

Burning Skies

"Slashed, Thrashed And Fucked Up Beyond"

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It's all clear everyone's a cunt
When they can be, should be whenever they want
Lets not fret, there's always gonna be somebody
Who will hate you just because they can
Don't just fall, crack or even give a fuck
Just concentrate on what hurts them back
When they're in your sights
Don't turn away make sure they're
Slashed, thrashed and F.U.B.A.R
Give some thought to the fact that if they mess with
you
You mess with them back
Give no slack to the weak
Pathetic dirt on the ground on which we walk
No one should have the right to hurt someone for no
reason
Pick yourself up, it's thrashin' season
Slashed, thrashed, F.U.B.A.R
Grind the bastards down
Crush their skulls with hate
Render limb from limb
Grind the bastards down
Don't give them reason
Just give the reason to dread
It's thrashin' season lets grind them down
Fucking dead grind all the bastards down

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