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 karmaI 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 nowhereIt's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from above
It's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from aFlying in on the wings of destruction
With freedom in our eyes
It's a death from above and everybody diesI 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 fecesLet the flag of destruction fly
From the top of the mountain high
From the chateaus to the plateaus
In the shadows, the shadowsIt's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from above
It's just a
Death from above
Death from above
Death from aFlying in on the wings of destruction
With freedom in our eyes
It's a death from above and everybody diesDies!
Dies!Death from above

Songwriters
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