

Refused, Worthless Is The Freedom Bought...

From here to the cemetery, from here to the grave
How many did your democracy save?

Clean slate, state oppression and yeah!
Once again, like a thousand times before
A thousand victims more
Take aim at the have-nots as always
Once again the freedom's being bought at the expense of truth

From here to the cemetery, from here to the grave
How many did your democracy save?

Your beautiful world is dead
It will die a thousand times
Your beautiful world is dead
I will watch it expire
Your beautiful world is dead
It's time to kill this lie
Your beautiful world is dead
It died a thousand times

Bloodred, pitch black, yeah!
Tired of being expendable in their community
And while you swallow every image they present
We'll sing the songs to fan the flames of discontent