

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
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