

Rookie

Cursive

You found a fight to join
You got a new crusade
You found a reason to get out
Of every bed you made
Stiffen that lip
Suck in your gut, stand up straight
You're staring death in the eye

You never knew yourself
The way it felt
That fire inside
You are a god of war
Still, you're unsure
Whatcha gonna die for
Some cause you sorta like?
I bet that shit's to die for
But why you gotta die?
Whatcha gotta die for

They got you mad as hell
They got you tasting blood
They got you eating from their hands
Until you're throwing up
Waggle that flag
Get it tattooed on your neck
Your oafish obedience

You got your people now
You're acting proud
Peacocking around
You spread your wings and soar
Into the storm
Whatcha gonna die for
Some cause you sorta like?
I bet that shit's to die for
But what if it's a lie?
Whatcha gotta die for

Wake up
Wake up
Wake up
Time to die

You never asked for this
But then again
You really kinda did
You never felt the heft of death before
Whatcha gonna die for
Some cause you sorta like?
I bet that shit's to die for
But why you gotta die?
Whatcha gotta die for