

# So What

## Ministry

Die! Die! Die! Die!  
Scum sucking depravity debauched!  
Anal fuck-fest, thrill Olympics  
Savage, scourge, supply and sanctify  
So what? So what?  
Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die!  
You said it!  
Sedatives supplied become laxatives  
My eyes shit out lies  
I only kill to know I'm alive  
So what? So what?  
Die! Die! Die! Die!  
Die! Die! Die! Die!  
So what, it's your problem to learn to live with  
Destroy us, or make us saints  
We don't care, it's not our fault that we were born too late  
A screaming headache on the brow of the state  
Killing time is appropriate  
To make a mess and fuck all the rest, we say, we say  
So what? So what?  
Die! Die! Die! Die!  
Die!  
Now I know what is right  
I'll kill them all if I like  
I'm a time bomb inside  
No one listens to reason  
It's too late and I'm ready to fight!  
So what? Now I'm ready to fight!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>