

Not Me

Highly Suspect

So one more dead, bloodshed
Bullets flying overhead
But I find, instead of their own kind
That they'll use the less dead
To deploy like toy soldier
And destroy the man
Taking with them the lives of
Every single woman, child, or man
There's some disguise I
For the eyes of the unwise that don't realize
That they're being hypnotized
And brutalized
For somebody else's pride

But it's not me
Oh, it's not me
Oh, you can't stop me
Yeah
No, it's not me

And I wonder sometimes
When it will all be gone
200 years of blood
Sweat, and tears
Really ain't that long
Especially, when we
Dig a big enough grave
To fit the the land of the free
And the home of slaves
We're burning bridges
With poor decisions
And no hint of shame
Don't point your fingers
Get rid of your weapons
And get rid of that blame

But it's not me
Oh, it's not me
Oh, you can't stop me
Yeah
No, it's not me

Well if you're blind to the truth
Of a broken promise
Well then you have critically missed
Our forefathers' wish
So I will ask you this
Who's the real terrorist?

But it's not me
Oh, it's not me
Oh, you can't stop me
Yeah
No, it's not me

What are we fighting for
What are we fighting for

What are you fighting for