

State of Rebellion

Prong

Sit around feeling negated, tired of being told what to do
Have to listen to continual hatred, you can count me out
What you got to prove?

What a way to spend prime time
Tell me I don't know
In a state of rebellion
Too much stuff of my own

These tensions kill one's being
Rebellion means nothing

A wasted life with something to prove
A wasted life with something to prove
A wasted life, a waste of life
A wasted life with nothing to prove

Look around, always berated
The sick situation at hand
All to do is continue complaining
What things to cry about
Your selfish demands

I'm too old to spend my time
Concerned about these affairs
Had my share of rebellion
It got me totally nowhere

Aggression solves nothing
These tensions kill one's being

A wasted life with something to prove
A wasted life with something to prove
A wasted life, a waste of life
A wasted life with nothing to prove

There is no detour from the hard road
No deviation from the path
One has to reach some destination
Don't walk around in the dark (in the dark)

A wasted life with something to prove
A wasted life with something to prove
A wasted life, a waste of life
A wasted life with nothing to prove
A wasted life with nothing to prove