

S.M.D.

Solstice

You don't like the clothes I wear
I'll shave my head or grow my hair
What makes you cook over here
What are you queer?
S.M.D. [3 times]
You call my music sonic poison
Turn it's down it's annoying
But it gives me pleasure to aggravate
The ones I hate
Walking down the streets a bottle
Grazes off your head
From a window someone laughing
Spitting on your head
Find a weapon bash their skulls in
Don't they make you sick
Kill these f**king pricks
Shins and bangers joining fight or one
Those who persecute battle 'til they've won
Tired to being pressured
To join their plastic army
You conforming clones will be sorry
Suck
I won't change for anyone
My
Keep fighting 'til I'm done
Dick
I got right to be myself
And you can go f**k yourself