

Sick Of It All, Disco Sucks, Fuck Everything

What's the point of going on
Overlooked for the overrated
But we won't hear that talk
Frustration, frustration is all we get
You might think we're finished
We haven't started yet.
Because there's more far more to know
Because our voices must say more
Because these words come from the soul.
This is not a mission
This is not a f**king game.
A burning desire from deep inside
The will, the drive, to keep pushing on.
No matter what may come
No matter what may come.
Hollow trends
Shallow lives
They drag you down.
They try to drag you down
They'll drag you down.
For every hurdle cleared, two takes its place.
For every level reached, they raise the stakes.
What is our inspiration, what is our drive
To choose our destiny and be in control of our lives.
This is not an image, This is our lives.
This is our inspiration, this is our lives
This is not an image, This is our lives.
This is our inspiration, this is our lives