

Revolutions and Executions

Hit the Lights

[Verse 1]

I think I figured it out
See I can't stay singing all the same things
It means more than that to me
It's not a revolution, it's an execution
And it's common courtesy
I won't fade out, rather burn it down
Take risks, talk's cheap and you're broke as hell
Guess it's up to my lungs, yeah
Guess it's up to my tongue to spit it out
Come on
(In these times you wanna)[Chorus x2]

Step back, relax

Just breathe, don't react

The worst thing you could ever do is let them get the best of you

Step back, relax, just breathe and don't hold back

Find what matters most to you, stay the course and fight

I think I figured it out[Verse 2]

And I won't wait

Staying in the same place when I know where I should be

Part of a solution, this is retribution for the shit you fed to me

Cause I found myself and I lived to tell

Rise up, move on and you give 'em hell

Guess it's up to my lungs, yeah, guess it's up to my tongue to spit it out[Chorus][Bridge]

I think it's time we find a way of curing this disorder

You're a disease and I've got the answer (Transplant a spine)

Incise, all before I put you under

Patch up your knees and dig out the cancer[Chorus]

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