

I Will Refuse

Pailhead

Born as a blank page
We must pick and choose
Our destinations and
The paths we'll useWhat shall we say is sacred?
What will be abused?
It's no wonder
The world is confusedMurder and weather
Is our only news, I will refuseYour offer is tempting
But it's not what it seems
You take advantage
Of everyone else's dreamsYou create the perfect picture
By dressing up the scene
Trust our hopes and lives
To your death machinesYour point is not well taken
Because that's not
What it means, I will refuse

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