

Paper Bullets and Walls

Frente!

Show me anyone
The patient is gone
It hasn't been breathing
Since it learnt right from wrong
Any innocent, got discontent

This is why children sing lament
Are you dying yet?
Do you remember to forget?
Like I do, like I do
You got what you spent

One hundred percent of nothing's nothing
Make my life unsafe for living
Your diamonds are dirt
I'd much rather hurt than have all your addictions
If you want forever, we'll fuck you baby

Is it paper or bullets in the walls
When it could be possible, beautiful, wonderful
Every little wing
Flaps for something
But no one knows one

I got governments, I got continents
This is important baby, come on, get up
Aha, aha, aha, aha, aha, aha