend to tip  
The legal system has no spine  
It's corroding from inside  
Slap your hand you'll do no time  
Reality on vacation  
All across a blinded nation  
Mentality under sedation  
Anyone can be set free  
On a technicality  
Explain the law again to me  
Here in 1994  
Things are different than before  
Violence is what we adore  
Invitation to the game  
Guns and blades and media fame  
Every day more of the same  
Murder, mayhem, anarchy  
Now are all done legally  
Mastermind your killing spree  
Unafraid of punishment  
With a passive government  
There's nothing for you to regret  
Nothing to regret  
Unimposing policy  
No enforcing ministry  
Gaping with judicial flaws  
Watching a fading nation crawl  
Clashing with the public's frame  
I'm the one that's place in fame  
Legislature sets the stage  
Social slaves caught in my rage  
Administrative anarchy there's nothing  
You can do to me  
The world around you drifting to a  
Continental tomb you see  
Violence is my passion  
I will never be contained  
Living with aggression and its  
Everlasting reign

Songwriters

KING, KERRY Published by

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