

# Agnostic Front, Blood, Death And Taxes

So close so far away  
Suspected so you say  
They've got a place for me  
In a displaced society

I'm not looking for compensation  
I want some justice  
Tell you what they want from me  
Blood, death and taxes

Fed up-my hands are tied  
Frustrated-down the line  
Busted and out of time  
How could I have been so blind?

I'm not looking for compensation  
I want some justice  
Tell you what they want from me  
Blood, death and taxes

They won't fucking rest until I'm dead...