

War (The Process)

The Cult

Cultivate a war breed
Get the head your soul needs
Crystallice at light speed
Dis the lies that they feed
Cultivate a war breed
Get the head your soul needs
Crystallice at light speed
Dis the lies that they feed
We're burning out of control
We're burning out of control
We're burning out of control
We're burning out of control
War-A state of mind
War-Our hearts are blind
War-Is Nature Dead
War
War
Holy War
tears of man drop your front baby
Obey the command
Holy War
tears of man drop your front baby
Obey my command
Split the lip that dope feeds
Exterminate the bad seed
Tread the path that monks breathe
Ride the horse that runs free
That runs free
We're burning out of control
We're burning out of control
We're burning out of control
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War-A state of mind
War-Our hearts are blind
War-Is Nature Dead
War
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Holy War
tears of man drop your front baby

Obey the command
Holy War
tears of man drop your front baby
Obey my command
Lies, Drugs, Hate, Guns, God, Fear, Flies, Sex
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War

Songwriters

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