

Good Riddance, Salt

Don't be alarmed please don't take it personally
But you're acting out on everybody here
You're ability your virility's in doubt
So one more time you clench your fists
Scream and shout
You high-five your friends
Like you're jocks at a football
It seems you don't know when to quit
The crowd stares in silence
As you practice violence
To show you're the king of the pit
What now we're sick of it
So now no one goes
To the front at shows anymore
Because we don't want to be
Kicked in the head
Or punched in the nose
We don't care where you're from
We don't care what set you claim
Why don't you get involved
You don't even know our names
Any scene worth it's salt
Would vilify aggression
It seems that aggression's all you know
So stop throwing your fists
Put out your hand
Participate in the show
Here we go