

The Hawk Killed The Punk

NoMeansNo

Ink stains his skin
The odor of death
Stinks on his breath
A needle that's all
Nothing of himself remains
The needle kills the punk

Sharpened to te point
A stud in his skin
His tongue is numb
The stud is in
Nothing of him remains
The stud kills the punk

Ringin in the ears
An anthem of fear
Of pain and of death
And there is nothing that's left
Nothing of himself remains
The trash kills the punk

The razor shaves his skin
The water boils his brain
His thoughts are dead
And his fear and his pain
Nothing of him remains
The hawk kills the punk

There is no you and there is no me
Cradle the arms of uniformity
Tell me what's the price that you would pay
To be free? to be free?

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