

Soviet

Stray from the Path

Don't tell me it could be worse.
You can save your fucking breathe
Because we've lost it all
In this 'ideal' world of yours.
You can say it's in our nature,
As you're pulling triggers.
You tell us it will never change,
As necks snap in the ropes you hang.

But I refuse to believe,
That this is the way - the way it has to be.

I don't know when.
I don't fucking care how.
But I'll find a way to rid the world of
Rid the world of
Rid the world of
Rid the world of
Rid the world of
Rid the world of you.