

# The Young and the Brutal

## House of Heroes

No one ever told me there'd be days like these  
the water's running out but the grass is green,  
(sinking in the sea of our apathy).  
stuck in the burbs with the Xanax teens and me,  
where do i belong?I don't know what it is right now.  
i've got less faith than i have doubt.  
but i want to believe.  
God give grace to the young and brutal.  
we're uninspired, not unuseful.  
and i want to believe there's a way.chorus:  
no one ever told me there'd be days like these  
the water's running out but the grass is green,  
(sinking in the sea of our apathy).  
stuck in the burbs with the Xanax teens and me,  
where do i belong?bridge:  
God shed your grace on the brutal,  
the faithful, the desperate, the wasteful.  
where's the hope for the teenage loner?  
we all dance til the music's over,  
but who do we believe save the bees!  
is it world war 3?  
i'll afford my car, but not gasoline, so who do we believe?chorus.outro:  
God give us grace to be brutally faithful,  
and make up for wasted time.  
right where i belong.

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