

# Burning Heads, A Bitter Taste

He left everything and came when you needed some  
Hands to build a new world  
Sucked to the bones daddy was left alone  
When the job was completed  
It will come to you like a fist in the face  
Sweat scorn blood and tears  
It's all flooding back all in one wave  
All in one...

We're the second generation now comes the third  
With nothing to gain and nothing to lose they're gonna make it burn  
Say you're sorry feel ashamed now it's your turn  
To lose at your game they just gonna make it  
Gonna make it burn....

What is past is dead and gone (you said)  
But it leaves a bitter taste when nobody cares  
The pie's just too small  
And you don't wanna share

Get ready for the fall don't just fake your fear  
Expect something greater  
Than simply despair  
It'll all be bigger

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Burn the bridges Burn the flags  
They're burning buses to be in the mags  
Burning anything Burning cars  
They're burnt for nothing if it's not on prime time