

# Shout

## Atrocity

Shout  
Shout  
Let it all out  
These are the things I can do without  
Come on  
I'm talking to you  
Come onIn violent times  
You shouldn't have to sell your soul  
In black and white  
They really really ought to know  
Those one track minds  
That took you for a working boy  
Kiss them goodbye  
You shouldn't have to jump for joyThey gave you life  
And in return you gave them Hell  
As cold as I ice  
I hope we live to tell the taleAnd when you've taken down your guard  
If I could change your mind  
I'd really love you break your heart

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