

# S.M.D.

## Solstice

You don't like the clothes I wear  
I'll shave my head or grow my hair  
What makes you look over here  
What are you queer?  
Suck My Dick  
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You call my music sonic poison  
Turn it down it's annoyin'  
But it gives me pleasure to aggravate  
The ones I hate  
Walking down the Streets  
A Bottle grazes off your head  
From a window someone laughing  
Spitting on your head  
Find a weapon bash their skulls in  
Don't they make you sick  
Kill these fucking pricks Shins and bangers joing fight or one  
Those who persecute battle til' they've won  
Tired of being pressured  
To join their plastic army  
You conforming clones will be sorry  
Suck  
I won't change for anyone  
My  
Keep fighting 'til I'm done  
Dick  
I got a right to be myself  
And you can go fuck yourself

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