

Widow Sunday "Channeled"

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When we finally come face to face
Our true colors will be shown
All fear, doubt and disgust will rear its demented face
I won't pretend to be something I'm not
But I won't back down from what I am

Stand your ground and demand your truth
Never submit to lies or abuse
Use your hate to channel your vengeance
And embrace the beast within

I don't give a shit who you are
Who you're fucking friends with
Or how much you make
I feel my pulse begin to rise
Hoping that you'll let me rip that smile off your jaw

Breathe in
Breathe in
Breathe in
Breathe out

Right now it's not fear that drives me
It's a focus unparalleled
Now you better prove you've got the nerve
To look me in the eye and tell me what you said behind
my back

We don't give a fuck who you are
Or what you think you deserve
I hope all that bullshit will dry your eyes
Rest your broken face and cry yourself to sleep

Fist meets fist
Teeth meet curb
Fist meets fist
Teeth meet curb
How's the taste of concrete?
How's the taste of concrete?

