Rip

Big Black

That man's shirt is worth more than your life
And I'd rather kill him than insult you
He hasn't the sense to know we're fighting
He hasn't the fear to run
We have to rip this up
It doesn't look quite right
People like that, too dirty to save
Better watch out, friend
He's gonna get torn
When I poke my fingers in it
I tear him apart
Cover your ears
They make a lot of noise
We have to rip this up
It doesn't look quite right

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