

Crimescene

Give Up The Ghost

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