

Trap Them "Fucked As Punk"

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You and I
We're cut from a different soap than the rest
We got wreck in our fluid and it makes grenades get
stuck in the talk
We clean our own abrasions
Our own decisions
While the clan outside that iron curtain still rolls in the
mud
Maybe it's the ethic
The lack of a pattern
The thrill of the kill from the hunt that we build
Then again, it's all perspective
So put your fucking guilt away
Walk down that corridor with your limit in hand
And call out for the riot
What did you do before your first night of bastard life?
That's right
You slept your full eight and pledged alliance to the
most miserable craft
I don't want to go back to those grounds
We washed our hands, so let them fend for themselves
We all gasp like an ultimate heist
We won't sleep until we know
Until you know
Until I know...

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