

Ya'll Don't Wanna Step to Dis

Against Me!

Four sins past sainthood, it's like I'm dying to forget, all the sleepless nights lying perfectly alone and still. I can drink 'til victory, I'll drink to the mighty, drink until I die or at least until the sunrise. When honesty as popular as a plague comes to remind that the dead's winning the race with me. Right down the street a prostitute is selling the closest thing to love that this country has to offer. And Alachua still sleeps tonight...(x3) so we fought for the republic while a catholic sun filled every eye. From the atlantic to the pacific ocean, we drank to the mighty. We died for oil, died for borders, killed for democracy, still believed every platform. Can You handle the death, accept what we create together. I still know every politician is a fucking monster. Culture kills bureaucrats and all other undesirables. History said we died for freedom but today no justice was served. And America still sleeps tonight...(x3)so we boasted that we were champions, each country singing it's own praise. Like a rock thrown in to the ocean, humanity was rising to the top. Two world wars later, countless "military interventions" we erect monuments to history and give apologies to the dead. All that was fought for the living is quickly forgotten. We don't remember the dates, we don't remember the reasons. We have no idea what's going on. Building histories of western corporations. It doesn't even turn my stomach to see the pictures of atrocities anymore. Going numb in the new order of the new century. And Alachua still sleeps tonight, And America still sleeps tonight, And the world still sleeps tonight... And Alachua still sleeps tonight, And America still sleeps tonight, And the world still sleeps tonight...

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