

Boysetsfire, After The Eulogy

Rise, Rise, Rise, Rise, Rise, Rise, Rise, Rise
Written signed off
In the obituary
What happened to us

Where's your anger
Where's your fucking rage
Watered down senses lost

Lazy, privileged,
Denial and self-gratified

A tradition
Passed down to
Our blood stained hands

Give in,
Give up
Give in,
Give up

Rise, Rise, Rise

Contented
To strive for
New worthless slogans

We miss our
Potential
For action and substance

Contended
To lie in
Our boring vomit

Suggesting
Arrangements
While others are dying

Stand up,
Fight back
Stand up,
Fight back

How many starving millions
Have to die on our front doorsteps
How many dying millions
Have to crawl to our front doorsteps

Written signed off
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What happened to us

Where's your anger
Where's your fucking rage
Watered down senses lost

Where's your anger
Where's your fucking rage ...

Content and corrupted
Contrive and disgusting
Dig a whole
It's all over

Forget the words and good intentions

Unless we rise
Unless we rise, rise ...

Tear it down
Rise ...