

Concrete Malformation

The Stone

If the tough guys call you chicken shit
And you are scared to death
If you are so lonely that
You can't even see yourself in the mirror

Kill yourself...

Where'd you find so many friends and become
As man as man can be?
There is just one right answer - join the army!
They know how to cure your kind
No more you feel ill
"Search and destroy" that's the spirit
All that moves you kill

Think about the great feeling when a
Concrete face general yells at you
"Yes sir! May I lick your boots or
Do your highness use dry cleaning?"
When you play war he can play god and
Let repressed feelings out
Feel the satisfaction of that crooked
Speech disordered soul

Isn't it fun to cherish a big gun!
Reminds you about something you have small
Eating corn flakes every morning
Makes you strong and grow so tall

If you wanna be a good boy
You will kill enough
You got yourself a piece of iron
Reputation you're tough

That goes on in your mind
No decisions for you to make
You're not here to serve your native country
Just one pervert fruit cake