

# Pennywise, Premeditated Murder

Premeditated Murder  
You can have Jesus  
They can have bombs  
In hindsight we speak out  
You praise all your wrongs  
Looking out windows  
And running through halls  
If they cannot catch you  
Then the system falls  
Criticizing standout  
They can see how they feel  
At least it's not your son  
On the killing fields  
Euphemisms Breakout  
At a pace giving show  
The wheels of mass destruction  
In your head are moving so slow  
What it means you'll never know  
you're beaten and its time to go  
Premeditated Murder  
Tyrannical Leaders  
of which you're the best  
Can only be happy  
As the only one left  
Now you're knocking on my door  
Cause you killed all the rest  
Oh, the self righteous wrongness  
What a prophetic mess  
You fail to look inside  
And question what's on your mind  
The lower classes get taxed  
As their children cry  
Death machine in motion  
As the emperors dress  
The seeds of mass destruction  
Have been sown  
So take your last breath  
It's the last one you're gonna get  
Another one is on your head