Vengeance

[Nonpoint](#)

There's a dirty little town on the east side of a city made of plastic gold
Where the the old come to die and the young have to dig all the holes
They take their dirty little lies to grave with 'em
That they brought along in luggage with no names on 'em
And leave behind boxes filled with all their souls
Crushing us in this black hole In this black..
Its our time to take it back
Beat the walls until the crack
Burn the city to the ground
Look in every damn direction for a way out from the wall of people closing in
Reaching for my pockets taking every single penny they can
They got their fat fingers stuck inside the pocket of
People doing anything to make a buck
Taking every opportunity they can to hurt us
Then complaining that we don't trust!
No we shouldn't trust them..
Its our time to take it back

Beat the walls until the crack
Burn the city to the ground
Its our time to take it back
Beat the walls until the crack
Burn the city to the ground
In the middle of a one horse
Everybody knows me
Telling my business town.
In the middle of a dead stop
Traffic jam city.
Doing everything to keep me down
In the back of a line of people
Waiting for death to come
So I'm skipping to the front
So I can show'em how it's done
Its our time to take it back
Beat the walls until the crack
Burn the city to the ground