

Fist Raised, Working On Wood

You came crashing into my life.

You pretend to work on a holy stripe only for whites and your disciples. A bunch of fools breaking all the rules.

You are filled with hate and It must come out.

Your mouth is closed you don't scream and shout.

Communication is not in sight. You want to settle this with a nice fight.

I'm working on wood is that understood.

Trying to find anything in his childhood. I'm wasting my time

I'll never get inside this fuckin' thick skull.

To fight is your way of speaking. Well let me send you my greetings.

Congratulations to the biggest fool. Dropping of school. Think you're so cool.

And maybe you'll reach the stars. Freedom of speech has helped you to go far.

But i guess that fame will end up dead. And you'll feel so lonely with your shaved head.

You hate everything you need. Compassion, love, even the air you breed.

If there was a god I'll pray for you. You hate me, Thats ok, cause I hate you to.