

Credible Threat:

Out in the street, showing no fear, hair cut short, my intentions are clear. Throw me a look, an act you'll regret, I'll teach you a lesson, that you wont forget.

Credible threat, I'm a credible threat, the most dangerous skinhead you've ever met. Credible threat, I'm a credible threat, Knock you to the floor, but I'm not through yet.

Oxblood boots, laces drawn tight, feeling pretty volatile, ready for a fight. 6 foot 5, you think that I'm afraid of you? Your pride and your arrogance is gonna leave you black and blue.

Watching you approach, evil in your eyes, you see that I'm alone, you're lookign for a prize. I seem an easy target, you know what to expect, but the next thing you feel are my hands around your neck.

Isolation:

My mind's a cell, I'm trapped under threat of death. I try to yell, but fear arrests my every breath. I'm losing my mind, I'm stripped of any sense of time. I'm left behind, a scentence without a crime.

Oi! Oi! Oi! Isolation! (x4)

I feel the grip, of solitude around my neck. I try to hope, but can't stop dreading what comes next. My thoughts are racing, my heart is pounding in my chest. I can't stop pacing, if I can get out what is left?

Ultra Violence:

Originally recorded by The Oppressed

Recorded and mixed by Will Hirst @ Gate 4 Studios, West Springfield, MA in May/June 2020

Drums: Will Hirst / Bass & Guitar: Keith Freeman / Guitar: Dylan / Vocals: Tim Defense

All songs (except for Ultra Violence) written by Intimidation.

Art: Keith Freeman

intimidationoi@gmail.com

Intimidation:

We're here to yell, we're here to shout, we're here to speak our minds. We're tired of being overlooked, we will not be declined. You'll never tell us what to do, because we know what's right. Intimidation's striking out, we know we've got the might.

We may bend, but we wont break. We're ready to, intimidate. We see your game, you're full of shit. Intimidation, wont stand for it.

If division is the end you seek, we're gonna make you bleed. I've got his back and he's got mine, that's all we're gonna need. You may call the shot for now, but soon you'll be unseated. We're intimidation and we'll never be defeated.

Four Generations:

Working for their families, found a sense of unity.

Backbone of this land fo the free, built a nation for you and me.

4 generations, built this land.
4 generations, calloused hands.
4 generations, strong and proud.
4 generations, still unbowed.

With each generation the legend grew, with pain and toil they powered through. On broken backs, with aching hands, they carried our American land.

Photogrphs and memories, mark my family's century. 4 generations of sweat and brawn, the spirit marches on.

