

Fear Is Our Tradition

Ignite

The deformation of this land
That I hold dear
The fornication of our rights
Forgotten
Fit the mold or at odds be damned

Fear is our tradition
Rise from the sheep we are
Face your destination
Or be predetermined
We'll find our own way out

Trust the plain and simple minds
So moronic
Feel the knife inside our backs
Still thrusting
Sheltered eyes
See blind

Fear is our tradition
Rise from the sheep we are
Face your destination
Or be predetermined
We'll find our own way out

Seek the truth
Or pay the price
Turn off the box
Think for yourself
Hang from your mind
Within your cell
Remember what it's like to care
Bring about change

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Face your destination
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