

Fuck Your Fear

The Walkabouts

A rumble in my bones
A cold sting on my lips
The reckoning is almost here
Fuck your fear

New gravediggers born each day
Diggin' holes right where you lay
The reckoning is almost here
Fuck your fear

This don't seem like the end
It seems more like a bad beginning
Don't hesitate
Fuck your fear

Weakness coughs, then ricochets
Our boredom bleeds us wide awake
The reckoning is in the air
Fuck your fear

Dead folksingers lie in state
Acolytes scrape off their plates
The message falls onto deaf ears