

AFI, Half Empty Bottle

The ends don't always justify the means,
but I know what it takes to get what I
need, I've got the cure when passive protest just won't do...just flick my
Bic as I hold it to the fuse.

Smash it up.

Break it down.

Bring it down, down to the ground.

Tear it up.

Burn it down.

Burn

it down, down to the ground.

How long have we waited for the day when they tighten their grips
and we slip away?

The sound of breaking glass drives me back up.

It makes me whole, when I've been down on my luck.