

A LITTLE VIOLENCE

Where has all my anger gone?
And when did I become a tempered one?

I hold a pen instead of a weapon
use my tongue instead of a gun.
(I swear) I voted for the right ones.
What more could I have done?

I'm sympathetic with the view
that sometimes violence is justified.
But words are never louder
than a bullet in the night.

*A little confidence
in serious reactions
A little violence
I want to get back my destructive ambitions*

The flames in Paris show
perfect competence in pyro.

The right explosion at the right time,
a good kick in the right ass.
A healthy dose of disarrangement
to fill the emptiness.

My relics of activity
are clogged by sleep and weed.
A nice, convenient lifestyle,
but where does it lead?

*A little confidence
in brute force
A little violence
I want to get back my destructive ambitions*

I want to get back, I want to get back, I want to get back my destructive ambitions...

**A small amount of violence
A medium-sized hate
An X-Large revolution before it's too late
A small amount of violence
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