

# Pacifier, Nothing

Been searching for a reason  
To make us change  
You got the whole world listening  
But you got nothing to say

And as we gathered in the ashes  
Said "fire 'em up boys and let 'em go"  
They're making music for the masses  
Sliced up real thin for the radio

All that you took for granted  
Has been replaced  
And now that you're left with nothing  
But more of the same

And as we gathered in the ashes  
Said "fire 'em up boys and let 'em go"  
They're making music for the masses  
Sliced up real thin for the radio

Who do you think you are? (Who do you think you are?)  
Who do you think you are? (Who do you think you are?)  
Who do you think you are? (Who do you think you are?)  
We'll be climbing always  
We'll be climbing your way

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Said "fire 'em up boys and let 'em go"  
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And as we gathered in the ashes  
Said "fire 'em up boys and let 'em go"  
They're making music for the masses  
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You all sound the same  
With nothing to say