

The Dead

Lostprophets

I pulled the pin on our hate grenade today
A thousand heartbeats will be silenced this way
Well no one listens to words I say
No one cares about anything
The revolution's dying fast
Now set the tone upon this mass

Don't say what you want
You're still a thorn in my side
You can take it away
I won't give up inside
You can put us on trial
And sentence us all to death

You'll fuckin' hear us sing

This! Is!
The one we're fighting for
This! Is!
The one we're living!
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
Oh can you hear them screaming?
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
The dead! The dead!

So tell me, officer
How does it feel
When these four horsemen cause so much -
Catastrophe!
When everything around me falls
The battled man comes through these halls
The punishment by my revenge
With gasoline!

So say what you want
You're still thorn in my side
You can take it away
I won't give up inside
You can put us on trial
And sentence us all to death

You fucking hypocrite!

This! Is!
The one we're fighting for
This! Is!
The one we're living!
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
Oh can you hear them screaming?
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
The dead! The dead!

You're so proud and tall but falling down..
It's so strong your world is falling down...
Ah-ha-hahaaaa Haa-haaooow
This one is, this one is, this one is, yeah...

This! Is!
The one we're fighting for
This! Is!
The one we're living!
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
Oh can you hear them screaming?
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
Oh can you hear them screaming?
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
Oh can you hear them screaming?
Whoah-whoa-oh-whoah-oh!
Oh can you hear them?

This! Is!
Not what we're fighting for