

# Fear Factory, Back The Fuck Up

from the wasteland  
cold steel under my wasteband  
hazardous times  
enemy lines drawn in the middle the streets  
the concrete's stained with blood  
i still got to eat

when i hit the street i made the man understand  
i fought with flesh and i bled like a man  
i rode that edge of darkness my friend  
stood up to the enemy so life could begin

you know you got to  
back the fuck up  
back up off of me

traces of ignorance  
offense of hatred  
the faces change in the same old places  
dark nights and lost souls  
collide to cross those  
the line between a death and dream

i never wanted to lead your leash  
to pull around your ton of grief  
i'll come back with a fist of lead  
to educate your mind with a blow to your head

you know you got to  
back the fuck up  
back up off of me

don't let the time pass waitin' for the answer  
you are exposed to all of the danger!

you know you got to  
back the fuck up  
back up off of me

don't let the time pass waitin' for the answer