

Better Ways To Die

Death Before Dishonor

You're hearing two sides of the same old bullshit story in your head
Your words are poison empty promises that make the streets run red
From the TV... To the books...
All you'll ever get from me is cold words and empty stares
You signed my family up now they're all off to die for Uncle Sam
The profit margins growing quicker - blood stained money in your hands
I am the animal... killing machine... but don't hold your breath...
Cause all you'll get from me is cold words
Cold words and empty stares
Your wallet's swollen but your soul is so bare - but hard men
Hard men - we come so rare
Won't cast a ballot and I won't buy your fear
Cause I'm a free fucking man... all grudges aside
I got better things to fight for... and better ways to die
You think we've come so fucking far because the packaging is fresh
But it's the same they're all the same until their final dying breath
I'm no sucker...
I can see
The bullshit piles higher than the bodies of our neighbor's families
Hard times they never end
It's still around we gotta sing it again the hard days
Hard days they come like the rain
They'll flood the streets until we all feel the pain
But I'm a free fucking man with truth on my side
I got better things to fight for... and better ways to die
I can see it up ahead
There's another brother dead
How many families have to cry
Before your wallet's up to size