

Breakaway

Death Angel

I say: To hell with all of you!
Self righteous chosen few
We are not the ones to blame
Now you're lost and running
And no longer gunning
So it's time for you to taste the pain
Breakaway
From the fear that holds you back
Breakaway
From the flock, and join the pack
Find strength within
And let it out
You've got a voice
Rise up, and shout
Breakaway
We were born into working class
Tried it all too fast
Been wronged, and misdiagnosed
Once trapped in a tragic web
Fought, lied, and slowly bled
We've changed since we cut the rope
No! We're not outnumbered
It's a scam! The great divide
Labelled freaks, punks, and miscreants
Cus' we don't want their lives
Judge us not because we're different
Don't bother to judge at all
Our creative minds are relevant
And your opinion is so small
We remain, and preserve
More of us every year
You're the ones who see it wrong
So if you do not understand
Just be a bigger man
And move the fuck along

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