

Rise Against, To The Core

If I could paint how I feel,
I'd draw bullseye on your forehead
my anger is not misdirected
unless it somehow misses you

Time spent on hate, is time gone to waste,
I watch you point and click your life away

So cast the stones that I'll gladly catch
and I'll throw them right fucking back,
I stand behind the things I say,
you type the words you won't say to my face

Time spent on hate, is time gone to waste,
I watch you point and click your life away

It seems you've let me go again,
just like the day you let me in,
the best of intentions, you were never mine to begin with

So step away from the fucking screen,
see a world outside your scene,
maybe then you will know
and realize the lack of threat you pose