

# Revolution/Revolución

III Niño

We are given this knife  
now we're taking their life  
The pact is made;  
We sold our souls for nothing more  
The strands of life were once frayed  
And now we're sacred and afraid  
Living out the dreams that seem to be delayed

Que so mos libre pero un cancer  
You say that you have found the answer  
The future's not for me in your society  
The light you see is never what it seems to be

Confusion, illusion  
The nation that you took from me  
Is one in which I won't burn  
Because you won't learn that this is my  
Turn to return

You can't sell us what you steal  
We won't buy what isn't real  
Our lives aren't secure;  
Our hearts won't endure  
Fuck you and your;Â

Y mi futuro es Negro, que yo soy un peligro  
The vision that is sold  
Just never seems to grow  
The life that you cannot mold  
Tu dices que es tu dolo  
The fact is played, the story's old,  
I'm fucking cold  
To be like you and have your actions  
To buy into the new perceptions  
Of how my life should be, the vision I  
Should see  
The future and the light is not what seems  
To be

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Our hearts won't endure  
Fuck you and your..

Fuck you and all your ways

Revolucion !  
Revolution !