

The Columbine High Alma Mater

Bad Luck 13 Riot Extravaganza

Today, is my last day, and it's gonna be yours too
The shrapnel from my pipe bombs is gonna run through you

So strap on your weapons and follow what I do
Scream while your dying at the hands of my crew
Grab the gun and yell surprise
The Look of death in your eyes

What the fuck is wrong with you? Why do you have to cry?
Standing at the bus stop with that glimmer in your eye
Eight years old, nine years old, I don't really care
Pull up the plaid skirt to reveal no pubic hair
Let's butcher the bodies that gather up the flies
I'll cum in your woman as she watches you die
If I was you, I'd commit suicide. Go run and hide

The blood on my hands, is what I live for
Remember my name

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>