

Heartattack Mac

Motorpsycho

He had a heart-attack, Mac
They shot him full of smack
He overdosed 'fore he understood
Anything at all

They forgot before long
Put their black righteous cloaks back on
They never cared about anything
Anything at all
Anything at all
Anything at all

They called it rat poison suicide
And put his ashes in a jar
Without name or number
And no remorse at all

With a mouth full of psychodorm
The herd sticks to their guards
And their factory routine
In anything and all
In anything and all
In anything and all