

# Get This Right!

## Raised Fist

Doesn't matter if we stand behind  
If we play grind, if we get unsigned  
It's not a fancy dream about a supreme team  
That screams 'bout fighting regimes

Ten years passed by  
And you ran along  
You ran along with your fucking  
Urge to belong

When will you get this right?  
(When, right)  
It's not a fanatic rite  
It's only a name in the theater light  
It's not about a cool website

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(When, right)  
It's not a fanatic rite  
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It's not about acting like a rock star at night

Dedication is essential to succeed  
Anticipation is all you need  
Guess it's time for us to explain  
How we fill ourselves up with the energy to remain

You play in a band, you want to expand  
But you misunderstand  
You're aiming at fame, you want to lay claim  
But you should be ashamed

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Struggling to get into a fucking nice review  
Looking for a camera lens that can capture a picture of your crew  
Still the same need for fame and a stage name  
I cannot explain the feelings I have for you

Feeding the clothing store, so unsure when we're on tour  
You better start running again or you'll end up in the slow lane  
You think it's about profit and loss, sucking up for the boss  
Acting like everything is for sale