

# Dillinger Four, Mosh For Jesus

A vague expression and a silent motive  
To take this shithole by the fucking throat  
And then it's on our hands  
And that's how a new world began  
A passing phrase of quiet indignation  
A molotov to start the conflagration  
Till we've lost our voice we'll make a joyful noise  
A penny for your treason  
Is worth a thousand more of hollow freedom  
The world is feeling twice as cold today  
And there's no more disguising it's decay  
All this shit I gotta believe it was an accident  
A random chance  
Ignorance, intolerance abounding  
How could this be a part of any greater plan  
A new discussion of an age old question  
An age old method towards a new direction  
When the goings tough  
We'll bite the hand that feeds  
Break the fist that abuses  
Be the voice of truth in a world so truthless  
And juvenile, a stab in the back with a smile