

# Sons Of Apathy

## Young Guns

A notion cold as the night air  
Starts within in my head  
Spreads like ink right through my veins  
All of our kings are dead  
I am not a scholar and I don't believe in fate  
Surely as I share your blood will I end up the same?  
If there's one thing I have learned  
In my short time on this earth  
Devotion should be owed not earned  
Only you determine what you're worth  
We are set free  
We are the sons of apathy  
Though it's not right  
It's all we know  
And there's no one left to follow  
We are the heirs to empty thrones  
And promises un-kept  
We sit and watch the empire burn with mild disinterest,  
But we are not forsaken,  
We have a gift worth more than gold  
We've been shown how not to live  
By gracious kings of old  
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In my short time on this earth  
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The earth moved when he spoke  
My father conquered seas  
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