

"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

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