

# Revolutions Executions

## Hit the Lights

I think I figured it out  
See I can't stay singing all the same things  
It means more than that to me  
It's not a revolution, it's an execution  
And it's common courtesy  
I won't fade out, rather burn it down  
Take risks, talk's cheap and you're broke as hell  
Guess it's up to my lungs, yeah  
Guess it's up to my tongue to spit it out  
Come on (in these times you wanna)

Step back, relax, just breathe, don't react  
The worst thing you could ever do is let them get the best of you  
Step back, relax, just breathe and don't hold back  
Find what matters most to you, stay the course and fight  
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And I won't wait  
Staying in the same place when I know where I should be  
Part of a solution, this is retribution for the shit you fed to me  
Cause I found myself and I lived to tell  
Rise up, move on and you give 'em hell  
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I think it's time we find a way of curing this disorder  
You're a disease and I've got the answer (Transplant a spine)  
Incise, all before I put you under  
Patch up your knees and dig out the cancer

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