

## Vents

### "First of May"

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[Verse 1]

May day the first of the month  
Get your charred carcass into market square  
Drop bombs at Gestapo  
Yeh I'm still killing, stand on my own real feelin'  
Dying on my feet while you still kneelin'  
Both knees, 2 thou 6, no peace  
24 years see police still run, die, try'na survive  
Don't want nobody getting outta line  
It's the five letter Vents reign of terror  
Trials what you think of that?  
({Trials} - We break whatever)  
It's the overworked 'bout to go berserk  
Making punks disappear like presto jerk  
I lurk knee deep beneath the remains of  
broken dreams of fragile brains  
I wrote raw pains as a joke  
when you staring down the barrel of a world where they  
murder for a Coke now

[Chorus]

Chill  
We can give ya girl a little something she can feel  
Dance on the war path proves not a deal  
Looking for a war bedded in the hot meal  
Trials-like still  
MURDER, DEATH, KILL.  
We can give ya girl a little something she can feel  
Dance on the war path proves not a deal  
Looking for a war bedded in the hot meal  
MURDER, DEATH, KILL.

[Verse 2]

As the world celebrated, Vents One self-educated  
Crews stayed tight and the buzz generated  
Love is love, wanna crush defeat but  
solidarity kinda tough to beat  
And we under one flag  
dirty-rotten's thick as scum bag like Sid Vicious on skag  
Hate to brag but damn I'm good  
and you talk about quitting - yes man you should

But don't change the dial we the rank and file  
Throwing rocks at a tank and the world backs off  
like "Woooo". Check the classroom, 12 years of what  
Sit there - SHUT THE FUCK UP.

Don't speak, a battle in the bandsaw beat  
Better chill your test in the depths of both feet  
No sleep, return of the man of rock  
Without a clothing brand or Government stash now

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

We the Black September, will not surrender  
Fingers stay burnt from the ember  
Hair-trigger temper  
Yeah pig offender  
no you not searching the car  
Seargent disturbed in the car  
Leave me the fuck alone  
I roll like Stallone in Cobra - feed alone  
And how we supposed to sleep when your beds is  
burning  
Pay my rent, get the bourbon  
and drink 'till I really can't think no more  
Year after year it's the same fucking war, for the same  
fucking dollar  
Here today, gone tomorrow  
Thoughts of death - six o'clock horror  
talked to me, thoughts of terror torture me  
Tales of death villages told morbidly  
I learned how to murder when I was a child  
as six million flicks built a lot of fucking style now

[Chorus]

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