

You won't pass on your bitter blood  
I'll spend my every breath to undo the damage done  
Your mistake will be just your mistake  
Nothing more  
You won't tie us to your dead and sinking  
We don't relive the bigotry  
We won't relive the lies  
We won't relive a dead standard of old times  
The proof is in the actions of the past  
Who is the (real) enemy is the question that should be asked  
But it's impossible to change the past  
We're out for blood  
For every ill-fated lie  
Morality's suicide  
Put a gun to your head  
You're better off dead  
Better off dead  
You won't pass your bitter blood  
I'll spend my every breath to undo the damage done  
Your mistake will be just your mistake  
Nothing more  
You won't tie us to your dead and sinking  
We don't relive the bigotry  
We won't relive the lies  
We won't relive a dead standard of old times  
The proof is in the actions of the past  
Who is the (real) enemy is the question that should be asked  
But it's impossible to change the past  
Let it be left in the past  
You aren't even a memory  
You aren't even a memory