

Contractor (Explicit 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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