## **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.