

Crooked youth 2012  
Crooked youth, check your health  
Crooked youth, nothing to lose  
This is crooked youth

We're a voice for the voiceless, a heart for the weak  
Opinions through violence, this mould doesn't fit  
Go home, they scream in the street  
But home is where the heart is, the question is  
Where's your head and does it match your heart?

When all else is fading, when all else is fading away

Go home, they scream in the streets  
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I heard a story about a man  
Who parted with his soul, the world to gain  
Freedom, is what we aim to provide  
At the edge of a knife, doesn't mean you're alive

Part with your soul, forgive me for losing it

They'll rally round the family with a pocket full of  
shells  
And finish the night aimed at hitler himself

We're all prisoners of society, lets revolt

Tear up the mansions, break down the walls  
Tear up the pages on societies rules