Punk Crusher

The Obsessed

Star, Lord, Father
Give us strength to prevail,
The vision is pure; I ain't destined to fail,
I was given the time,
To carry the flame of the essence of song,
But if you worship the dime,
Get out of my way,
You must be putting me on.
Wind born warrior,
Coming to grab your mind,
From the grasp of Saturn's kind,
You smell of greed,
Your smile is fake,
And your heart is cold,
What you need,
From others take,
You'd sell your mothers soul,
We soldier on,
Like the wheels they roll,
Can't take your spirit or mine,
Let's get it on,
Dig a hole,
You'd better kiss it goodbye.
Wind born warrior,
Coming to grab your mind,
From the grasp of Saturn's kind.
If you try to stab my back,
Listen what I say,
You'll be cast in the black,
It's your reckoning day,
I'm not sure what you think you are,
Steal and lie to get your fix,
We all know who you really are,
Be gone with all your idle tricks
Punk Crusher
I'm not sure what you think you are,
Steal and lie to get your fix,
We all know who you really are,
Be gone with all your idle tricks

I'm the Punk crusher
Higher the risk,
Greater the reward,
Is what they say,
Chase your past into the black,
Get outta my way.
I'm not sure what you think you are,
Steal and lie to get your fix,
We all know who you really are,
Be gone with all those idle tricks
Punk Crusher
I'm not sure what you think you are,
Steal and lie to get your fix,
We all know who you really are,
Be gone with all your idle tricks
I'm your Punk crusher
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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