

The Fight Goes On

Pro-Pain

Anytime, any day, bring it on in anyway.
Make a choice, keep it real.
Got to voice how you feel.
Eat pride, open wide.
Talking shit is suicide.
We exist to resist.
Open mind, closed fist.
Hate is a virtue, and I feeds our souls.
To witness the suffering, makes us whole.
There's madness in the air and it's scent is everywhere, with a
fear that I can taste, one I won't let go to waste.
We take on the world that we seek to seize with power to fulfil
l our dreams.
The masses could care less who's right or wrong when the fight
goes on .
There's more of us than of you.
What the fuck, you gonna do.
We're more righteous, most proud, most vicious more loud.
Fists fly, y'all die.
Heads are held high.
Stood tall, all brawled, cops called, we took the fall.
Pain is a virtue, and it makes us strong.
Together we fight the good fight, no matter how long.
We'll riot in the street, and there will be no retreat.
Marching to the sound of a million boots upon the ground.
We take on the world that we seek to seize with power to fulfil
l our dreams.
The masses could care less who's right or wrong, when the fight
goes on.