

You Play With Fire, You Get Cut

In The Eyes Of a Mistress

Watch as we stomp your dome into the concrete
How will you talk shit with your mouth sewn shut
I don't think that you can say you know me
Based on all the little things
You've seen, you don't know shit
If your band has something to day
Come and say it to our face
But be ready to back it up
I think we should take this outside
And finally finish this once and for all
I'm so fucking sick and tired
Of all these assholes wanna slander our name
And think it goes unheard
You're all as good as fucking dead to me
Sometimes I want to carve my fucking eyes out
Instead I'll take my rage out on you
And when everything's dead
You will know I am through
Fuck you, fucking trick
All I wanna do is slit your throat
And ripe out your eyes
Someday you will day, for everything you've done
This will be the end of you