Implode

Menticide

Malicious intent, that's what he meant
when he placed a fuckin price on your head.
Plenty of proof to believe in all of the shit that was said.Licensed to kill.
The crowd dispersed like game.
Superior skill took hold.
Time to free thy name.
Now we lighten the load.
Let the bastards implode!Riddled your souls, all full of holes
with no sense of right or sense of wrong
Never remorse, what's the recourse?
Just send em' back to where they belong.Back in the cell,
left to come into his own.
Far worse than hell,
with all the comforts of home.Shall we lighten the load?
Let the bastards implode!

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