

# Overkill, Genocya

I'm your destructive pride  
Your homegrown, goddamn genocide  
The standard behind which you hide  
I'm at your door, right by your side... so

Go - high  
Go - higher  
Go - high  
Go - higher

I'm the hate, the jealousy  
I can magnify the agony  
The self-destructive qualities  
So won't you come and go with me... and

Go - high  
Go - higher  
Go - high  
Go - higher

My lack of tolerance nice as you please  
My interference put them down at their knees

I am your hopeless, despondent  
Your derelic hole  
I am your genocide  
The mass inflicted cyanide

I am your illness, your ailment  
The hole in your soul  
I am your genocide  
The mass inflicted cyanide

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Go - high  
Go - higher  
Go - high  
Go - higher  
Go - high  
Go - higher  
Go - high  
Go - higher  
Go