

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