

# Faded Grey, Remainder Pt. 2

This song I sing is not for sale.  
These words I scream to you are real.  
No one can ever buy our lives.  
This music will survive.  
Remember when we didn't play their game.  
We never worried about money or fame.  
This punk rock music was so pure,  
but now I'm not so sure.  
That your intentions are good  
and you mean well  
now that the scene  
has become a product to sell.  
Rebellion packaged in a plastic wrap.  
Lacking any substance to digest.  
Dollar signs roll in countless eyes,  
and the magic behind this music dies.  
Maybe the grass is greener on the other side,  
but my anger doesn't have a price.  
I've seen my peers lose their drive,  
and I've heard my heroes telling lies.  
I won't turn my back on the kids.  
We've stood together through thick and thin.  
Hardcore is not a stepping stone.  
Don't tread on me  
on your way to the throne.  
Because I can see right through your false emotion,  
and I won't buy into your glossy promotion.  
Take your ego and your greed  
and get out of our scene.  
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These words I scream to you are real.  
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This music will survive.