

Gorilla Biscuits, Degradation

Tell me who's pure.
Tell me who's right
Tell me the last time that you fought a fair fight.
A loser's way to find some friends,
you look like a skin but that's where it ends.
True, they're always at our shows,
It doesn't mean we fit in with their hatred and racism shit.
They ruin our name, you know what I mean.
Racial supremacists degrade our scene.

You know you can kiss my ass before I read you 'zine
There's no good side to this white power scene.
Kids beat down for standing up.
Your turn will come because we've all had enough.
You look like kids we know.
You're not welcome here.
You don't play music and we don't play fear.
I guess it's your right to be proud that you're white.
Are you here for music or just to pick fights?

Don't fool you self cause you don't fool me.
It's not just blacks you hate,
It's everyone you see.
Rich, poor, young and Old, whoever's in your way.
What a boring life, hating every day.
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING BUT HATRED!