

Dead Kelly



Such ^{is} Life

Put Em Up Cunt

Good one dick head
Motherfucker take my flesh
Or take my bones and smoke em like a cigarette
Take my soul, pack a bowl, light it up and breath me in
I'm gunna fuck with you for a change from within

Where there's a will there's a fucking way
So fuck you, fuck off, nah cunt not today

You're high and mighty
Well I'm a pissed piss ant
And that's what drives us to prove you fucken wrong fuckhead
Will walk the dark roads an click clack and unload
So fuck your test will teach you this

Come on!!!!!!

Where there's a will there's a fucking way
So fuck you, fuck off, nah cunt not today

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name
I came to this bush lookin for a fucken fist fight
Thy kingdom come. Where are you cunt? ...Where are ya?

Come on!!!!!!!!!!

Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt

Where there's a will there's a fucking way
So fuck you, fuck off, nah cunt not today
You really thought you got us ay
Fuck you, fuck off, we will find a way
You really thought you got us ay
Fuck you, fuck off, nah cunt not today
Nah cunt not today
We will find a way

Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
Put put em up cunt, put em up cunt
We will find a way



Salt

They'll strip ya talent like the paint off a Valiant
There is nothing valiant than gettin people's hopes and dreams and fucking it
These cunts see you as revenue
Work your arse off then they'll fucking take a shit on you

They'll ride you like a filly in the fifth at Flemington
Now you're having smoko with codeine and a lamington
These fuckers are in it to win it
So don't think for a minute they won't tear up your contract and bin it
Who's gonna pay back your debt
You rented a HI-ace, this cunt owns a Corvette
Flip you like two up
Like your pockets spewed up

Stanley Knife what's the range? I've got this bloodsucker in my sight
I can smell him on the wind the scent is strong
Armani and panic

Fuck around in the bush you get bitten
Fuck around in the scrub you get stung
The leeches are out to feed
We are the salt on you cunts

Dinners with hob knobs to give you a sell
Come home from a tour you can't feed yourself
(what the fuck)
Everyone seems to make money but the band
Now you're screeding concrete and it's cash in hand
Ya thinking about what went wrong
While some talentless pig gets his arse licked in Hong Kong
Exploit you because you're creative
No wonder you're jaded

Fuck around in the bush you get bitten.
Fuck around in the scrub you get stung
The leeches are out to feed
We are the salt on you cunts
Fuck around in the bush you get bitten.
Fuck around in the scrub you get stung
The leeches are out to feed
We are the salt on you cunts
We are the salt on you cunts

Your BMW doesn't mean fuck all out here
Your suit is torn and your face is gripped with fear
Righto pinecone I see him
He's right through those trees there mate
Take the shot
Take the shot
Take the fucking shot
Take the shot
Orr Fucken got him ay

Calm down mate it's almost over
Stanley knife got the blade for the ones you fucked over
And stood over for the cash in the clout
Reckon it's fucken time that you feed us now

Fuck around in the bush you get bitten
Fuck around in the scrub you get stung
The leeches are out to feed
We are the salt on you cunts
Fuck around in the bush you get bitten
Fuck around in the scrub you get stung
Now it's our time to feed
We are the salt on you cunts

Hey Stanley knife chuck us some of that rich fatty backstrap
Here ya go
Tastes Fucken good ay
Fuck yer
Don't need no salt though
Cause we are the fucken salt

Orrr I'm fucken full as a goog ay
Might need a lie down



Butchered with a Boomerang

She's fucken smokin with big young tits
She'll tear these motherfuckin' blokes to bits
Take you out by the bin and let ya fuck her from the back
Then she'll make a coin purse outta ya ball sack

She's cutting dickhead's dick heads off
The outback nightmare can't be stopped

She looks bloody good when she comes your way
3 hours later you're a fucken meat tray
She's deep in the bush, but there's no bush to be found

She's cutting cockhead's cock heads off
The outback nightmare won't fuck off

Don't go fishin' with this bitch

She'll knock you out cold and leave you in the mud
Stick a tallie up your arse and cover drive the cunt
Her tits are magic, they'll make you disappear
You won't understand if you're not from here

She's cutting fuckhead's fucken heads off
It's Linda Brown and she's gotta get off

Don't go piggin' with this bitch

Mad cunts try to get in her mad cunt
Bloke's fucken die when they're dying to fuck
She chopped this drunk cunt up then sang - Butchered with a Boomerang
She'll bleed ya fucken dry like ya fourbie's sump
She'll suck ya dick like a yabbie pump
It's all good 'till ya lose ya wang
Butchered with a boomerang
Yeah it's all good, 'till ya fucken Butchered with a Boomerang
You dumb cunt, you got fucken Butchered with a Boomerang

