

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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Is our only news
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