

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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