Fuse

Grammatrain

Take a look around you, can't you feel the disease
Some want to save their soul, some save the trees
The whole world is going down
Like a bottle rocket flies to its death and
I can't help but think that I might barely make it to my last breathGoing, going, going down
Can't you won't you hear the sound
Going, going, goingHow long can someplace last that's dominated by
F-15s, M-16s grenades and 45s?
People hate and can't relate to ourselves
The smell of hell is growing well
Escape from what I deserve is something I would never sellDoes anybody else see this as irony?
We strive to live for peace
And we nailed Him to our tree

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