

London After Midnight, The Kids are all wrong

Fame, hate, pain,
It all controls you.
Rage, fear, blame,
It satisfies you.

No one ever really loved you much anyway,
no one really understands so you'll make them pay.

They're the target,
they're the meat,
they're the animal.

You're the star, you are pure,
they're the criminal.

It isn't hard, bigger than God.

Filthy mind, you're one of my kind.

And I can see, how it should be,
we don't belong,
the Kids are all wrong.

The Kids are all wrong.

Love, trust, faith,
It all escaped you.

Self, lies, rage,

And now this shape you.

It's from the Id, it has come to devour you.

You're the star no matter what they are telling you.

Make them afraid and they'll respect what you tell them to.

Make them afraid and maybe one day they'll love you too.