

Revolutions Executions

Hit the Lights

I think I figured it out
See I can't stay singing all the same things
It means more than that to me
It's not a revolution, it's an execution
And it's common courtesy
I won't fade out, rather burn it down
Take risks, talk's cheap and you're broke as hell
Guess it's up to my lungs, yeah
Guess it's up to my tongue to spit it out
Come on (in these times you wanna)

Step back, relax, just breathe, don't react
The worst thing you could ever do is let them get the best of you
Step back, relax, just breathe and don't hold back
Find what matters most to you, stay the course and fight
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And I won't wait
Staying in the same place when I know where I should be
Part of a solution, this is retribution for the shit you fed to me
Cause I found myself and I lived to tell
Rise up, move on and you give 'em hell
Guess it's up to my lungs, yeah, guess it's up to my tongue to spit it out

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I think it's time we find a way of curing this disorder
You're a disease and I've got the answer (Transplant a spine)
Incise, all before I put you under
Patch up your knees and dig out the cancer

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