

Tell me what will become of the youth of today
In a culture blind to its own decay because
We're all caught in the big swing of things and
The knot's cinched tight by a bunch of little strings.
What is happening to us? -We've lost our way
This creature of appetite is bound to devour itself one day.
We should make a home in the storms eye
People come together and survive.
Firewall- so quick to turn away
But you know it won't forget you
Firewall- the heat we dread to face
Could be the worlds last refuge... firewall.
What will become of the youth of tomorrow
In a world where everything's borrowed
We oughtta put aside childish things,
Have some guts jump into the burning
Don't let's turn away from pain revealed
We better look at who we are
Then reach out from the deep seal..
Burn. Come on and burn.