

# The Pugilist

## Razor

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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