

## Guilty By Association

Foreign Hands

It's always how it's been  
Since the first breath  
The flower that blooms damnation  
Makes the world unfurl its pain  
Separate the roots  
Rip out the very core  
Only to find that we're not different from you

Something must change for the sake of our future  
And everyone we pass it down to  
So we'll see  
Who survives the forge of flames  
So we will see  
Who will make it out alive

Doused in gas  
And strike the match  
Burning and searing  
Guilty by association  
Up in smoke the harder I choke