

Radical Noise, Back Out

I don't wanna see your sold out proud
I don't wanna hear your unstable mouth
You're goind where the wind blows your head
Chained to your cage, dogging from hell

LP's you sell same as a canned bean
Packaged better than a tasteful ice cream
High satisfaction with a fart in my stomach
After a day, I'll throw them to a bin

What a pity! Just crap for me

Your success is your failure
Wake up boy! Your ass gets stepper
One step back and you feel older
Your pocket gets fatter
Back out!