

## Fear Is Our Tradition

Ignite

The deformation of this land  
That I hold dear  
The fornication of our rights  
Forgotten  
Fit the mold or at odds be damned

Fear is our tradition  
Rise from the sheep we are  
Face your destination  
Or be predetermined  
We'll find our own way out

Trust the plain and simple minds  
So moronic  
Feel the knife inside our backs  
Still thrusting  
Sheltered eyes  
See blind

Fear is our tradition  
Rise from the sheep we are  
Face your destination  
Or be predetermined  
We'll find our own way out

Seek the truth  
Or pay the price  
Turn off the box  
Think for yourself  
Hang from your mind  
Within your cell  
Remember what it's like to care  
Bring about change

Fear is out tradition  
Fear is our tradition  
Rise from the sheep we are  
Face your destination  
Or be predetermined  
We'll find our own way out