

# Pailhead, I Will Refuse

I will refuse!  
Born as a blank page  
We must pick and choose  
Our destinations and  
The paths we'll use  
What shall we say is sacred  
What will be abused  
It is no wonder  
The world is so confused  
Murder and weather  
Is our only news  
I will refuse!

Your offer is tempting  
But it's not what it seems  
You take advantage  
Of everyone else's dreams  
You create the perfect picture  
By dressing up the scene  
Trust our hopes and lives  
To your death machines  
Your point is not well taken  
Because that's not what it means  
I will refuse!

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