Ya see, the thing about her boomerang - it always comes back ay
But the blokes she meets in these outback pubs - they never fucken come back

She's a fast machine, she keeps her pooner clean
If you don't make her cum, she'll cut out your spleen
Shout her a drink, she flashes her vag
Just another fucken dick in her bag - dick in her bag

She'll ask you to blow on her face
Then she'll blow your fucken face off
You probably should have stuck to pogs
She skinned you alive and made some togs
She's cutting arsehole's arsholes off
Got no fucken idea how ya do that!

She's here to stay and she won't fuck off
The Outback Nightmare Linda Brown, she won't stop!

Mad cunts try to get in her mad cunt
Bloke's fucken die when they're dying to fuck
She's chopped this druck cunt up then sang - Butchered with a Boomerang
She'll bleed ya fucken dry like ya fourbie's sump
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You dumb cunt, you got fucken Butchered with a Boomerang



Black Dog

The hardest concrete cracks, the toughest cunt could lose a fight
Feed the mutt with bullshit and the motherfucker's bound to bite
And you think you're to blame, ashamed of yourself
There's so many other people out there going through hell
The walls are closing in, you've drunk a box of tins
You've just gone 5 rounds with your next door neighbour's wheelie bin
Your shit is going south, you took too many knocks
But it's all just for nothin if you're dead in a box, so...

Take the black dog out the back and fucken shoot the cunt
Rise up, stand tall, and don't feed the mutt
Take the black dog out the back and fucken shoot the cunt
You've got so much more life to live, you don't need the mutt

You fucken hate your job, and shit is getting tight
The kids are needing stuff for school, you've got to make it right
Fights that last for days, make up sex a thing of the past
Waitin for the next bill to come along and fist your arse
But you can make it right, just fucken back yourself
Tell all those people in your way to go and fuck themselves
And keep on pushing forward, and fucken engage
You can fucken do it, can you hear what I say, so...

Take the black dog out the back and fucken shoot the cunt
Rise up, stand tall, and don't feed the mutt
Take the black dog out the back and fucken shoot the cunt
You've got so much more life to live, you don't need the mutt

Don't feed the dog that bites your hand

You're not the only one
But you're the only one who can change your situation
So get the fuck up now
And find a way to beat the piss out of this somehow
You're gonna swim, not sink
You're not gonna fucken drown!
You're not!
I'm not gonna fucken drown
Fuck no!
You're not gonna fucken drown!
You're not!
We're not gonna fucken drown
We will not fucken drown!

Fuck no!

So, take the black dog out the back and fucken shoot the cunt
Rise up, stand tall, and don't feed the mutt
Take the black dog out the back and fucken shoot the cunt
You've got so much more life to live, you don't need the mutt

Go on ya mangy fucken cunt
Get the fuck out of here
No fucken food here for you ya filthy mutt
Go on, fuck off home
If I catch you around here again
I'll blow ya fucken head off
Don't fucken come back
FUCK OFF!

Bring on the future, you're gettin stronger
Bring on the hardships, you'll crush it with both fists
Bring on the fuck ups, you'll decimate these cunts
Dickheads and landmines, fuck em it's your time!

Fuck em, it's your time!
I said fuck em, it's your time!
Fuck em, it's your time!
I said fuck em, it's your time!



The Legend of Borry - Part 3

He's on the road to a country show
To have a fucken go at a rodeo
He hands Gemima to Migoumi
"I'm gonna win this shit, you hear me?"

The bull's name is 'Cuntsaw'
The crowd gets blind and screams fo more
The gate gets pulled, it's time to go
Borry at the motherfuckin rodeo

The bar had so much time, they changed kegs
"What you gonna do ya fucken steak with legs?"
Borry jumps off Cuntsaw
He holds the trophy high but the bull wants more
He charges at Borry and lowers his head
The Fist of Eureka's eyes go red

Around the rodeo you can't hear a sound
Borry picks up Cuntsaw and spear tackles him
Into the ground
Migoumi grabs his butcher shit from the truck
He breaks down the beast and throws out the best cuts

HE IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER
BORRY IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER

"Hey girls, how ya goin? Did you get enough meat?"
"Haha that's not the fucken meat we want."
"Oh, yeah nah, righto. Hey Migoumi, do you want to play 'Who's Pouch Is It?'
with these two bush sheilas?"
"Oh fuck yeah Mr Borry."

