

# Pro-Pain, American Dreams

I say no to war, you say no to war,  
and we go to war again  
but the truth of the matter is -  
it stinks like the shit that you are.  
You've freedom to sell, you poisoned  
the well from heaven to hell and then  
you wonder why you can't fuckin think  
for yourself anymore.

The end - does it justify the means?  
Angst and disgust - American dreams.  
I hate it myself - it's not what it seems to be.  
I distrust American dreams

Your bringin me down, and bringin me down,  
and bringin me down again  
to the lows that were never ever  
reached or dreamed of before  
With weapons at bay, we're facing the day,  
embracing the cause for dissent  
then we'll justify our resolve well after the war.

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American Dreams!