

Fast Jungle

White Zombie

fast, fast jungle king of the road fast, fast jungle got a suicide machine big bad jungle flying down high down
the sewer streets sailing down the river streets destination light neon number forty-two grind and move my way
found and kick my way down and save my way hanging on psychic ride sliding down fridays child get out now
before you cripple shell crowds a carbon long while a twisted root digs the citys hold careless saint preach of
love modern trash scream for war citycide going nowhere citycide nowhere which ung end in a dragstrip crash
leatherman singing for the past painted eyes got a face to remember king of control dead september do what I
say not what I do leave it to the true beasts the mindless, motherless dog bitch spread her life on the fucking
floor rip her legs in the shattered glass retaliation murders retaliation murders now the rot control the tooth and
the dirt in the world say freak father to brother, sister to mother taste the failure from one another sometimes all
that glitters gold when its howling in the widows grave where a broken skull speak like a god and the head-
stone reads --buddy holly-- join the resurrection rave on in my direction rave on got to rave on rave on rave on
rave on

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