

Fred Army

Sick of It All

Left. right. left
Gonna march right out and leave this place
Left. right. left
Gonna punch right through what gets in the way
Left. right. left
Gonna do whatever we have to do
Left. right. left
Gonna march right out into the free world

Desperate. and cornered like a rat
Things are getting ugly really fast
Their intentions are the worst
Let's brace ourselves and hit them where it hurts
Freedom is right there in our sights
Conscience. we have to put aside
Their intentions are the worst
We won't stop until we break through

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Left. right. left
Gonna punch right through what gets in the way
Left. right. left
Gonna do whatever we have to do
Left. right. left
Gonna march right out into the free world
And we won't stop 'till we break through

We're given no choice

So let the chips fall where they may
And let these matters be settled this way
We'll let our judgement get carried away
Carried so far to a terrible place
A place that wrecks and shatters our dreams
And changes life as we know it
Into the life we have to live

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And we won't stop 'till we break through