

Disturbance

"Faceless/Unknown"

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Society can't bare insult so blame the people on the streets
Wearing chains and razorblades stepping on at their own beat
Safety pins and army boots, dead hair and a fucked up youth
On the edge of common ground, still believing their own truth

We're the persons all alone
Oh, we are worse
We're the persons all alone
We're the faceless, the unknown

Purple hair and metal works running on down the street
Out of money, out of luck without nothing we don't need
Ripped jackets full of dreams on E or tossing speed
Don't wanna be the anti-Christ, I just want to be me

We're the persons all alone
Oh, we are worse
We're the persons all alone
We're the faceless, the unknown

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