

Blood For Blood, A Post Card From The Edge

Check check, alright you sick fucks ready? (YEAHHHH)
Alright lets fucking do it.
Alright here we are back once again
The outcast, Outlaw, Outsider
Wasted youth crew in exile
Here to take revenge on your society
And spit our last breath in mankind's face
We ain't got no image
And we ain't got no style
We can't sing and we can't dance
We don't rap and we can't act
And we definitely ain't too fucking pretty
But we'll drag you under the table
Knock your fucking teeth out
Steal your fucking car
Piss in your face
Fuck your fucking mothers
And tell you the truth
The whole truth
And nothing but the truth
As we seen it while surviving our life sentences
On the outside and darkside
Off your sick twisted evil fucking society
This here is my last chance
To rise above the gutter
And say to you and man kind and the whole fucking human race
Fuck you
This whole fucking thing is dedicated
To all the outcasts, white trash and wasted youth out there
Doing their time on the city streets
And praying to the night sky alone
This ones for us
Our kind belongs nowhere
Welcome to exile
Welcome to nowhere
These are the outlaw randoms
So let's fucking go