

Amerika The Brutal

Six Feet Under

I'd rather die, than to live in this fucked world
Mr. President, I'm not here to do your dirty work
Alone, I think I'm fighting a losing battle
Worth dying, not for oil No war, Amerika the brutal
Listen, it's a fucking joke
And they make you believe it, on the TV That's how they deceive you
I watch and I listen and I question their reasons
You know what, I don't fuckin' believe em No war Amerika the brutal
When I want to know the future
I look into the past, I think of my best friend
And his stories of Vietnam And now I got a cousin fighting
In Iraq and I want her, coming back
I'm not afraid to speak my own mind
I don't use the first amendment to hide behind I'm guaranteed that freedom, I'm born with that right
And for that I'm ready to fight
I'd rather die than to live in this fucked world
Fake president, I'm not here to do your dirty work Alone, I think, I'm fighting
This losing battle, worth dying
No war, Amerika the brutal

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