

Our Fathers

Stump

They take us in angrily
and they march us to their chosen bridge,

They; tell us that we are the best,
that we are different from the rest.

They; teach us hate and war and pain,
and that we'll never ever be the same.

Live your fathers lies,
Die your fathers shame,
Pass them on to your son,
He will do the same.

We never get a chance to choose,
They say that if we doubt we lose, and
It's too late to tell our sons,
When death's the price it can be won, and

Watch them shoot another one
Watch them shoot another one
Watch them shoot another one

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Lyrics submitted by Kevin OToole.

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