

Malice In Leatherland, Mark My Words

I've rolled my window down,
Streets breeze right through my hair,
I eye the town ahead,
will things be different there?

With thoughts like these my senses dim,
I hope you can catch my drift,

Mark My Words

Your fists can't keep me from the door

Mark My Words

I feel these streets more than I feel God Mark My Words

who do you think broke in these boots?

Mark My Words...

And on that faithful day,
you told me I "forgot my roots",
but with tempests endured,
Hell - I've got nothing to prove to you.