

## 25 Years Dead

Knuckledust

Stressed for making my own way. Breaking my back every fuckign day. The more you try the more that some cunt tries to take away. Uncertainty always bugging me, paranoid, can't trust the people I see. Been broken one too many times, now I know all about life. Held hope tight but felt it slipping away, slipping away. Gone. Twenty five, twenty five years dead to your world. For dead is how you left me but I rose from this tragedy. Through hard knocks, this hell called reality. Realise everyone's time soon gonna come. Dedicated to everyone who gives me strenght to take the strain 'coz live from the big smoke it never rains it only fucking pours. Blood red eyes, dark grey skies. Living it, breathe it, deal with it. London is the city we come from, spread love is the LBU way. LBU.