

Past Our Means

Ignite

The branches break from the family tree
From the weight of the heartache...
Of disintegrating families
Look what we've created...
Illegitimate crack babies
Grandma raises... The drunkard's children
Kids at all cost... But an absence of true love
The license to breed...
We have taken advantage of

I've got fifteen kids... can't feed my family
No birth control... condoms are not for me
A future of... convicts/criminals
Our technology hasn't taken us that far

Open your eyes and see that times have changed
We can't keep using at this same rate
But who are the only ones to blame?...
But ourselves

Whats the point today to overpopulate
Birth control or abstinence
Most problems are self-made

Back in the days... we could all fill all of our needs
Back in the days... we suffer from our greed
You and I... violently go extinct
Back in the days... past our means