Premeditated Murder

Jay Cole

Premeditated Murder
You can have Jesus
They can have bombs
In hindsight we speak out
You praise all your wrongs
Looking out windows
And running through halls
If they cannot catch you
Then the system falls
Criticizing standout
They can see how they feel
At least it's not your son
On the killing fields
Euphemisms Breakout
At a pace giving show
The wheels of mass destruction
In your head are moving so slow
What it means you'll never know
you're beaten and its time to go
Premeditated Murder

Tyrannical Leaders
of which you're the best
Can only be happy
As the only one left
Now you're knocking on my door
Cause you killed all the rest
Oh, the self righteous wrongness
What a prophetic mess
You fail to look inside
And question what's on your mind
The lower classes get taxed
As their children cry
Death machine in motion
As the emperors dress
The seeds of mass destruction
Have been sown
So take your last breath
It's the last one you're gonna get

Another one is on your head

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