You have felt this love for the first time. Revived and violated, scared and shined. No one to thank, no way to keep sedated The fury of men, animals as mankind's greatest. Take these thoughts, bound to me Reap those tongues, set it free Thick red air and isolated wit, Signs of retreat and punk epidemic I have nothing to call my own. Bound for feast and unhearded graves, my fist versus your f**king face These nights in these places could never taste more like shame. Scared and shined, figured out what you've earned, watch it burn You fill your lungs with poison, cheap tastes of double crossing. This isn't rage or hate it's f**king violence.