

# Dead World

## The Knux

Ya ya ya ya ya ya (yup) ya ya  
Tell the fucks the zoo is open  
She's a crazy on the prowl  
Like a junkie with a temper  
Or a baby with a smile  
Sever heads of all the snakes  
And split the gold with the rebels  
Shoot my veins with gasoline  
Then rid my soul of the devil  
They said joey you're a king  
You're like Yeshua Ben Joseph  
But your brains is smithereens  
As I piss upon the flag  
I say fuck your type of freedom  
Everybody's suicidal  
From the cancer they're believing  
So what are we gonna do  
So we stay on the move  
It's been five years you could tell heaven  
And hell have been living in madness  
One endless day another night would  
Turn anyone into a savage  
So cloudy my decisions  
Will lead a righteous man to darkness  
Turn us back on all traditions  
To be a prisoner in paradise  
Sacrifices must be made  
Self-preservation is number one  
Selfishness is to be praised  
Will always trump kindness  
In this land of the kings  
There's no shortage of highness

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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