

Raised

Hostage Calm

I'd rather be hated for who I am,
Then loved for who I am.
It's no surprise, we can't decide
From side to side, from side to side...Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.Let them throw my flag to the flames:
It's just the way we're raised.
To hate me for who I am,
Than love me for who I am...We wait for the static to come,
It's no wonder we want to die young.
Grab a brick if you think it can change.
Grab her hips if you think they can save.
Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.We wait for the static to come,
It's no wonder we want to die young.
Grab a brick if you think it can change.
Grab her hips if you think they can save.
Sing the words they'll read on the grave.
Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.Every passion is a passing phase,
But the hell we've raised,
The hell we've raised.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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