

Bombshell Rocks, White City Walls

Hostility, I feel it coming
It's like a nation wide vigilance
I've seen so many people running
From a threat without substance

Underpayment, self sacrifice
He's just a man with dirty hands in the bigots eye

You get to a certain position
Where you stare up the white city walls
You get to a certain position
I'll do the job with a demolition ball

I've heard so many idiots speaking
With a bitter grin in their face
I've heard so many bigots lying
Without the least sign of disgrace