

Millencolin, An Elf & His Zippo

Receive a slicky effort, avoid mental disaster
pollute attempt to trape a breed authority
so long, Mr. Turtle shrimp threatened by all the advance
port supply protect caused by pollution.

Don't let go, without any reason
cause in the end you won't let go
you still have to know that I have all this struggles
and now I search for a way, in a life that is wasted.

Pull back a giant tree with a hand that's full of fire
I see it's covered all by grain, it's least a struggle
I am controlled by pity and I walk the street at night
I see a twinkling star and I wish that I was as bright as you.

It's your right to strife for the justice.
It's your right to strife for the truth.