

Murder Brigade

Gorefest

Rat, Filth, You crawl your way among my kind.
There's one mistake to think I'm blind
With passion I will end your days.
I am a Murder Brigade Rat, Filth,
You dwell between the lowest of the low
Rat, Filth,
Soft spoken lies and fake emotions shown.
You put your hands on what is mine.
There's one mistake to think I'm blind.
With passion I will end your days.
I am a Murder Brigade You meditate in silence,
My life's the longest cry.
I will make you understand,
Why you have to die.
You think you know my feelings,
Claim to know me well.
I will lead the way,
Into your own hell. Rat, Filth,
With passion I will end your days.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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