

Sarcasm

"Blood"

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Someone makes a fatal mistake
in the tribal zone
where all laws are still made by the gun
Body lying in an alley
cut down to the bone
blood calls out for payment and then some

Vicious hardcore motorists
and cyberboosted freaks
enemies that had a fragile truce
caught up in a righteous rage
now autorifle speaks
shooting wild at anything that moves

Revenge as a way of life
living on the edge of knife
vengeance after vengeance after
vengeance...

Chorus:
Taking to the streets,
taking to the streets
all their feuds and rivalries
now taken to extremes
Take it to the streets,
take it to the streets
tiny sparks in tinderbox
are all this timebomb needs

Human sewer makes its rules
as any jungle will
All for one the order of the day
Twisted honor, greed and lust
together grind the mill
small vendettas turn to power play

Gang lords building up their pies
growing fat on wasted lives
business is still booming in the
wasteland...

Chorus:

Taking to the streets,
taking to the streets
downtown turns to battlefield
dont even need police
Take it to the streets,
take it to the streets
the citys being chopped up
everybody wants a piece

Cycle just goes on and on
its never gonna stop
Slaughterhouse for people open wide
Blood that spilled is always paid back
to the smallest drop
Killing seasons open, pick your side

Fight for country, fight for god
fight for color, turf and blood
never see the ground you keep is
quicksand...

Chorus:

Taking to the streets,
taking to the streets
masked killer stalks the slums
and on the dead he feeds
Take it

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