

So What (In Case You Didn't Feel) [Live]

Ministry

Die, die, die, die
Scum sucking depravity debauched
Anal fuck-fest, thrill Olympics
Savage scourge supply and sanctify So what? So what?
So what? So what?
Die, die, die, die Die, die, die, die
You said it
Sedatives supplied become laxatives
My eyes shit out lies
I only kill to know I'm alive So what? So what?
So what? So what?
Die, die, die, die Die, die, die, die
So what, it's your problem
To learn to live with
Destroy us or make us saints We don't care, it's not our fault
That we were born too late
A screaming headache
On the brow of the state Killing time is appropriate
To make a mess and fuck all the rest
We say, we say So what? So what?
So what? So what?
Die Die
Now I know what is right
I'll kill them all if I like
I'm a time bomb inside
No one listens to reason
It's too late and I'm ready to fight Now I'm ready to fight
Now I'm ready to fight
Now I'm ready to fight
Now I'm ready to fight
Fight, fight, fight So what?
So what? So what?
So what? So what?
So what? So what?

Songwriters

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