

Agnostic Front, Out For Blood

Running in fear as he nears you
Crying out in terror but no one can hear you
Trapped in an alley, nowhere to hide
Carefully watching your steps with his eyes
Growling, awaiting to kill you
Slowly approaching and your death nears you
Nowhere to go, nowhere to run
As he leaps at you and makes his final lunge
Foaming from the mouth
Vengeance in his mind
One swift tear, leaving raw
Flesh hanging from your side
Blood spurting forth from your vein
Draining your body with great pain