

One by One

Against Me!

I feel the ground moving under my feet,
all I know is where I don't belong.
I'm not interested in sticking around
just for the sake of a good time.
Houses rotting from the the inside out
and everybody's pissed out of their fucking minds.
Are you seriously talking to me about community?

One by one, shoot off my fingers one by one.
Where do we go from here? Where do we go from here?
When the rebels lose the spirit of rebellion.

You've got nowhere left to go.
But I know I'm not alone.

We are defined by what we stand
against and the weight of unfulfilled expectations.
This culture that threatens to engulf you,
is this anyway to go about fighting it?
I don't want to be born again,
I don't need anybody to speak for me.
I'm not interested in humoring illusions
or apologizing for the sake of sentiment.

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But I know I'm not alone.