

Pro-Pain, Freedom Rings

Oh, freedom rings, and the press keeps bringing the news.
Black clouds hang over us keep us fucking singing the blues.
Texas tea means nothing to me.
Does it really mean something to you?
Indecision, so what do we do, what can we do, what will we do?
We can't do nothing, got our backs to the wall.
Gotta start from the bottom of this, if at all.
We seem so hollow, shallow inside, like pigs who wallow in their pride.
Bourgeoisie, for the red, the white, and the blue.
Soon they'll be coming for rat, next stop they'll be coming for you.
Work for nothing, it's all a part of the game.
Die for something, hope, hope someone will remember your name
always the same, who can you blame
From the rags to the riches, to the souls unsung,
we gotta get to the reason for this while we're young.
It's a new generation, damned from the start,
it's a voice of a nation, with no heart.
Don't cease and desist, for we can resist,
we've too much to lose, there's too much to list.
So don't fall behind, and just keep in mind,
that revenge is sweet, and justice is blind.

Freedom rings!