

Blood, Death & Taxes

Agnostic Front

So close so far away
suspected so you say
They've got a place for me
I'm a displaced society.

I'm not looking for compensation
I want some justice
Tell you what they want from me
Blood, death and taxes.

Fed up - My hands are tied
Frustrated - Down the line
Busted and out of time.
How could I have been so blind.

They won't fuckin' rest until I'm dead.