

Surviving the game

Body Count

Yeah, yeah
Murder, death
As I search to analyze reality
The true meaning of life Out simple existence means nothing
God has a gun, the truth, life is a slow noose
He's invincible
Better watch his knife There is no escape from the slow kill
When it's time to go
God serves a death blow
You have no choice, don't even try The only choice is suicide
Surviving the game
No escape
No one's ever escaped
Die

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