

# Camouflage

## Swollen Members

[Mad Child]

We act on animal instinct  
Survival of the primitive  
Invade your camp, then set up a perimeter  
Interrogate the prisoner, ransack your residence  
Order from the President to document this evidence  
Company commander, this is my version of capital  
Punishment scars from carving out shards of shrapnel  
Attacking with passion, the movement of murderous intimate  
In hand to hand combat or atomic bombs that disintegrate  
Let me reiterate, in a state of neurosis  
A license to kill, plus an expert with explosives  
Assult forces, feel the shell shock  
Section eight sounds great, give me a cell block  
As sure as hells hot, I'd rather go there  
Crouched down, jungle fatigue, guerrilla warfare  
On watch, think about the bullets I've dodged  
Light a smoke and post it up for the night in camouflage["Military Minded" scratch][Prevail]  
I make my face stick with paint stick  
Todays the dawn of the infected insect  
Bees, butterflies, beetles, and panzer dragons  
There's danger of ganzes (??) in roaming in my squadron  
We hate them all, that's why we made the eight ball  
The milk and water tastes like typhoid and protocall  
Sleep deprivation, magic carpet bombing ride  
Talking to my gas mask, walking down the thin red line  
You're currently tuned in to NBC  
The only channel that you get is from my M-16  
Unlace my boots and place my troops  
I'm more terrified of mosquitoes than I am of the paratroops  
I'm in the shitbox, reading Alfred Hitchcock  
Five minutes later I'm bleeding out my snot box  
I see the witch doc, he says it's rice grains  
Dropped from airplanes, sprayed with anthrax  
Operation Peking, take the ground back  
It's found in brown rats  
And in t

Songwriters

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