Born Dead (Featuring Scott Wade)

Silverstein

You call this equivalence
No, I call it a lie
There's no respect for life
Now come and find me
Come erase it now?
(Come on let me up)So sit behind your desk and tell me
How I'm supposed to feel inside
You know I'm slowly dying
And what I have left is for you to decideWe keep on suffering everyday
The victims of opportunity
One nation under God, they said
We are all born deadWe are born dead but it's filled with love
But if it's lying
There's no respect for life, life never stops
Is this what [Incomprehensible]So flex your muscle as you barricade
The whole world piece by piece
How long until the ocean overflows
Into our yards and streets?We keep on suffering everyday
The victims of opportunity
One nation under God, they said
We are all born, we are all shaped, we are all born deadWe can't escape this
Until we unify as one
We'll fight the sickness
Until my time has comeWe keep on suffering everyday
The victims of opportunity
One nation under God, they said
We are all born deadWe keep on suffering everyday
The victims of opportunity
One nation under God, they said
We are all born, we are all shaped, we are all born dead

Songwriters
TOLD, SHANE / KOEHLER, PAULPublished by
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