

So this is where the future lies  
In a beer-gut belly  
In a open fly  
Brilcremed, acrylic, mindless boys  
Punching, kicking, making noise  
From the cradle to the city streets  
They spill out their aggression  
By punching what they don't understand  
And stopping all forms of expression  
Teaching each other to be men  
By spewing in the street  
Well, now I know just what to do  
To make my man complete  
Against the power of their misguidance  
We must learn to fight  
To be just what we want to be  
Morning, noon, and night  
Night is for the hunters  
And the hunted are you and me  
Hunted for just having  
Some form of identity  
Night is for the hunters  
And the hunted are you and me  
Hunted for just having  
Some individuality