

The Strain

Blood for Blood

You'll never know the hate that I've known
Though you'll pretend that you hear
You're privileged You could never understand
So I will hurt you and you'll see
Desperate indignant with life's how I feel
Struggling to cope with it
Can't let them break my beliefs
Try hard (but) must realize
Life is just passing me by
Nothing comes easy in this world
Uphill battles ahead
Must correct the gross misuse
Of justice and liberty
We must stand up before it's too late
While they bitch and moan and say
That it offends them or someone else
Then we'll become a silent tolerate state
The want to better our way of life
To accept and not to question it
They say that's the way it should be
I think therefore I disagree
Anything I say is wrong
What they decide is what it must be
The sheep are quick to believe
My hate no one can take that from me
Anger the pain the strain
Brewing to explode
Anger the pain the strain
I look towards the future and see
That there's nothing set aside there for me
But a lonely death
With no one to mourn for my passing
Because I'll be another rebel dead
That made no difference in this nation
That doesn't like to hear the truth
Which is
Anger the pain the strain
I'll leave a fuckin scare
Anger the pain the strain
In this elitist life
Anger the pain the strain
In this elitist life
Anger the pain the strain
Cause my hate will overcome
Anything that ever stands in my way
Blinded why can't you see what I mean
The writing is on the wall
Open your eyes to the truth
Open your eyes to my truth
Open your eyes to my hate