

Against Me!, Burn

Beautiful to live in poverty
Just to spite what they're selling
Take a thousand hits to prove the rest and I'll move in
Millimeters still won't mean shit against well-done subversion

Fathers of invention will one day turn in their graves
When their own sons and daughters
Manifest destiny into a lesson to others
Sent away my crippled, let the old ones categorize their deathcamps, they're all dead

It'll burn burn burn
Like they did to the Anarchists at their stakes
And burn burn burn
Like the histories they stole from us
One day patriotic thugs will dance to songs of justice
And cringe, and rack guns of shame (*3)

Well it may take a team of well-rounded hoodlums
In full riot gear to unrest objection
A well-controlled media to pick out our terrorists
When bureaucrats start dying from cancer

There are already businessmen who'll market bottled water
And purified aerosol solution, guess who's their target
Seven approaching a measure off the map
And you'll see me dance in the street once again

It'll burn burn burn
Like they did to the Anarchists at their stakes
And burn burn burn
Like the histories they stole from us
One day patriotic thugs will dance to songs of justice
And cringe, and rack guns of shame (*3)

And it'll burn burn burn, like they did to the Anarchists
And it'll burn burn burn, like the histories they stole from us
One day patriotic thugs will dance to songs of justice
And give apologies for immeasurably acted perfection

Burn burn burn
Like they did to the Anarchists at their stakes
And burn burn burn
Like the histories they stole from us
One day patriotic thugs will dance to songs of justice
And cringe, and rack guns of shame (*2)