The crowd cheers "FUCKEN BORRY" as he leaves the town
He licks some cane toad poison off Migoumi's tits
He's Sydney Harbour bound

The angry cyclists and motorists gather on the bridge
Borry punched 8 cones from his bong didge
Will Crushing steps up to him "It's time to go"
Borry still trippin fucken balls from that cane toad

HE IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER
BORRY IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER

Borry gets to his feet and sees Migoumi lying lifeless
He's fucken devoed
He realises the cyclists are way fitter than the motorists
He's got no choice but to jump

With the grace of a sugar glider
His ball sack skin saved his life

In the depths of the harbour Borry hits his scone on a WWII Japanese sub
He climbs inside and gets the cunt goin with his diesel mechanic skills
He loads the torpedo tubes, and aims it at the bridge
Right at those spandex suss cunts!

HE IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER - Farkin oath!
BORRY IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER
HE IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER - Fuck yeah!
BORRY IS THE SICKEST CUNT EVER

Borry pulls out a big spliff he's been hiding in his fucken beard
And drives the sub slowly out of the harbour

DONT FUCK WITH THE FIST OF EUREKA
DONT FUCK WITH THE FIST OF EUREKA
DONT FUCK WITH THE FIST OF EUREKA
DONT FUCK WITH THE FIST OF EUREKA

Fucken Borry!



The Legend of Borry - Part 4

On a humid Queensland summer night under the Southern Cross
The diesel train obeys the red light piercing through the fog
The drivers rack a line of coke and get to talken dirty
The cargo bound for Melbourne Zoo the time just past three thirty
Creatures of all types big and small stolen from the bush
Soon they'll be on display for heaps of cunts to have a look

Suddenly the Southern Cross seemed to boil in the sky
It turned blood red the drivers can't believe their fucken eyes
Three beams of light blasted down like a rum and coke shit
It shook the ground around the train and carried on like a fuckwit

The train was hit harder than a backpacker's pussy on a boat with Alby Mangels
The air became dense with the logical smell of triangles

An hour passed, the drivers woke and stumbled to their feet
All around them out of the darkness red eyes and gnashing teeth
A quick glance down the train line all the carriages are torn apart
The giant shadows rose over them one driver had a fucking shirt
He turned his head torch on "I knew this run was cursed"
Then a sixteen foot tall platypus ate him arsehole first
The other driver shit himself and tried to fucken run
But he found himself pinned to the cab by a nine hundred kilo blue tongue

Cheer up cunt fucker we'll let ya live if ya take us to the place
where there's the most cunts in Australia
Ok mate, most of us are in Melbourne that's where we're fucking going
Well let's get going or I'll use you to give me mate echidna here a back rub

The driver pushed forward though the night
He thought he'd lost his mind
He top shelved seven No-Dozes (up his arse) and hurtled down the line
The train arrived at Flinders Street early in the morning
The city of Melbourne was about to change forever without a fucken warning

People drank their skinny lattes and spoke of emotional pain
While the mutant outback animals broke the fuck out of that train
A giant wombat ate a lawyer vaping on the corner
A flock of cycling hipsters brang a salty to the slaughter

The Melbourne streets flowed with blood the city overrun
The outback monsters were diverse they were eatin fucking everyone

A twenty foot tall kangaroo put a barista in her pouch
Then smashed a window and punched a feminist writing a blog on her couch

The outback military arrived and the war had just begun
Orders were given by General Micko "the mad cunt" Maddison
The diggers fought their hearts out many lives were lost
But they couldn't pin these fuckers down
This was Straya's holocaust
Micko "the mad cunt" Maddison got PM Poon on the blower
"Davo, we better do something before these fuckers fuck us over"

"Fuck mate I reckon we've got a weapon that might just save our town.
We've had it lying dormant under the Melbourne Fucken Cricket Ground.
But we need someone to drive it, or Austraya will be sorry"
"Are you thinkin who I'm thinkin" "Yeah, fucken BORRY!"

