

Dittohead (live)

Slayer

This fucking country's lost its grip
Subconscious hold begins to slip
The scales of justice tend to tip
The legal system has no spine
It's corroding from inside
Slap your hand you'll do no time
Reality on vacation
All across a blinded nation
Mentality under sedation
Anyone can be set free
On a technicality
Explain the law again to me
Here in 1994
Things are different than before
Violence is what we adore
Invitation to the game
Guns and blades and media fame
Every day more of the same
Murder, mayhem, anarchy
Now are all done legally
Mastermind your killing spree
Unafraid of punishment
With a passive government
There's nothing for you to regret
Nothing to regret
Unimposing policy
No enforcing ministry
Gaping with judicial flaws
Watching a fading nation crawl
Clashing with the public's frame
I'm the one that's place in fame
Legislature sets the stage
Social slaves caught in my rage
Administrative anarchy there's nothing
You can do to me
The world around you drifting to a
Continental tomb you see
Violence is my passion
I will never be contained
Living with aggression and its
Everlasting reign

Songwriters

KING, KERRY Published by

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