

Vision, No Compromise

Who are you and what does it mean
To brand yourself part of an underground scene?
Without the passion, you've sold your soul
To gain some measure of control
Somehow it seems that the point was missed
The power's in your head, not in your fists

Over the years
We had to rise
We did it our way
There was no compromise

Countless others have come and gone
They make some noise and they move right along
It's not an image that we are portraying
It's not a game that other's like playing
We'll never break and we're not going to bend
This is one message for us to send

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