Head on a Plate

Bayside

Breathe kids, the mold is getting old
It'll be gone any day
The hipster empire of tomorrow
Will fall to the common kids of todayWith tied wrists we're under their control
With fists clenched, we're taking on the world
I write down words with cathartic intentions
But they spawn revolutions of mindsthey're asking for my
My head on a plate
They're asking for my
My head on a plateI'm really, really not that conceited, I swear I'm not
I'm just trying to bring
Music back to music, I define up and coming
They already came up and wentI'm loose lipped now shaking back and forth
Problems fixed, I'm pouring out my soul
I find the right words to express myself
Instead of fitting round pegs in round holesWhat a lovely day for a symphony
Full of honesty and integrity
So take this for what it?s worth
Originality's not a cursethey're asking for my
My head on a plate
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