

# Pile Driver

## Clutch

You put me in the clutches of sin  
Making me a burning specimen  
Of worn animosity, just to aspire  
Leaving absolutely nothing behind But now it seems that the tables have turned  
Another dead end, another lesson learned  
One good turn deserves another  
So here it is, motherfucker You're just a semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
And I've gone ballistic [unverified] Give me an ax to grind  
A practice made perfect, matter over mind  
I've got the urge, I've got the urge  
To clean up this place of your scourge If cleanliness is next to Godliness  
Then that would make you the devil  
Call it what you will, a preemptive strike  
But the first law of nature is to defend one's life You're just a semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
And I've gone ballistic Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Grapes of wrath, grapes of wrath You're just a semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
Semi-automatic hate machine  
And I've gone ballistic and you're just a statistic

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