

# Vengeance

Nonpoint

There's a dirty little town on the east side of a city made of  
plastic gold  
Where the the old come to die and the young have to dig all the  
holes  
They take their dirty little lies to grave with 'em  
That they brought along in luggage with no names on 'em  
And leave behind boxes filled with all their souls  
Crushing us in this black hole In this black..

Its our time to take it back  
Beat the walls until the crack  
Burn the city to the ground

Look in every damn direction for a way out from the wall of peo  
ple closing in  
Reaching for my pockets taking every single penny they can  
They got their fat fingers stuck inside the pocket of  
People doing anything to make a buck  
Taking every opportunity they can to hurt us  
Then complaining that we don't trust!

No we shouldn't trust them..  
Its our time to take it back  
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In the middle of a one horse  
Everybody knows me  
Telling my business town.  
In the middle of a dead stop  
Traffic jam city.  
Doing everythingto keep me down  
In the back of a line of people  
Waiting for death to come  
So I'm skipping to the front  
So I can show'em how it's done

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