Question The Answer

Strike Anywhere

Are you a hard-faced boy with hooligan eyes?
Are your hands driven to murder?
The conscience they teach you to despise

Inna world full of the sell-out condition
With your hands still on the triggers of the weapons of war
You sing and choke on the tears of your hatred
Wounded but living to fight again
For what?

They preach their disorder
They make you accomplice
And try to say there's nothing left
For you to do

But we can liberate each other
Scream out against the void
Communicate! Not seperated
We live to arm this joy

So, why do we do what they tell us?
Why do we do what they say?
Why do we do what they tell us?
Why am I controlled by what they say?

Right now, you can't be shut down or go mad
Be binded not so bad
In every tongue with every voice
Arm this joy

To the government, the world stage
Our voices, this outrage
In every tongue with every word
Arm this joy

Right now, hooligan captive girls and boys
We make this noise for life

Will you walk on the battlefield with me?
Our hearts define widdershins against the sun

I'm not the only on

Lyrics submitted by Logan.

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