

You won't pass on your bitter blood
I'll spend my every breath to undo the damage done
Your mistake will be just your mistake
Nothing more
You won't tie us to your dead and sinking
We don't relive the bigotry
We won't relive the lies
We won't relive a dead standard of old times
The proof is in the actions of the past
Who is the (real) enemy is the question that should be asked
But it's impossible to change the past
We're out for blood
For every ill-fated lie
Morality's suicide
Put a gun to your head
You're better off dead
Better off dead
You won't pass your bitter blood
I'll spend my every breath to undo the damage done
Your mistake will be just your mistake
Nothing more
You won't tie us to your dead and sinking
We don't relive the bigotry
We won't relive the lies
We won't relive a dead standard of old times
The proof is in the actions of the past
Who is the (real) enemy is the question that should be asked
But it's impossible to change the past
Let it be left in the past
You aren't even a memory
You aren't even a memory