

Agnostic Front, Nothing's Free

Theres a price to pay, for what your wanna say
Another revolution, theres no solution
In the summertime, in the streets of crime
want a situation, one of desperation.
Ive got, youve got
Whos got the right to say - whats for me
Ive got, youve got - weve got an enemy.
Theres no sympathy, a world of apathy
In the name of peace, theres no relief
Where did time go, on death row.