

Mosh for Jesus

Dillinger Four

A vague expression and a silent motive
To take this shithole by the fucking throat
And then it's on our hands
And that's how the new world began
A passing phrase of quiet indignation
A molotov to start the conflagration
'Til we've lost our voice we'll make a joyful noise
A penny for your treason
Is worth a thousand more of hollow freedom
The world is feeling twice as cold today
And there's no more disguising it's decay
All this shit I gotta believe it was an accident
A random chance
Ignorance, intolerance abounding
How could this be a part of any greater plan
A new Discussion of an age old question
An age old method of towards a new direction
When the going's tough
We'll bite the hand that feeds
Break the fist that abuses
Be the voice of truth in a world so truthless
And juvenile, a stab in the back with a smile.

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