

# King of the Rat Bastards

## Overkill

Wide open down the burning road  
We were strung out, nailed, betrayed  
All cylinders a heavy load  
But we were all we hoped and dreamed to be  
Caught fire in the final turn  
We danced the death ballet  
Not thinking with a heavy heart  
I hit the supercharger to infamy  
Hey there Mrs. California sensibility  
Here's a message from the other side and no apology  
Another day, another night, another born and mastered  
Another way, another king of the rat bastards  
We turned it up, had the speed we need  
We were bug eyed, chin held high  
As we all heard the self-applause  
Backs turned away just in case she dies  
Down the stretch of that burning road a tear in my eye  
She held them off as our engine slowed  
Was it much too late for infamy  
Hey you Mr. way up there in Washington DC  
Here's a message from the other side an no apology  
We lead the deaf, the dumb, the blind, elite defined  
We will soothe your ailing mind  
We will give you more, more than you can find  
What we go here is a fight to the death, no mediocrity  
3 blind mice & a rat bastard, vs. miss liberty

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