

Razor "The Pugilist"

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You said I was mad, you said I'm insane
You said It couldn't be done
You want me to lose, you want me to die
Don't want me to ruin your fun
I'm making a stand, I'm taking a chance
I'm living the dreams I had
I've got my own rules, and I'll decide
If they're good or if they're bad
Live fast, die young
If you stand in my way, if you get in my face
You'll meet the real me
If you're bringing me down, if you're pissing me off
You'll be shocked at what you see
I'll write it in blood, I'll pull out my blade
I'll carve it into your chest
And it will appear, the message clear
I am the Pugilist
Emotional stress, you've put me through
You put me to the test
No sleep at night, awake for days
You robbed me of my rest
What kind of a fool, did you take me for?
You thought I wouldn't mind!
Get out of my life, get out of my world
I don't need your fucking kind!
I will pay you back in spades
I will sharpen all my blades
I'll haunt you at night, I'll terrorize
I'll phone but I won't talk
I'll find you at work, I'll find you at home
I'll find you around the block
I will destroy, I'll devastate
You'll live in misery
I'll rob your fun, I'll steal your smile
I'll never let you be

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