I'm nobody singing to nobody, so no one hears the things I say I've seen what it means to be somebody and I'd much rather fade away We've been obstinate all along, we haven't given an inch And when someone asks what it sounds like when you die I'll tell them it sounds just like this Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw... Oh... yeah Take what it is you think you know and trample it under your heels No compromise, no fear of death, this is how freedom Music is dead and you pretend it's alive, but we aren't living a lie This is what it sounds like to embrace the truth This is what it sounds like when you die Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw... Raw... Oh . . . Raw rock. Raw rock.

Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock. Raw rock.