

Hella, Let Your Heavies Out

Look the world in the face
Tell it you don't want its thievery no more
Quite rewriting your theatrics
Step into the skin you were born to be born in
Cause you were no accident my friend
You were the experiment of a higher need to win

And win we will (if so instilled)
We'll slay through fire
Psych those rulers of evil empires
When there (sic) souls get thrown through the crowd
As we shout...
"Why don't you let your heavies out?"

The world will never be your maker
Beauty is your undertaker
Give a kiss to your nemesis on your way
Accept awards on television
Credit the lord without his vision
You'll be there when everyone is white
So why don't you let your heavies write!

Play the game
You're all in chains

Kill and kill and
Kill your man and feed him to your kids
January 24th that's what they did
No longer of one kind
They are now of all time

Uncover your indifference spell
Let your eyes see with their mind
If the ocean is so endless
Imagine how the rivers of uncertainty unwind
Nothing is sacred except what is sacred
And the only thing sacred I can't see

Kill your man and feed him to your kids
January 24th that's what they did
No longer of one kind
They are now of all time

The world will never be your maker
Beauty is your undertaker
Give a kiss to your nemesis while you're here
Because everything good is gonna disappear
Into the decaying atmosphere
So break your mirrors