

# From My Cold Dead Hands

## Remembering Never

Force-fed youth watch crippled america  
Dependent on things not seen in black and white  
Responsibility is a dying art form  
Everything is out of (gun) control  
"From my cold dead hands" you said  
Throw your gift into the fire  
Into the fire of apathy  
You play the role again and again  
Smoke your last hope although you're dead  
Manufactured stupidity  
This image beaten into a child easily led to do the same  
Television is your crutch  
Fear is your god  
Is this all you're worth?  
A wasted opportunity  
You sold yourself short  
You sald yourself  
Throw your gift into the fire  
Into the fire of apathy  
You play the fool again and again  
I'll be here to clean you up  
I'll be here to clean up your body  
This is the death of apathy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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