

Nuestra Culpa

Hellions

Sojourner, sojourn on
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'Cause we are leaves in the breeze devoid of purpose, at ease
And we vilify for validity with vicious vignettes, so ugly

I am just as guilty and I have been wrong
So you can call me a hypocrite, slander our songs
But you should be just as ashamed of yourself as I am of me
For accepting mediocrity and bending your knee
Not quite indefatigable and far from unimpeachable
I am, not. I'm not
As an artist, a musician, a man
I'd much prefer to be hated than pitied
To fall flat on my face trying to innovate
Than to meet an industry-imposed standard and rest on it
I'll take a propensity for verbosity
Over pontifical duplicity - and primarily
That's what we have now
That's what we have now
So is this who I am?
So is this who you are?
So is this who we are?
I think we're better than this