Flame Angels got the call "Borry get here quick!"
He had a T bone steak and packed up his dick
He fanged he truck through the chaos crushing victim's bones
He made it there in no time and still punched fifteen cones

The Melbourne Cricket Ground opened up and it rose from its den
Borry took one look at it "Fuck me! It's rise of the red claw. Again!"
A semi pumped liquid meth into the seventy story high mud crab
Borry sat on a milk crate and drank a slab
Then he grabbed Gemima and jumped on red claw's back
He shot two holes in the crab's thick shell and anchored with his ball sack

Then off they went through the streets gettin it fucking done
Killing all the outback monsters all of them but one
A sixty foot koala pissed in red claw's mouth

Borry's ball bag lost its grip and he tumbled to the ground
The koala lined up Borry and went to piss with all its might
But then red claw unleashed a giant crab shit and set the stink bear alight

Borry looked up at red claw "Cheers cunt. Go back to Darwin
and pop in the mud."
Red claw walked into the sunset as the Melbourne people cheered
Borry got back in his truck farted twice and twisted off a long beer

The city off Melbourne was rebuilt and the people came together
And from that day on Straya will never forget
THE SICKEST CUNT EVER!



Slog Box

The night is dark and full of cunts
You hear the whispering of sluts
You know you want it know you want it know you want it
Your pockets start to pucker up
You've got one life now fuck it up
You say you'll never get tricked again
But you will

You will still, what the fuck is the deal?
Motherfucker ate that vag like a meal
You know that chick tastes like a seal
This is real fucking kneel
Wind you up like a fishing reel x3

You know you want to know you want it

Oy she's fucken lookin at you ay
Orr nah nah fuck that
Hey mate you're fucken on here
Orr I don't know, ya know what? Fuck it
How ya going darling

Her father the cunt of cunts
Sent her to destroy your life
She'll drain your balls
And bleed you dry

Now fuck the home fuck the car
Fuck the girl take tits in her bra
Blown up bitch she looks like a duck
Is that what men these days want to fuck
Fuck this job selling lies
Fuck this suit and fuck this tie

Now you got it now you got it now you got it

Ya fucken slog box

Now you got it now you got it



Knock Off

I heard from up top this one's gonna be a piece of piss
Yeah copy, fucken wannabe after the last one
Settle down cunt in two weeks time I reckon you'll be sitting in that stream at Borumba Deer Park necking long beers with your missus
Fuck yeah can't wait

I reckon I'm gonna buy a dog ay
Oh yeah what sort ya thinkin'
A fucken bull terrier. And I'm gonna call it "footy head"
Orrr fuck ya just make sure ya say gday to ya wife's tits for me
Orr I'll try but it might be a bit mumbled ya fuckwit
Roger that

TSK333 target twelve hundred meters north
PCT305 I'm just gonna slow this bitch up and go down and take a fucken look
Take her down two hundred
Copy that. They've got a big arty rig on the ridge line. What colours are they showing?
None mate arming
PCT305 closing in to eight hundred meters
TSK333 what the fuck was that
Where the fuck did that come from?
Light em up
Got em
Good hit good hit good hit
Arhhh we got another one right underneath us
You're fucken joking?
TSK333 we are engaging hostiles
Can they fucking hear us, what's going on?
Orrr coms are fucked mate
I thought you said this one was gonna be a fucken piece of piss
Calm ya farm cunt just take us northwest and we'll try to get out of this valley
PCT305 heading northwest trying to get us outta this fucking barbecue
It's all good mate we're going home
Arrr yer wait wait you fucken see that
RPG inbound RPG
Brace for impact!

Orr you fucken cunt
Hold on mate
TSK333 we are hit and going down
Arrr fuck it mate I had a fucken dog to buy
Well it's been good working with ya
Cheers mate, looks like it's time to knock off



Bin Night

Don't think, don't speak
Unless virtue is what you need
Don't question, don't answer
Just pray to hypocrisy
Don't stand up, don't fight
Someone will have a fucken cry
Just make sense of nonsense
That's how you'll survive

Stop killing the fun and get a real job you new age bum
Love and peace to be sold
But you don't mind fucken getting the dole

It's pretty easy to live your life with no responsibilities
And push views on people that are out working
While you sit around and do fuck all
Orr right you're a fucken gunna?
You're gunna do this, you're gunna do that?
You're doing fuck all
You're doing fuck all

Spare a thought for the tradies in the trenches
And you're gonna tell me there is ninety one genders
You want me to eat plant based food
Gary in the pozzys not even as fat as you
So apparently I can't say shit
Fuck off ya poofter cunt suck a cane farmer's dick
Sorry that hurt? Part of the job
Not that you know what that is

Stop killing the fun and get a real job you new age bum
Love and peace to be sold
But you don't mind fucken getting the dole

