

# Better Off Dead

Lostprophets

I wanna talk about a sound, a voice, a freedom, rejoice  
I can't stay silent while you take away a choice  
The guns, the armor, the gossip, the drama  
The innocent, guilty, we're all free of karma  
The nation, the rules, the patient, the fools  
The picket lines designed to close down schools  
A chance we take, the path, we tread  
You cant cry freedom when your standing on a dent  
Nobody puts it in me, I really wanna get free  
Had enough of hatred, jealousy, envy  
The liars, the fakes, the funerals, the wakes  
The life we live, we give, it takes  
We stall, we cast, the futures the past  
The laws we break to slow to fast  
The highs the lows, we fell we rose  
Wi' happiness or woes, we come and we go

Go!

I sing revolution, while you're trying to silence me  
My resolution for a life I can live  
Adversity has become part of my destiny  
I'd rather die on my feet, than ever live on my knees

And all I'm hearing is the news, the shots, the bombs the plots  
We separate and define the streets, the blocks  
The free, the brave, the dead, the grave  
The everyday combat the ones we couldn't save

The scars the cracks the science the facts  
Religion, control the knife in our backs  
The found, the lost, we pay the cost  
Genocide inside the tickets but a cross  
Somebody put this in me, I really wanna just see  
An end to all this hatred, jealousy envy  
The fires, the script, the records, the tapes  
The weak, the strong, the love the hate  
The sales the mast, no futures, no past,  
Abuse we take, to slow, to fast  
The high the low, we fell we rose  
??? to come and we go

Go!

I sing revolution, while you're trying to silence me  
My resolution for a life I can live  
Adversity has become part of my destiny  
I'd rather die on my feet, than ever live on my,

I sing revolution, singing oh are you hearing me  
I call to arms well how are you lost in this misery

I'd rather die on my feet, than ever live on my,  
I'd rather die on my feet, than ever live on my,  
I'd rather die on my feet, than ever live on my knees

(Then something else I can't work out)  
these graves that you leave us replace no prized freedom  
Replace you're promised freedom...

Sponzor: [www.srovnac.cz](http://www.srovnac.cz) - šetříme na pojištění!