

# Crashdog, Reactionary Fear

I go to bed with sounds  
Of gun shots in my head  
Wake, buy the paper  
Read the names of the dead  
The thought creeps in my mind  
How long will it be until  
They come kick my door in  
And I'm they want to kill  
Some go out and buy a gun  
Some try to move away  
It don't matter where I go  
I'm gonna die someday  
It seems today  
The simple solution  
To the problems  
That we face  
Is to pull a knife, load a gun  
And put people in their place  
The national anthem  
Has been changed  
In the land of the insecure  
Home of the brave  
Becomes home of the slave  
As we're locked in by our fears  
Maybe tomorrow will be the day  
I'm the one to die  
But I will not hide paranoid  
And watch my life go by  
Fear was made to warn us  
To teach you when to run  
But if you really want to live  
It must be overcome