

Remembering Never, The Goddamn Busy Signal

I've seen better days than this
Dictator of love
Stand in the way of happiness
Everything seems to fucking easy
What can be said of us when love is tested and put on trail
For not a crime but tradition?
What can be said?
We are the face of perfection
We are the elite
A false sense of tolerance in the hearts of man
And if need be
Another president dead
Give me another president dead
Brothers and sisters
Cast your unheard ballots
Vote Yes on oppression
Your ideals are obsolete
The authority of morality
If god dictats what love is
Who will love the unwanted?
Lay waste to this cold tradition
Take the gods of old to hell
What can be said?
I've never felt to alive
I've never felt so alive
Give me another dead president
Give me another dead president
Your god is a "faggot" hater?
Your freedoms is on the line but getting a busy signal
A goddamn busy signal
We are the face of prefecion
We are the elite
A false sense of tolerance in the hearts of man
President is dead