

## You Play With Fire, You Get Cut

In The Eyes Of a Mistress

Watch as we stomp your dome into the concrete  
How will you talk shit with your mouth sewn shut  
I don't think that you can say you know me  
Based on all the little things  
You've seen, you don't know shit  
If your band has something to say  
Come and say it to our face  
But be ready to back it up  
I think we should take this outside  
And finally finish this once and for all  
I'm so fucking sick and tired  
Of all these assholes wanna slander our name  
And think it goes unheard  
You're all as good as fucking dead to me  
Sometimes I want to carve my fucking eyes out  
Instead I'll take my rage out on you  
And when everything's dead  
You will know I am through  
Fuck you, fucking trick  
All I wanna do is slit your throat  
And ripe out your eyes  
Someday you will day, for everything you've done  
This will be the end of you