## Blood For Blood, A Post Card From The Edge

Check check, alright you sick fucks ready? (YEAHHHH)

Alright lets fucking do it.

Alright here we are back once again

The outcast, Outlaw, Outsider

Wasted youth crew in exile

Here to take revenge on your society

And spit our last breath in mankind's face

We ain't got no image

And we ain't got no style

We can't sing and we can't dance

We don't rap and we can't act

And we definitely ain't too fucking pretty

But we'll drag you under the table

Knock your fucking teeth out

Steal your fucking car

Piss in your face

Fuck your fucking mothers

And tell you the truth

The whole truth

And nothing but the truth

As we seen it while surviving our life sentences

On the outside and darkside

Off your sick twisted evil fucking society

This here is my last chance

To rise above the gutter

And say to you and man kind and the whole fucking human race

Fuck you

This whole fucking thing is dedicated

To all the outcasts, white trash and wasted youth out there

Doing their time on the city streets

And praying to the night sky alone

This ones for us

Our kind belongs nowhere

Welcome to exile

Welcome to nowhere

These are the outlaw randoms

So let's fucking go