

Face Down, Twelve Rounds

Here they go again, being untrue to themselves
It's nothing new, it's all been done before
They are not a dying breed
More like growing seed
With roots choking honesty and truth

They are twisting your words
And they are making up lies
When confronted they are in denial
No one is given the chance
To explain the actual facts
Because the book's already judged by its cover

Hate, rage, fear
Not prepared to
Hate, rage, fear

You think I don't hear you, talk behind my back?
You think I don't see you, and your hypocritical act
Did you ever think about the rest
Here's twelve rounds in the chest

Hate, rage, fear
Not prepared to
Hate, rage, fear
Not prepared to be
Pre-judged by thee
But determined to stand
Rise above