

Dillinger, Get Your Study Hall Outta My Recess

You were first in line for the new solution
But you lost your shirt singing revolution
The blood is at a boil
What we were is null and void
And you will change you ways
Cuz these ones didn't pay

Let's call the future what it is
Dilluted hopes and shackled wrists
I kinda think we need a brand new name

I don't give a shit about your style or your false emotion
Your picture perfect hair or your manic motion
The danger is all gone
You helped us lose it all along
Now its just play clap play
The meaning's gona astray

Let's call the future what it is
Dilluted hopes and shackled wrists
I'm kinda waiting for a brand new day
This one will never be the same

When the day comes
I'll be kicking back
Not a care in sight
Never waste another moment trying to explain my side
Not missing you at all
Never looking back
Never having to apologize for what you lack
When that day comes
I'll be smiling while you're crucified for what you've done