

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

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 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