

F.U.C.T.

Overkill

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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