

Sons Of Apathy

Young Guns

A notion cold as the night air
Starts within in my head
Spreads like ink right through my veins
All of our kings are dead
I am not a scholar and I don't believe in fate
Surely as I share your blood will I end up the same?

If there's one thing I have learned
In my short time on this earth
Devotion should be owed not earned
Only you determine what you're worth

We are set free
We are the sons of apathy
Though it's not right
It's all we know
And there's no one left to follow

We are the heirs to empty thrones
And promises un-kept
We sit and watch the empire burn with mild disinterest,
But we are not forsaken,
We have a gift worth more than gold
We've been shown how not to live
By gracious kings of old

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My father was an oak
The earth moved when he spoke
My father conquered seas
But was not there for me.

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