Scum, Rise!

Protomartyr

The Wayne County Stank Dogs
Will play in the open air there
The suburban fathers
Will be in the city center

The sports bar exploded and everyone died
Now you know how it feels to be alive
Scum, rise!
And who was the target?
An old man with a tattoo on his wrist
Scum, rise!

Take your seat there on the left side

And how were you to know?
The tattoo number 19
Stylized in memory of Steve Yzerman
Scum, rise!
Scum, rise!

You were only seven years old
When your father left you there
How were you to know
He never loved or cared?

Some day you'll want your revenge
See him languish in his gore
Until that day I'm sorry to say
There's nothing you can do

There's nothing you can do, nothing you can do
Nothing you can do, nothing you can do, nothing you can do
Nothing you can do, nothing you can do, nothing you can do
Nothing you can do

Say scum, rise!
Scum, rise!

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!