

Pennywise, American Dream

Things you can't deny you best believe it when everything you wanted is gone
Struck down although you don't like it nothing of value to be found
Violence breeds violence you know we'll never stop it for progress we will protect the game
We struck the fuse you can't refuse it the memory is all that will remain
The political scene coming apart at the seams
Its the end of the American Dream
The temperature is ready to burst
The future is not what it seems for the American Dream
Time has come you know we can't stop it
You know that the end is drawing near
Knocked down the sound of it collapsing
So loud no one can hear
Mindless old tyrants
do you hear the sirens song that will herald your demise
excessive sessions on your transgressions
we're all left sifting through the lies