

Zanister, Generation Breakdown

Guns in the schoolroom, violence in the air
Drugs manifesting, creates despair
Everyone thinks they're cool, little do they know
They arc on a path, with nowhere to go
I know that times must change its now their day
It just seems all so wrong, hate is on its way

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Music of the masses has numbed down the brain
No one seems to care at all it's all the same
I know that times must change it's now their day
It just seems all so wrong hate is on its way

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Heroes of hoodlums gods made from swill
No one blames all their words or blames their will
Eliminate their idols with a deadly late
Their world is empty except for their hate
I know that times must change it's now their day
It just seems all so wrong hate is on its' way

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