

You're stabbing the backs  
Of the ones that are holding you up  
And maybe it doesn't matter  
But it just seems so clear to me  
That they don't care that it hurts to breathe  
They don't know and they can't see  
That the songs you own make your heart beat  
The breakdown, the stitches, broken lives  
And no one knows what we're going through  
There is a difference between  
What you've earned and what you deserve  
And as long as you are living well  
Our sweat can drip straight to Hell

Prove me wrong  
Prove you give a fuck  
About the sound, about the words  
Prove that we've crossed your mind  
On some term besides numbers  
There's no loyalty  
There's no fucking ethics here

It's not the message that keeps you here