

Hoods Up

Bane

TELL ME that I am not wasting my time sitting in this room alone

TELL ME that 1000 men with 1000 torches could not take what is in our hearts

TELL ME that this is still for the kids, by the kids, about the fucking kids

TELL ME that we have not become just as cheap as everyone else

TELL ME the loud guitars backed by loud ideals is still what we 're all about

TELL ME that beauty is more than who you are on the outside

TELL ME that a word like "unity" is not just ink spilled out on the page

TELL ME that there is so much more, so much worth screaming our heads off for

It's your turn... I wanna hear it

It's your turn... You gotta yell it

Before I throw my arms up and walk right out that door

'Cause to tell you the truth, I am not all that sure

How much longer my voice can hold out for

TELL ME that this is still for the kids, by the kids, about the fucking kids

TELL ME that we have not become just as broken as everything else

It's your turn... I'm on my fuckin' knees