I bet Sally the painter is fucking stoked you take all her tax money
While you're sitting around getting high and preaching feminism
While she works her fucken arse off

This is reality
You know you're fucken lazy
Orr yer I'm filled with sin
Fucken easy when you don't chip in

We're only human
We will find a way to get along
And we're just human
We will find a fucking way to carry on

We're only human
We will find a way to get along
And we're just human
We will find a fucking way to carry on

Yeah right so words hurt ay?
Ok what hurts more?
Getting called a name?
Or losing someone you love?
Maybe it's not about what you say
Maybe it's about what you do

I'm sick of this rubbish
And what your reality is
You can scream and shout
But guess what cunt?
It's fucken bin night
And we are taking you out!

So think and speak
If freedom is what you need
Always question and answer
If that's what you believe
Stand up for yourself and fight
Fuck those cunts that have a cry
Don't tell me what I can and can't say
Fuck yeah it's bin night ay

We're taking you out
Orr fuck these fucken bins are full
We're taking you out



*The 3 Fingered
Knife*



Spirit Level

It's been going on for weeks
I swear this time she'll play for keeps
I feel it like the tone
I'd rather live my life alone

I'd rather live my life alone

I don't forget words a simple way to make me
Understand
Understand
I don't forget words a simple way to make me
Understand
Understand

It's been going on for years
Oh and I think you know
I've shed my blood my sweat and my fucking fears
Oh and I think I know
I feel it like the tone
Fuck it I think we know
I'd rather live my life alone

I'd rather live my life alone

I don't forget words a simple way to make me
Understand
Understand
I don't forget words a simple way to make me
Understand
Understand

Fuck it

Did you hope to find the lock inside
The key to your disguise
Stop trying to haunt me and you will see
You'll see what I have done

I don't forget words a simple way to make me
Understand
Understand
Fuck it I think I know
I don't forget words a simple way to make me
Understand
Understand

I shared my blood and my fucking sweat and my fucking fears
I still don't fucken understand what the fuck you want from me
I still don't understand
What the fuck do you want from me?
Really what the fuck do you want?
What the fuck do you want from me?
What do you want?
What the fuck!
Fuck this shit!

Fuck up
Fuck up
Fuck up
Fuck up
Fuck up
Fuck up
Fuck up



The Shadows

A lifetime of toil just to get by
Just another piece of timber chucked on the fire
Burnt for anothers gain
Always waiting for the rain
Decisions conducted by fear
Gotta get the fuck out of here

Somewhere along the line all hope was lost
And the family would pay the cost

In the blink of an eye the shadows take them
Where do they go?
In the end did it all mean something
How do we know?

Day by day the road forward begins to veer
Stay the course stick to your guns at least for one more year
Still tough on the outside the shadows creep in
Thank fuck for beer

The home front is a civil war
Making working hours ever long
The drink becomes a heavy shield
But the mind becomes a minefield

In the blink of an eye the shadows take them
Where do they go?
In the end did it all mean something
How do we know?

Just waiting for the rain to come

In the blink of an eye the shadows take them
Where do they go?
In the end did it all mean something
How do we know?
When it's all said and done
Was it all in vain?
Burnt for another's gain
Or was it just another piece of timber chucked on the fire
Waiting for the rain?

Let the rain come down

Let the rain come down

Rain ya cunt



Blue E.H.

They were just two kids from a small town walking home from school
He felt her hand, he knows she likes breaking the rules
What does he do? She's got a look of fear in her eyes though
She keeps looking down the road
Her hand leaves his and there's a rumble in the distance

She's going home
But fuck knows what she's going home to
The engine drones
And she gets in the fucking car
And through the window her sad brown eyes stare his fucken soul down
And she wishes that she could stay with him for ever

Barry stays awake at night
While Shelley's tears reflect the moonlight
He's only young but there's gotta be a way to get her away
From the blue EH

He's only young but there's gotta be a way to get her away
From the blue EH

Years went by and Barry lost touch
Apparently life had offered too much
Running a job on doing fucken well
He barely ever thought of Shell
Till one night he was having a beer with his mates at the Bunbury RSL
(aahhh your turn on karaoke cunt)
That night his life would change forever
Baz was fucking maggot and he got off stage after singing karaoke
As he skulled is schooner a girl got up on stage and sung a familiar song
He couldn't believe it and his eyes brimmed up like a fucken well
He slammed down his Schooner
Your fucken kidding me cunt it's fucken Shell

Barry and Shelley pissed up through the night
Drank up smoked up till daylight
They made it to the Back Beach
In a drunken haze they reminisced
Back in the day

Baz whipped it out and tried to crack a fat
"Fuck come on!"
Shelley pissed herself laughing and said
"Do you really fuck with that?"

