

Overkill

"F.u.c.t."

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We got the killing
You got the time
We got the making of a terminal blind

We got the risk
You got to take
We got the making of a big mistake

Got no faith
Got no reason
Got no hope
Got the treason

We got the hit already took
Hate to tell you
But I think you're F.U.C.T.

All about face, all about life
All about walking the edge of the knife
All about race, all about death
All about getting out of this mess

All about face, all about life
All about walking the edge of the knife
All about race, all about death
All about getting out of this mess

We got the truth
You got the hurt
We got the answer that you just insert

We are explicit
You are exposed
We are the making of the decomposed

Got no faith
Got no reason
Got no hope
Got the treason

Got the chaos, run amok
Bite down hard

You're about to be F.U.C.T.

All about face, all about life
All about walking the edge of the knife
All about race, all about death
All about getting out of this mess

All about face, all about life
All about walking the edge of the knife
All about race, all about death
All about getting out of this mess

We are the day
We are the night
We are the stop sign in the road of life

We are the message
Unreturned
We are the next about to be burned

Got no faith
Got no reason
Got no hope
Got the treason

Change your mind, change your look
Change your heart
Now you're F.U.C.T.

All about face, all about life
All about walking the edge of the knife
All about race, all about death
All about getting out of this mess

All about face, all about life
All about walking the edge of the knife
All about race, all about death
All about getting out of this mess
All about face

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