

Disco Sucks Fuck Everything

Sick of It All

What's the point of going on?
Overlooked for the overrated
But we won't hear that talk
Frustration, frustration is all we get You might think that we're finished
We haven't started yet
Because there's more, far more to know
Because our voices must say more
Because these words come from the soul This is not a mission
It's not a fucking game
A burning desire from deep inside
The will, the drive, to keep pushing on No matter what may come
No matter what may come
Hollow trends, shallow lives
They drag you down, they try to drag you down
They'll drag you down For every hurdle cleared, two takes it's place
For every level reached, they raise the stakes
What is our inspiration, what is our drive?
To chose our destiny and be in control of our lives This is not an image, this is our lives
This is our inspiration, this is our lives
This is not an image, this is our lives

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