

# Raised Fist, Killing It

This comes as no surprise,  
We're emptying our supplies  
We're only thinking about the  
Size of the pile of shit to buy  
Over and over we take what we want  
To take even if the bond with nature will break  
And when I lay me down to sleep  
I wonder why I'm feeling fucking incomplete  
I must try to be the guy that defeats all the lies  
Wiser than the ones that I despise  
So listen now

We're living in this world and we're killing it  
It's so absurd, and for dollar bills  
We keep on drilling it, until we're mentally ill

A big burial site, no light in this endless night  
Please let me rewrite the story to get it right