

# The Young And The Brutal

House of Heroes

No one ever told me there'd be days like these  
The water's running out, but the grass is green,  
Stuck in the 'burbs with the Xanax teens and me  
Where do I belong?

I don't know what it is right now  
I've got less faith than I have doubt  
(But I want to believe!)  
O, God give grace to the young and brutal  
We're uninspired, not un-useful  
(I want to believe!)  
There is a way

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Sinking in the sea of our apathy  
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God shed your grace on the brutal, the faithful,  
The desperate, the wasteful  
Where is the hope for the teenage loner?  
We all dance til the music's over  
Who do we believe?  
Oh, save the bees! Is it World War III?  
I'll afford my car, but not gasoline  
Who do we believe?

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God give us grace to be brutally faithful,  
And make up for wasted time  
God give us grace to be brutally faithful,  
And make up for wasted...

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Where do I belong?

I'm right where I belong  
I'm right where I belong  
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