Senses Fail, American Death

Is this the end of my life or just the end of the world
Skeletons rule the cities as the innocent burn
And if you stand up and fight with your black flag tonight
They'll put tape on your mouth as they kiss you goodbye

Dance, Dance, Dance, Dance
Come dance with me, come dance with me
Dance, Dance, Dance, Dance
Dance Dance, come dance, come dance with me

You know you can't stay neutral
On a moving train
So pick a fucking side
And place the blame
'Cause there's nothing worse
than a bird with wings who doesn't fly

So wake up and smell the flowers today
Don't they reek of shit and bloody money
There's not an ounce of love that's left in the world
You're not alive any more your a possible sale

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There's still war on page six
America don't die like this
there's still war on page six
A-ME-RI-CA!
There's still war on page six
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