

## A Post Card From The Edge

Blood for Blood

Alright here we are back once again  
The outcast  
Outlaw  
Outsider  
Wasted youth  
Growing excile  
Here to take revenge on your sociaty  
And spit our last breath in man kind's face  
We ain't got no image  
And we ain't got no style  
We don't rap  
And we can't act  
And we deffinatly ain't too fucking pretty  
But we'll drink you under tha table  
Knock your fucking teeth out  
Steal your fucking car  
Piss in your face  
Fuck your fucking mother  
And tell you the truth  
The hole truth  
And nothing but the truth  
As we seen it while surving our life sentences  
On the outside and darkside  
On your sick twisted evil fucking sociaty  
This here is my last chance  
To rise above the gutter  
And say to you and man kind and the hole fucking human race  
Fuck you  
This hole thing is dedicated  
To all the outcasts, white trash and wasted youth out there  
Doing their time on the city streets  
And praying to the night sky alone  
This ones for us  
Our kind belongs nowhere  
Welcome to excile  
Welcome to nowhere  
These are the out law randoms  
So let's fucking go