## Anthrax, What Dosen't Die

First in, last out, overthrown It's been picked clean to the bone And so hard to remember things Like when we used to kill our kings Crusading for hypocrisy Under our nose, the holy bleed Crumbling under its own weight Apologies, if you relate 'Cause you cannot kill What doesn't die Live up to my promise My full potential realized Death lives right inside your pocket Take him out and have a laugh Go and piss your life away Another ugly waste of clay And up above there's no one home Why don't you answer your phone? Reminding me to learn that poem First in, last out, overthrown Because you cannot kill What doesn't die Live up to my promise My full potential realized You cannot kill What doesn't die Live up to my promise My full potential realized A stream of consciousness Flows into a river of blood Stem this tide of violence As it rises like a flood A stream of consciousness Flows into a river of blood Stem this tide of violence As it rises like a flood A stream of consciousness Flows into a river of blood Stem this tide of violence As it rises like a flood A stream of consciousness Flows into a river of blood, what doesn't die Stem this tide of violence As it rises like a flood A stream of consciousness Flows into a river of blood, what doesn't die Stem this tide of violence As it rises like a flood You cannot kill What doesn't die Live up to my promise My full potential realized You cannot kill What doesn't die Live up to my promise

My full potential realized