

Gun

Front Line Assembly

The human hearts that I have taken into hell
Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby
I didn't hit nobody without no provocation
I mean, I didn't say nothing to the man I didn't pull out no gun and tell him that I was gonna
Do this to him and shoot him and he just shoots at me
That's was a perfectly radical group right there if you ask me
"Front line, American" March to the rhythm fists in the air
Statues torn down burning flags everywhere
Atrocity starts now the weapons parade
A nation in turmoil reflected by hate Believe believe in the fight
Believe believe in the right A paradox of discipline only the strong will win
Kneel to the man who's pointing the gun
A victory or nothing at all Quantum moves
Discipline, discipline listen to me, or we'll all be killed Move ahead, move ahead
American Corrupter of justice
And innocence and youth A paradox of discipline only the strong will win
Kneel to the man who's pointing the gun
A victory or nothing at all victory the state must fall
Sworn enemy of all the human race

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