

# Feed Them to the Pigs

Parkway Drive

This is life,  
This is worthless,  
Is There consequence.  
This apathy is murderous.

Hope is dead,  
Buried by regret,  
Alive for nothing,  
And dying for even less.

Is This the path we've chosen,  
Our mind and our future left to rot.

These lives are worth nothing,  
Our lives worth nothing,  
Fuck.

As we watch our dreams turn into dust,  
Into dust.

On these cold sheets,  
Beneath this hollow corpse of a life.  
Their world casts shadows,  
And it's eating us alive.

We are the working dead,  
Haunted by the ghosts of unanswered dreams  
We are the flesh and the blood of a lost generation.

The deceased and forgotten,  
The voiceless and consumed.  
We're buried and broken,  
And we're rising against you.

So this is life,  
And are we so worthless?  
We've clawed our way back,  
They can't destroy this,  
'cause we've got nothing left to lose.  
These hate fuelled hearts keep burning,  
We push against the grain,  
And we won't turn back.

Armed to the teeth,  
Born from the shadows,  
Burning for revenge.

Revenge.

We're burning for revenge