

Much The Same, American Idle

As the tears welled up in my eyes, something hit me that tore me up inside
Misled, deceived, we all turned out backs on those we should respect and send back home
This is not a game that anyone should play
Blood spills on the ground and all our hands are dripping now

I can't wipe them clean, I somehow feel responsible
In a time of disarray I wrote it off and said this feeling will fade away
But to my dismay, I still feel responsible
I didn't take my duty seriously and now this feeling won't go away
It won't go away

"In time everything will be alright, he's no better than the other guy"
Shame on me! The apathetic American they want me to be
I'm a bad cliché that too many of us portray
Blood spills on the ground and all our hands are dripping now

I won't make the same mistake again
I'll learn to speak my mind
I'm never going down without a fight