

## Paper, Bullets And Walls

Frente!

Show me anyone  
The patient is gone  
It hasn't been breathing  
Since it learnt right from wrong  
Any innocent, got discontent

This is why children sing lament  
Are you dying yet?  
Do you remember to forget?  
Like I do, like I do  
You got what you spent

One hundred percent of nothing's nothing  
Make my life unsafe for living  
Your diamonds are dirt  
I'd much rather hurt than have all your addictions  
If you want forever, we'll fuck you baby

Is it paper or bullets in the walls  
When it could be possible, beautiful, wonderful  
Every little wing  
Flaps for something  
But no one knows one

I got governments, I got continents  
This is important baby, come on, get up  
Aha, aha, aha, aha, aha, aha