

Breakbeat Era, Rancid

On the left, to the right
Pressure gridlock eye on the prize
On my knees finally
The irony is you saying please
If you sleep too long the fires go out
You dare to dream and we have no doubt
One ahead one behind
It's physical no cold fish apply

Junk in your words don't show in your face I wait for your face to break
Vicious and clean edge like a razor hunting the lazerblade
Its free to the sweet one the short and the brief one silence is dangerous
Show me illusion in all the confusion peculiar database

Open up what am I ?
It's all in the book babe line after line
Easily voice on the line soothe it to sooth you
Ice down my spine