Bulldog Front

Fugazi

Ahistorical - you think this shit just dropped right out of the sky
My analysis: it's time to harvest the crust from your eyes
To surge and refine, to rage and define ourselves against your line
So sorry friend but you must resign
You want to figure it out we'll throw down, we'll throw down
Wou want to figure it out well throw down your bulldog front
Bold bold mouthtalking not so bold now that you've eaten your own
Lips flecked, mouthspecked you strip the skin right off of the bone
And I would never say you act without precision or care,
But it's all attention to armor, to the armor you wear so well
Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home

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