

A.F.I., Half-Empty Bottle

The ends don't always justify the means,
but I know what it takes to get what I need.
I've got the cure when passive protest just wont do.
Just flick my Bic as I hold it to the fuse.
Smash it up. Break it down.
Bring it down, down to the ground.
Tear it up. Burn it down.
Burn it down, down to the ground.
How long have we waited for the day when they tighten their grips and we slip away?
The sound of breaking glass drives me back up.
It makes me whole when I've been down on my luck.