Black Masks & Gasoline

Rise Against

Simply because you can breathe,
Doesn't mean you're alive,
Or that you really live,
This life here has taken its toll
And she just doesn't know how much more she can giveBut here, at the top of the world, I raise my hands and I clench my fists,
They stand before me below demanding the answers with flips of a switchI don't understand where you got this idea,
So deeply engrained in your head
That this world is something that you must impress,
Because I couldn't care lessA need for revolution's rising, it comes to the surface, gasping for air,
We're not putting up with this planet one more day much less one more yearI don't understand where you got this idea,
So deeply engrained in your head
That this world is something that you must impress,
Because I couldn't care lessSo here and now, in our rotting nation
The blood, it pours, it's all on our hands now
We live, in fear, of our own potential
To win, to lose, it's all on our hands nowI have an American Dream,
But it involves black masks and gasoline,
One day I'll turn these thoughts into screams,
At a world turned its back down on meI don't understand where you got this idea,
So deeply engrained in your head
That this world is something that you must impress,
Because I couldn't care less

Songwriters
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