

The Explosion, No Revolution

When the blood was red and the lies were black and white
they put their hands together they thought they have the right
we know they made mistakes but we still imitate
keep the spirit alive when there's nothing left at stake
now our heroes seem further away
your fists in the air but nothing has changed
would they shake their heads would they feel ashamed
fists in the air for a fucking name
all we know is what came before
there's no revolution anymore
we look to the past and ask for nothing more
there's no revolution anymore
on the edge of tomorrow what are we fighting for
we fight each other whenever we get bored.
jaded kids hatred wins and we all lose
schemes kill our dreams its self abuse
lets light a match to these dynamite dreams
lets let it all go and set it all free
i vote for the outcasts the losers and creeps
who can bring it back again make me believe
there's no revolution anymore!