

Lambs to the Slaughter

Kreator

Most people take it they get pushed down
Bared out of their minds just hanging around
Make no decisions they out on a limb
Labelled and numbered prospects are grim.
Yeah its time to fight back
Yeah its time to attack.
Taken their pride is locked in room
Lambs to the slaughter your turns comes soon
Picked on and pushed they don't stand for their rights
When they come to they just out lights.
Chorus...
Repeat...
Chorus...

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