

Revenge

NIM VIND

For me

It's cold like the reptile's blood
The diamond in rattler eye
A vaccine to mystified
A cold at your door
Damming the signs of end times
The hammer waits to fall
The streets are cursed and violent
Pull weapons from the wall

And if your charge is killing me
There ain't no cure to call
There in in blackened swagger
There now a cruel sweetheart

Get your gun

For me

It's cold like a soldier's stride
Like hands on a homicide
Police at my suicide
A cold on the floor
Damming signs of end times
The anvil waits to fall
Threats are marked and imminent
Pull weapons from the wall

And if your charge is killing me
There ain't no cure to call
There in in blackened swagger
There now a cruel sweetheart

Get your gun

It's going down for me
The madness has energized
Continues to mesmerize
The masses have organized
And take hold the floor
Revolution is coming fast
Like days of a civil war
Your rationed right dissolving
Won't matter anymore

And if you've come to kill me
There ain't no cure to call
I will in blackened swagger
I will now creul sweetheart

Get my gun

And get some killing done