

Raised Fist belong to the beat,
our sound from the open windows to the street.
This beat always on repeat,
from d-takt to a fucking blastbeat.

Now let me contemplate when I dedicate
this song to the instigators
that seem to levitate from joy when shit goes wrong.
I want to participate in the debate,
fascinated of how you fabricate stories
about how much money we made.
Let's get this straight, the first decade was unpaid.

We will drop when our fucking hearts stop.
From the club to the squat, you people chose the spot.

When I jump up, look under both of my feet.
Commander up here, you are obsolete.
Och även om du snacka skit, it's just a receipt,
a proof of you feeling incomplete.