

Agnostic Front, Blood, Death & Taxes

So close so far away
suspected so you say
Theyve got a place for me
Im a displaced society.
Im not looking for compensation
I want some justice
Tell you what they want from me
Blood, death and taxes.
Fed up - My hands are tied
Frustrated - Down the line
Busted and out of time.
How could I have been so blind.
They wont fuckin rest until Im dead.