

OK! OK! OK!

Blood Command

Welcome poison nicotine
sweet substitute for heroine,
Got sick of chase and hunting crows
Just skate and drink and rock 'n' roll

afraid of men dressed in coloured pants. Keep us safe from your
satellite friends. The hip ruiners of punkrock amends.

Wear them down, the rulers of hypocrisy.
Locked down to mainstream brain lobotomy.
I I wear them down
You are the next in line