

Working On Wood

Raised Fist

You came crashing into my life
You pretend to work on a holy strife
Only for whites and your disciples
A bunch of fools breaking all the rules
You are filled with hate and it must come out
When your mouth is closed, you don't scream and shout
Communication is not in sight
You want to settle this with a nice fight
I'm working on wood, is that understood?
Trying to find anything in his childhood
I'm wasting my time, I'll never get inside
Through this fucking thick skull
To fight is your way of speaking
Well, let me send you my greetings
Congratulations to the biggest fool
Dropping off school, think you're so cool
And maybe you'll reach the stars
Freedom of speech has helped you to go far
But I guess that fame will end up dead
And you'll feel so lonely with your shaved head
You hate everything you need
Compassion, love and the air that you breathe
If there was a God, I'll pray for you
You hate me, that's okay 'cause I hate you too
You hate everything you need
Compassion, love, even the air you breathe
If there was a God, I'll pray for you
You hate me, that's okay 'cause I hate you too
I hate you too
I hate you too

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