

Better Ways To Die

Death Before Dishonor

You're hearing two sides of the same old bullshit story in your head

Your words are poison empty promises that make the streets run red

From the TV... To the books...

All you'll ever get from me is cold words and empty stares

You signed my family up now they're all off to die for Uncle Sam

The profit margins growing quicker - blood stained money in your hands

I am the animal... killing machine... but don't hold your breath...

Cause all you'll get from me is cold words

Cold words and empty stares

Your wallet's swollen but your soul is so bare - but hard men

Hard men - we come so rare

Won't cast a ballot and I won't buy your fear

Cause I'm a free fucking man... all grudges aside

I got better things to fight for... and better ways to die

You think we've come so fucking far because the packaging is fresh

But it's the same they're all the same until their final dying breath

I'm no sucker...

I can see

The bullshit piles higher than the bodies of our neighbor's families

Hard times they never end

It's still around we gotta sing it again the hard days

Hard days they come like the rain

They'll flood the streets until we all feel the pain

But I'm a free fucking man with truth on my side

I got better things to fight for... and better ways to die

I can see it up ahead

There's another brother dead

How many families have to cry

Before your wallet's up to size