

# Brass Knuckles

## HalfaBrick

Pressure is building inside  
Strengthening desire to kill  
Tension rips through my veins  
increasing hardcore hatred my will  
Angered. I reach in my coat  
My fingers find my weapon of brass  
Planting. my fist in your face  
A violence fix, I'm kicking your ass  
Punch out your lights  
Fist fighting every night  
Fractured. your face  
Left you a total disgrace  
No one knows the life I've been living  
No one really fucking cares  
I used to try and mind my own business  
Until I saw society stare  
I took a look around at the world we both see  
And all I saw were losers and scum  
People living lives with no meaning  
Alcoholics sucking down rum  
Businessmen in suits with no purpose  
Politicians milking the crowd  
Family men just working their balls off  
Old folks with their tv's too loud  
My parents wish that I was a doctor  
At least a person they could respect  
My parents want to know why I turned out wrong  
They wont to know why I'm not correct  
All I can say Is that I live my way  
And if that doesn't satisfy you  
I'll wear my pair of solid brass knuckles  
And I'll use 'em 'til my time is through

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