

Leather, Bristles, Studs And Ignorance

Anti-System

So you think you're a threat of this diseased system with your
leather and spiked hair
With the painted hide of butchered animal on your back, don't tell me that you care
Gangs of mohawks and spikey tops obey pathetic fashion rules
Following the medias portrayal like sheep haven't you got your own minds you fools
Playing into the system, you so loathe and hate
Consumed by the same system so much for the rebels of the state

Then they will bleed from you all that they want
Just as they kill our earth day by day
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Learn to use your own mind and you'll soon see what's going on
In their poor fucked up world where nothing's right and all is wrong
There are none as deaf as those who won't listen
And what we are saying must never be forgotten
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And what we are saying must never be forgotten