

# 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