

# Mordred, In This Life

The faces of the figureheads  
Are there to fear them but  
The money bells are ringing  
For those who hear them and  
The seeds of your future  
Await for you to sow them and  
The sound of your voices  
Will ultimately show them all  
The ways you will matter and  
Perpetuate society  
The days you will shatter to  
Bring you notoriety  
The rules you'll be breaking will be rules for fools and  
The pains you'll be taking will be your tools and

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Piles of bodies and bodies  
We see them and  
Some that didn't make it  
Didn't choose to be them cause  
It's hard to make a mark  
With a plague of illiteracy  
But sitting on our asses is a  
Form of complacency that  
We can't sit by and tolerate  
We have problems to alleviate  
Bad education and suppression  
The homeless in the street  
Are a few of the nightmares that we should  
Wake up and greet to

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In this life, and there's only  
One of them  
There's a means to an end but  
Unfortunately some of them  
Destroy the things that we need  
Like the creatures in the water and the air we breathe and  
Then we wonder whose fault it all was  
Well maybe not yours but that's not it cause  
We take for granted the things that make our life complete  
So open wide your eyes and  
Get the fuck out on the streets

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