

I regret nothing

Found the way to know where it hides  
Full of hate and fear, inside your mind  
Ready to run, or get into the fight  
Out of control and hungry for the bloodstrike

I am not the same  
Don't matter what you say  
I'm tired of your game  
I regret nothing

Doesn't matter if it shere or outside  
Reality you live is out of time  
Echoes and screams, they won't save your life  
Take cover of yourself, run out of your mind

Day after day

as every minute is over, there is someone who takes out almost everything we spent our lifes to afford.  
Almost all your wage is burnt paying off stuff to fill their fat asses and absolutely nothing will happen to make your life better. So, there comes the election time, and they fuck your mind with lots of bullshit thirsty to put the hand on your pocket, and while doing that, usually they will shit in your brain while posing as the unique secret savior. Can't you see that? for each work who will show on tv to whim about what they'll do for you, there are a bunch of assholes waiting to sink the hands in your money and laugh about your funny face.  
DAY AFTER DAY WE CAN'T STAY AWAY - DON'T THINK THAT THE SHIT WONT REACH TO YOUR FEET - WE MUST KILL THEM BEFORE IT BREEDS - WON'T GET OK UNTIL THE DAY WE CALL IT THE REVOLUTION  
So, this is the sunrise, and you get off the bed and go to work, w/o knowing if you'll ever get back home, because some part of our people has decided that they don't want to go work to get money; instead, they want to rip you off to shove lots of crack rocks up their asses, and stay stoned until their brain blows.  
You buy a new car, or motorcycle, or a better house, or clothes to your kid, and they start to look you in a weird way, as you are wrong to have something you want, and you should think about their lazy lifes, or be as weak and disgraced as they are.

Shithead generation song

All we really want is a quick fix  
There is nothing driving us like before  
We lack focus, lack attention,  
just can't do nothing on our own  
Maybe it is, maybe it's not,  
maybe we should just run out

Everything is granted and will be handed to us  
and doesn't matter if someone nextdoor is  
having shit for lunch

We keep looking for new sneakers and  
ways to get stoned  
We learned everythin from tv while  
our parents had gone

We have no moral man, we'll eat shit  
As long as it makes us be in a nice fit

crushed is:

gleicon - v/g  
marcos jr. - b  
rodrigo - d

Thanks to our families, friends, and everyone who saw  
more than us in these work, giving us support and strenght to get it done.

contact: [crushed\\_contact@yahoo.com.br](mailto:crushed_contact@yahoo.com.br) | [info@newbreedrecords.com.br](mailto:info@newbreedrecords.com.br)

Cold

That sunday was clear and hot, and I had to get my feet on the road.  
I've learned he went the night before, with some gunshots and a rock smashed head  
Don't know why our ways slipt out, and less yet why this happened  
Been through a deep depression, by times with just death as friend  
No perspective or way, no wish to keep walking or talking  
That was the picture of his funeral, ready to go, that old guy was my friend  
but now he was dead, as cold as it should be, as far as possible, COLD

See through his blackbox  
don't matter what it takes  
he is dead meat with blood  
face full of pain

FOLD

cdlabelgen 2.6.1 © 2001–2003 Avinash Chopde <[avinash@aczone.com](mailto:avinash@aczone.com)>

home page: <http://www.aczone.com/tools/cdinsert/>

based upon: cdlabelgen 1.5.0 © 1998, 1999 B. W. Fitzpatrick <[fitz@red-bean.com](mailto:fitz@red-bean.com)>  
envelope support: Ronald Rael Harvest <[number6@cox.net](mailto:number6@cox.net)>, March 2002