## Volatile

## **Machine Head**

Fuck the worldThey never see me coming
Their faces twisted in shock
Now the fools come gunning
To put our heads to the black
Sick of the laughter
Sick of the pain
Sick of the feeling
This feeling of shame
Sick of white folks privil eged and vain
Protesting a culture that isn't the same
Don't blame the false elites
When nazi assholes march the streets
So call me a hypocrite call me a fake

It's nothing compared to your pride and your hate

Dead

Dead and bloated There's times are volatile There's no room left for you

Dead

Dead and bloated There's no room left for you There's times are volatileVolatile

> Volatile Volatile Volatile

VolatileThis world is fucking volatileFuck the World

You'll never see me coming Sick of the racists

Sick of the shit

Sick of them telling me it's immigrants Sick of the phonies on my phone screen Sick of the NRA trying to scare me

Stop crying innocence

Stop claiming self-defense

Good men won't speak because they're scared of the violence But bad men keep screaming to fill up the silenceDead

Dead and bloated
There's times are volatile
There's no room left for you
Dead

Dead and bloated
There's no room left for you

There's times are volatile Volatile

Volatile

Volatile

Volatile

VolatileThis world is fucking volatileBreak it

Smash it

Burn it to the groundBreak it

Smash it

Burn it to the groundDead

Dead and bloated

There's times are volatile

There's no room left for you

Dead

Dead and bloated

Life can be so vol-aVolatile

Volatile

Volatile

Volatile

VolatileVolatile

Volatile

Volatile

VolatileBreak it

Smash it

Burn it to the groundBreak it

Smash it

Burn it to the groundBreak it

Smash it

Burn it to the groundBreak it

Smash it

Burn it to the ground

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/