

# Violence Condoned

Razor

We only had forty-five minutes  
Before we were to start our show  
Our roadies had set up our gear  
And we were (more than) ready to go  
Then the owner of the bar came to see us  
And he told us that we wouldn't get paid  
The thrashers in the bar had to wonder why the show was delayed

Violence condoned  
Cough up the dough

We packed our guitars, we got in our cars  
We drove off and we never looked back  
Six fucking albums, still dealing with welchers  
I think I'm about to attack  
I love all our fans but I'm sick of this, man  
If you book us then we'd better get paid  
The thrashers in the bar all showed him a mistake had been made

Violence condoned  
Cough up the dough

Fans irate, the time was late, they knew the band was gone  
Tempers smoked, a riot broke, the violent clash was on  
Chairs were thrown, damage sown, they paid to see the band  
Bottles flying, underlying vengeance for the fans

Take a stand and never change your plans  
Demand respect or be a useless fool  
Never let the big shots get away  
With thinking that they're making all the rules  
If they think that you're a weakling  
You'd better fight and show them it ain't true  
Teach them all a violent lesson  
And show them just what you can do

Revenge, revenge, support it each and every day  
Revenge, revenge, violence blows the weasels away