

Rise Against, Black Masks & Gasoline

Simply because you can breathe,
doesn't mean you're alive,
or that you really live.
this life has taken it's toll
and she just doesn't know,
how much more she can give

But here, at the top of the world, where I raise my hands and I clench my fists,
they stand before me below, demanding the answers with flips of a switch

I don't understand where you got this idea,
so deeply engrained in your head
(that this world) is something that you must impress,
cause I couldn't care less

A need for revolution's rising, it comes to the surface, gasping for air,
we're not putting up with this planet one more day much less one more year

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so deeply engrained in your head
(that this world) is something that you must impress,
cause I couldn't care less

So here and now, in our rotting nation
the blood, it pours, it's all on our hands now
we live, in fear, of our own potential
to win, to lose, it's all on our hands now

And I have an American Dream,
but it involves black masks and gasoline,
one day I'll turn these thoughts into screams,
at a world turned its back down on me

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so deeply engrained in your head
(that this world) is something that you must impress,
cause I couldn't care less