Eye-5

Jawbreaker

In unbearable traffic.
Radio and it's deafening static.
I got my dick in my hand.
Super sanitary garbage man.
Bearing down the interstate.
Feeling hate for hate's sake.
Though it may sound strange, angels call my name.
The gun felt good in my hand.
Like an angel in the devil's land.
While it seems insane, I hold them to blame.
Hood ornament in my trusty sight.
The time has come to put things right.
I am here to make things clean.
Man, oh man, what a violent scene.
Target! Target! Woman! Whore!
This is it.
The holy war.
Steady now.
Draw back the hammer.
Blinding flash.
Nothing's the matter.
I should be king.
Though it might sound strange, angels call my name.
While it seems insane, I hold them to blame.
Angels do the strangest things.
Her foot turns to lead on the pedal.
Got a good feeling.
Multiple collision, the flesh it settles.
'Bout time I beat my wings.
Across town, another job in need of doing.
Glass, gas, a punctured lung.
My arm's all fucked, in need of some gluing.
An angel's work is never done.
Crank up the box, dig the noise between stations.
Pin in my arm, for concentration.Please respond.This is an angel.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/