

Story Of The Year, March Of The Dead

You tell yourself that you're not the same
As you stand in line, your time will all be wasted
Scum-littered earth, blind lead the dead
Blood-thirsty, selfish clones who reject
The colorful, the brightest skies

So take these words for what they are
(Lights out! Lights out!)
That's what you say, what you say
So take these words for what they are
(Lights out! Lights out!)
That's what you say, what you say, yeah!

Denied the chance to think for yourself
You inherent lies, your time had all been wasted
Follow tradition to quench your thirst
And swallow vomit from excess dirt
So shun the queer and praise the skies

So take these words for what they are
(Lights out! Lights out!)
That's what you say, what you say
So take these words for what they are
(Lights out! Lights out!)
That's what you say, what you say, yeah!

You're already dead! You're already dead!
You're already dead! You're already dead!

So now you stand in line
Embrace your leaders
Stand in line
And feast on their words
Stand in line
Embrace your leaders
Stand in line
Feast on their words
Refuse to learn
And sheltered on tradition
Are you gonna take your turn
Or just stand in line?

(Lights out! Lights out!)
So take these words for what they are
(Lights out! Lights out!)
That's what you say, what you say
(Lights out! Lights out!)
So take these words for what they are
(Lights out! Lights out!)
That's what you say, what you say, yeah!

Your denial will lead you single-file into the ground
You're already dead! You're already dead!
You're already dead! You're already dead!
You're dead!!