

Dead Poetic, Arlington Arms

I watch the walls fall down on Suburbia.
Land of the free, home of the self-enslaved.
On you.
I watched them bleed, I watched them fall to their face.
I watched them scream as they pray for a taste.
Of you. (Watching the walls fall down)

But I won't fall on the knife that killed the American dream.

So let us grieve at the fall of Suburbia.
The dreams we've made are shoved in the face
Of you.
So get a taste of what was meant to be.
Fall in the waste of what was meant to be
For you. (Watching the walls fall down)

But I won't fall on the knife that killed the American dream.

Watching the walls fall down.

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