

# Contractor (Album Version)

## Lamb of God

Stomping lines in international sand  
Feeding blood drinking habits of the Elephant Man  
Quench his thirst, when black water rises  
He takes you around toward the burning horizon Yeah, motherfucker, lets take a ride  
We're rollin' round irate, someone has got to die  
Trick or Treat, in dying need  
So roll the dice as we leave  
Cause it's 8 miles of pure luck with warm bags of Guaran-fucking-teed  
Someone will bleed  
Guaran-fucking-teed  
Someone will bleed Privatize to conceal all the lies  
Big Business is booming, like its the fourth of July  
No need for all the formalities, Jump the kangaroo corpse  
And flank beneath the trees Yeah, motherfucker, lets take a ride  
Running red lights in a green zone  
Someone has got to die  
(Pity me?) there's nothing here to see  
So throw the dice for me please, and let's  
Store the pint of blood to cash in to refund Guaran-fucking-teed  
Just sign the deed  
Guaran-fucking-teed  
Someone will bleed Someone has got to die  
Ours is not to reason why  
Ours is but to do if the pay rate's right  
Black liquid assets, fuck the Mujahideen  
Paint their picket fences Red with the American dream Lay your heavy hammer down  
Get the job done right  
Jacked up, and cocked in, to a firefight  
Covert reactions said you never saw me  
A glass parking lot in the American Dream  
Yeah They all die  
Fucking Murder Guaran-fucking-teed, Someone will bleed.  
Lay your heavy hammer down,  
Get the job done right.  
Jacked up, and cocked in, to a firefight.  
Covert reactions said you never saw me.  
A glass parking lot in the American Dream.

Songwriters

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CHRISPublished by  
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