No contemplation, no need, no cause
It's our distinction, it's in our flaws
Not in presentation, it's in our hearts
We don't fit in, we're unwanted parts
It's called recognition
Living or dying

We'll sing it, we'll sing it all We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls

Dissemination, roll call, hands shown We'll gain momentum, our numbers grown Without resignation, we choose our own This is our path, no grave, no home It's called recognition Living or dying

We'll sing it, we'll sing it all We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls

Wreck your life, some good friends once told me Each breath, each minute

We try our best to live this way

Yeah, we don't reap, we don't sow, yeah

We're writing bangers for the death bros

We'll sing it, we'll sing it all

We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls

We'll sing it, we'll sing it all

We'll sing the anthem for the death bros

I'll make this statement here

These are my undead brothers

These are my dearest friends

We don't need your palace to weather this storm

We just fuel this fire so we can all stay warm

We'll sing it, we'll sing it all We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls We'll sing it, we'll sing it all We'll sing the anthem for the death bros