

Fugazi "Bulldog Front"

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Ahistorical - you think this shit just dropped right out of
the sky

My analysis: it's time to harvest the crust from your
eyes

To surge and refine, to rage and define ourselves
against your line

So sorry friend but you must resign

You want to figure it out we'll throw down, we'll throw
down

Wou want to figure it out well throw down your bulldog
front

Bold bold mouthtalking not so bold now that you've
eaten your own

Lips flecked, mouthspecked you strip the skin right off
of the bone

And I would never say you act without precision or care,

But it's all attention to armor, to the armor you wear so
well

Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home

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