

Bottled Violence

Thrashington D.C.

Get your bravery from a six pack. Get your bravery from a half-pint. Drink
your whiskey, drink your grain. Bottoms up and you don't feel pain.

(Chorus)

Go out and fight, fight. Bottled Violence.

Lose control of your body. Beat the shit out of somebody. Half-shut eyes
don't see who you hit. But you don't take any shit.

(Chorus)

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