

## Eve Of The Storm

Razor

Searching to find presence of mind  
cranking the volume for kicks  
inflicting true pain, awaiting the rain  
looking for my metal fix  
poetic hate, unmerciful fate  
bringing my music to life  
grinding machine, decibel stream  
feeling the point of the knife

Artform of butchers, eve of the storm  
the power is yours for the night  
chaos and power true to the form  
we're partying through to the light

Taken for fools, ignoring the rules  
doing what's right in our hearts  
searching for truth, preserving our youth  
intensity right from the start  
hyping our cause, writing our laws  
they told me the good times were gone  
laugh in their face, such a disgrace  
I guess it was the time to move on

Fiery eyes the sign of the wise  
something I'm doing for fun  
can't explain why I've got to try  
there's no way that I'm gonna run  
playing it fast, just like the past  
it's all just a part of my style  
you'll never know what makes us go  
I guess I'll be hanging a while