

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, Abnormality

I look ahead, and what do I see?
Some punk rock punker waiting to punch me.
Lacking common sense, emanating heat,
scarred by razors yet I'm the abnormality?
It seems everybody has a social sect.
Some preset group of friends amongst whom which I don't belong.
It seems that everybody wants to break my neck.
Don't wanna fight and ruin the fun. Won't fight. Won't run.
Abnormality. What's going on around me?
Lacking common sense, stimulate and breed.
Reject all knowledge yet I'm the abnormality?
I was never one to be so cool and punk.
I just think I dig the tunes a little bit more than you.
And when your mind is warped by pro-elitist junk.
That's a real bad path to choose. You're gonna lose.
Abnormality. What's going on around me?
But now I concentrate on this. Put away your fighting fist.
Show the world why you were born. Show the world why I am scorned.