

# From My Cold Dead Hands

## A Traitor Like Judas

Force-fed youth watch crippled america  
Dependent on things not seen in black and white  
    Responsibility is a dying art form  
    Everything is out of (gun) control  
    "From my cold dead hands" you said  
        Throw your gift into the fire  
        Into the fire of apathy  
        You play the role again and again  
        Smoke your last hope although you're dead  
        Manufactured stupidity  
This image beaten into a child easily led to do the same  
    Television is your crutch  
        Fear is your god  
        Is this all you're worth?  
        A wasted opportunity  
        You sold yourself short  
        You sold yourself  
    Throw your gift into the fire  
        Into the fire of apathy  
    You play the fool again and again  
        I'll be here to clean you up  
        I'll be here to clean up your body  
        This is the death of apathy

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