

# Fugazi, Target

It's cold outside and my hands are dry  
Skin is cracked and I realize  
That I hate the sound of guitars  
A thousand grudging young millionaires  
Forcing silence sucking sound  
Forced into this conversation  
So i say shine let their planets collide  
This is the darkening down of my mind  
We could be making it oiling like crime  
We could be making it staking last dimes  
If you want to sieze the sound you don't need a reservation  
The torch is passed it's yours to return  
Lay at their feet now use it to burn  
For marketing the use of the word generation  
A false alliance of money persuading  
Forcing silence sound sucking  
Forced into this conversation  
Now if you want to sieze the sound you don't need a reservation  
So open so young so target I can smell your heart you're a target