

Death By Stereo, Middle Fingers

No heaven, no hell, just this wonderful place,
This is our battlefield, we fight for our ways,
Ways to reach freedom, to be who we are,
Taking back our lives, and breaking down the walls

Here today but gone tomorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,
I'll make you eat your sorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,
Here today but gone tomorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,
I'll make you eat your sorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,

We keep looking forward, never looking back,
My voice is my weapon, these words are my attack,
As we sharpen our wit, cut the fabric of this nation,
Blocking out the brain wash, your mental masturbation

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I'll make you eat your sorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,
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Where is the light at the end of my tunnel, no where to run at the end of this rope,
When everyone around me softens their blow, I hit twice as hard,
I hit twice as hard, go!

Straight to the grill, boot to the face, my blood is boiling,
My heart is beating, straight to the core, hammer comes down, now beg me for more
I lay it down, life on the line,
You're looking good, while I'm getting mine

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I'll make you eat your sorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,
Here today but gone tomorrow, you're gonna die, we're here to stay,
I'll make you eat your sorrow, you're gonna die, you're gonna die, you're gonna die,
You were built to be destroyed, we were born to attack!