

Ultra Violence

Lizzy Borden

Bleed through the black we brake
The silence without presence known
Out for some bashing ultra-violence
In the pleasure zone

Malicious are we not
We are true patriots
We'll see what life this night of lightning
Has in store for us

Hear our cries in the night
All for one

Wheels are turning, sky is burning
Always on the run

Unleash the beast that lies inside us
On the roundabout
We always find there's always time
For a bit of the old in and out

We roam the streets in sought
We take just what we want
You are invited lending energy expenditures

Hear our cries in the night
All for one

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Ultra-violent sons

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