

Let There Be Raw

Showbread

I'm nobody singing to nobody, so no one hears the things
I say
I've seen what it means to be somebody and I'd much
rather fade away
We've been obstinate all along, we haven't given an inch
And when someone asks what it sounds like when you die
I'll tell them it sounds just like this

Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw...
Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw...
Oh... yeah

Take what it is you think you know and trample it under
your heels
No compromise, no fear of death, this is how freedom
feels
Music is dead and you pretend it's alive, but we aren't
living a lie
This is what it sounds like to embrace the truth
This is what it sounds like when you die

Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw...
Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw...
Oh...

Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock.
Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock.

Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock.
Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock.