

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