

# Violent Generation

## Sick of It All

Hard times, is what we're in  
and it ain't getting any easier my friends  
friends, search for the easy way out  
and they don't care how it comes about  
youth, they just wanna get paid  
they don't wanna end up working like slaves  
slavin', for nickels and dimes  
so they turn to the quick money of crime  
Morals are gone, no respect for human life  
but what was it that you'd expect  
take a look around at this world we live in  
tell me you wouldn't grow up cold and callous  
prejudice, is one of their tools  
and we fell for it like a pack of fools  
fools, is what we are  
we follow their plans to the letter so far  
each other, at the other's throat  
they sit back, to them it's all a joke  
joke, but now the joke is on them  
they can't deal with this generation so violent  
We stand accused of the crimes  
the crimes that take place  
they point the finger  
but they're the ones that set the pace  
they beat you down, to try to keep you in your place  
they were the ones, they were the ones  
they were the ones that taught me to hate

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