

Theory Of Revolution

[Afi](#)

Don't want to think about it
But I see it every day
Corrupted innocence just
Doesn't seem to fade away Spoiled so young,
You know it's bound to last
But when you're living in the city
You've gotta grow up fast And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick
And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick Don't want to think about it
But I see it every day
If you want to buy affluence
Your soul you'll have to pay Wasting away
The prime of your life
But it's been done that way for years
So you know it must be alright And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick
And it makes me sick
God, it makes me sick It's just not right Don't wanna think about it
But I see it every day
With every sip and every shot
Mind and bodies fade away Friends are all gone
And memories don't last
But when you've fallen off the wagon
You seem to fall so damn fast

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