

Under the Gun

Fallstar

If F-18's are doves
And M-16's are love
Then peace is not at all what I thought it would be

Yeah, come on

I'm tired of hearing 'bout another bomb
Another drone ripping a family apart
I'm sick of safety at expense of the weak
I hate democracy speech by oligarchy regimes
I'm pissed that money is the ruler of man
I'm pissed we're separate and so distracted
I'm pissed that no one ever really cares or understands all blood is our blood

Hate, hate, but we're calling it love
Love, love, but it looks like war
They say don't think, you just need to believe
May my voice be the bomb at the belly of the beast

But my heart is aching
And my mind is racing
You know we're under the gun
Is it too late to love, too late to wake up

Can't take from me
My agency means everything to me
Cannot take my will (come on come on)

I'm sick of funding other people's greed
Our taxes paying for their acid rain and barium
I hate our system that hates the poor and the laws that protect oppressors I deplore

I'm hella sick of being told I'm watched
They hear and record my calls
I'm so pissed with how we've treated our home
I want my children to be born into a beautiful world

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We're fit to be sold, do what we're told
Work to the bone until we grow old
We're taught to become bitter and cold
Put your head down while they eat your soul

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