

there's a young world standing strong in the tide with vision not blinding yet anger just one chance that we get in the rain although the blood on the nighsticks' new mark is made the terror evaporate in the rain coming down on a new day dust to dust a violation of trust justice that maybe somebody someday will understand we didn't live and die in vain the voices of the people will come down like rain and though the blood on the nighsticks it's never too late the streets are burning bright in light of the flames of the flames new suns for a new day broken faces plastic nerves selling the passion to rot in the suburbs plastic faces broken nerves selling the passion we rot in the suburbs the world's in traction do all our shots miss? from action to fashion we rot in the office the world's in traction all our shots miss from action to fashion we rot in the office rot in the office well the world's in traction from action to fashion but we're not gonna rot building Babylon with our life and death we spit and run one voice one breath (2x) we spit and run.