

Razor "Eve Of The Storm"

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Searching to find presence of mind
cranking the volume for kicks
inflicting true pain, awaiting the rain
looking for my metal fix
poetic hate, unmerciful fate
bringing my music to life
grinding machine, decibel stream
feeling the point of knife
artform of butchers, eve of the storm
the power is yours for the night
chaos and power true to the form
we're partying through to the light
taking for fools, ignoring the rules
doing what's right in our hearts
searching for truth, preserving our youth
intensity right from the start
hying our cause, writing our laws
they told me the good times were gone
laugh in their face, such a disgrace
I guess it was the time to move on
fiery eyes the sign of the wise
something I'm doing for fun
can't explain why I've got to try
there's no way that I'm gonna run
playing it fast, just like the past
it's all just a part of my style
you'll never know what makes us go
I guess I'll be hanging a while

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