And from that morning on they would never leave each other's side
Baz had done his nuts and he was all in and Shelley was down to fucken ride
Their love burned like the hottest bushfire ever
And there was no time to waste
They packed their shit up and explored the sunburnt land
In Shelley's blue EH

But Bazza's job went to shit
Money was tight Shell's over it
This world had sucked out the fun
Till Shelley bought a 12 gauge shotgun

"Fucken hell Shell!"

And that's when shit got real

Six years of robbing banks together
Blue EH filled with guns and shit whatever
"We are heading to ANZ Bunbury hun."
"Yeah darl this is the one."

But Shell starts shooten every cunt
Baz says "Sweetheart what have you done?"
Shelley's brown eyes stare his soul down
As the sirens sound
"Righto darling looks like we're heading home then."
"Yer yer it looks like it sweetheart."
"Don't look back down that road Shell."
"You're not alone babe, and we're together."
"I luv ya Barry."
"I love you too Shelley."
"Fuck that blue EH."



Such is Life

We won't become a victim
We won't become what you have made
I will destroy this prison

We come together under the blue and white
Cross in our sky heads held up high
Stand side-by-side
This is our time

To take away the powers that be
I'd do just anything to be free
You won't know what you've got till its gone

We come together under the blue and white
Cross in our sky heads held up high
Stand side-by-side
This is our time
Cross in our sky heads held up high
Stand side-by-side
This is our time

Cause I won't
Stand here listening
To this shit no common ground
You've come undone

Our time is now

We come together under the blue and white
Cross in our sky heads held up high
Stand side-by-side
This is our time
Fuck yeah
Cross in our sky heads held up high
Stand side-by-side
This is our time
This is our time

No regrets
Don't let this pass you by
Don't let this pass you by

Such is life



DEAD KELLY ARE:

Pine Cone Throat - Vox
Stanley Knife - Guitars
Wombat - Bass
Cane Train - Drums

All songs written and performed by Dead Kelly.
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You are the sickest cunts ever.

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Oni, Suhr, Carvin, Yamaha and Coronet Guitars.
Metamucil ... thanks for changing our shit.

Long Beach fag company who has been there for the start. Your death bringing poison has been critical for creativity and stress relief during the making of the album. I hope you guys hang in there and keep murdering stupid poor people who make bad decisions like ourselves, we are so grateful.

Mesa Boogie for in the future getting in touch with us and providing the sickest three fingered guitarist on the planet with a brand new dual rectum fire head and brand new cabs free of charge to go with his already sick Mesa Boogie setup. Australian Metal thanks you and we really appreciated it was so nice of you.

Promite and Coke-a-Cola kabana Rub. Borry's heartburn has reached a god like level.

Pornhub, your display of the worlds finest slogboxes is second to none and your step sister, step brother market will help humanity progress backward as people start fucking people with their own bloodline so we end up with a species of human that is only capable of one thing: Trying to find out who is the most retarded... Thank you keep up the good work.

Bunnings... Love all you red shirt wearing cunts. Keep up the good fight, and it's all good, a bloke doesn't need a hand loading 40 sticks of framing timber onto our utes, we love doing it ourselves, just keep busy with trying to fix the etpos machine, that's not broken, with 4 other staff members. We got this shit ay. Cheers.

Roland Electronic Drum kits for in the future being so generous reaching out to Borry and hooking him up with a top of the line Monster TD 50 kit with all the extra bells and whistles incl. extra toms and cymbals and a drum throne that accommodates his outgoing ball bag. We can't thank you enough in advance for your support of Australian Metal it has been nothing short of fucken sick.

Willy Weather for giving cunts hope for a rain day or early knock off and for the phrase "Hang on, I'll just check out my Willy."

Yandina Pub, thanks for letting us shoot the Linda Brown clip in there. Yous are mad cunts and the pillar of the community. Cunts need to get fuck eyed and you guys do it the best... Mad love.


Wombats.


IGA for keeping a safe place for ice heads and having a movie machine with DVD's, when you get one you realise your DVD player is covered in dust and doesn't work anymore... Thank you.

BP Yandina you are the best. Your fuel and deep fried chicken sorta stuff have helped us though so much.

The mainstream Australian metal media.

Official Website - deadkelly.net

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