

Dillinger Four, Thanks For Nothing Pt. 2 (The Rev

life's the image of a tightening screw
it keeps on turning till it breaks you

i'm not the one to talk for hours about the wars that we're losing
can't pretend to not see all the flesh that we're bruising
stand to the back, simple as that, another boring day

death don't mean a thing if we don't see whose dying
a little piece of mind for anyone who's buying
leave it alone, return to your homes, try to forget that

daylight goes black
and others bear the rain on their backs
your enemies are nothing like you
and peace has a price for those who lose

we've never learned our lesson cause we've never had to
swept under the rug just like a piece of bad news
time after time, pockets are lined, and we answer the call

we hardly notice how

we're racing like a roller coaster
hanging like a puppet on a string
dancing to the same old tune
yeah we dance, we laugh, we kill, and we sing

god damn

don't look up from what your doing
let the world give you the slip
don't be late for church on sunday
because ignorance is bliss