

Minus - Uniform

F-Minus

We are the dogs
Left out in the streets
By it all with havok to wreak
Alone we're together

Together we feed
Death to our master
We don't believe
We are the undesired

We are the unconspired
No one to tell us what to do
The way you'd have us contained
Don't mean a fuckin' thing

Soak in midocrity
Shed our uniform