

White Kids Dying Of Hunger

Paint It Black

What will it take to wake you up?
What will it take to shake you up?
I won't sleep at all tonight.
I'm not alright, and you're too fucking polite.

Would you call this a hit and run?
Can you tell the beating drum from the smoking gun?
Not to be outdone, we've got VIP seating for the blind, deaf, and dumb.
Now we're what we promised we would never become.
It's what they call "comfortably numb."

You're not living in the real world.
It means nothing to you.

I wish I had your faith.
Maybe then I'd feel safe.