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'II wear my pair of solid brass knuckles
And I'II use 'em 'til my time is through

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