

Sick Of It All, Violent Generation

Hard times, is what we're in
and it ain't getting any easier my friends
friends, search for the easy way out
and they don't care how it comes about
youth, they just wanna get paid
they don't wanna end up working like slaves
slavin', for nickels and dimes
so they turn to the quick money of crime

Morals are gone, no respect for human life
but what was it that you'd expect
take a look around at this world we live in
tell me you wouldn't grow up cold and callous
prejudice, is one of their tools
and we fell for it like a pack of fools
fools, is what we are
we follow their plans to the letter so far
each other, at the other's throat
they sit back, to them it's all a joke
joke, but now the joke is on them
they can't deal with this generation so violent

We stand accused of the crimes
the crimes that take place
they point the finger
but they're the ones that set the pace
they beat you down, to try to keep you in your place
they were the ones, they were the ones
they were the ones that taught me to hate