

Funeral Dress, We're The Ones

Your fucking rules mean shit to me
I want no part of this society
Punx and Skins are treated like shit
We're gonna rise up from out of the pit
We're the ones who make the noise
We're the ones they can't control
We're the ones who take the blame
We're the ones they call insane
All fucked up we rule the streets
Always looking for something we need
Punx and Skins are treated like shit
We will rise up from the pit
We're the ones who make the noise
We're the ones they can't control
We're the ones who take the blame
We're the ones they call insane
Unemployed - Victimized!
Unemployed - Victimized!
We're the ones who make the noise
We're the ones they can't control
We're the ones who take the blame
We're the ones they call insane