

Against Me!, Haste Killed Creativity

The days blow by in agile moments of clarity
and blind despair.
With rage so thick it's bittersweet to see a smile
come through here and there.
You put your faith in living,
but youthful idealism
is no longer welcome here.

(WOOOOOOOOOH)
I'm not dead yet.
(WOOOOOOOOOH)
Hopes not dead yet. (*2)

A hero's march down scorn filled halls defeats the charity
of last years hell.
Your vain eyes show no respect,
just loss of recognition
broken spirit burnt out will.
Sing a song of cynicism
a foul smell of shit decay and degradation
in the midst of celebration.

(WOOOOOOOOOH)
I'm not dead yet.
(WOOOOOOOOOH)
Hopes not dead yet. (*2)