

Lower Class Brats "Go Insane"

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We laugh in the face of destiny
Abolish the rules of society
We're the ink that goes deep in your skin
We're black leather, studs and safety pins

We dance on razors edge
GO INSANE
Everyone lose your head
GO INSANE
We are fabulous stains
GO INSANE
Here we go again
GO INSANE

Let's just make it loud and out of tone
Let's all stand tall as they lick their wounds
We're the frayed holes in your bleached out jeans
We're fucked, we're twisted, and we are the scene

We dance on razors edge
GO INSANE

Everyone lose your head
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