

## 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