

Raise Your Fist

Running Wild

Friday night, dressed to kill, hell bent for the show
Shiny leather like a second skin, ready for the first row
You want to go to meet your pals, but your dad won't let you go
He's totally blind, babbling wild, and he rages and he blows

"I don't want you boy to leave my house this way!
Your awful friends are gonna lead you astray
You better work for school don't join this fucking show
I won't let you go!"

Come on kids unite and let us feed the flames of rage
Together we are strong so let's tear up this golden cage
We shall overcome repression and their strangling strings
The shackles have to fall and we will be metallian kings

Raise your fist

Monday morning, ringing school-bell, homework isn't done
Teacher's gonna break your balls, don't expect no fun
The jailer's wild and furious, classmates deride you too
The wrath is overwhelming you, can't stand this fucking crew!

"I don't want you scums let me get away from here
I don't want to be a cogwheel in your gear
I'm no marionette in your boring puppet show
So let me go!"

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