

Death From Above

Turbonegro

I don't want to work for the FBI
I don't want to know where the bodies lie
I don't give a fuck if your life has died
It's just karma, bad karma I don't really care if you're engulfed in flames
I don't really care if you don't look the same
I don't really care if you don't catch the train
To nowhere, last train to nowhere It's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from above
It's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from a Flying in on the wings of destruction
With freedom in our eyes
It's a death from above and everybody dies I don't even care if your house is in pieces
I don't even care if you cry for Jesus
When you find yourself in a storm of feces
Of feces, a storm of feces Let the flag of destruction fly
From the top of the mountain high
From the chateaus to the plateaus
In the shadows, the shadows It's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from above
It's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from a Flying in on the wings of destruction
With freedom in our eyes
It's a death from above and everybody dies Dies!
Dies! Death from above

Songwriters

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