

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!