Hey suicide soldier. With the weight of the world on your shoul ders.

Has everything left you tired? Feeling drained and uninspired? Well, you're just a freak. Like the rest of us.

Just a lonely freak. Falling out of touch.

When everything feels like it's just too much.

Sing along to a disposable song. Now you're one of us.

Hey suicide soldier I've got enough matches to burn down Rome.

It'll give you something to live for. Something to die for.

Something other than being alone. This is the sound of the voic e pollution.

This is the burning bra revolution. You are the discarded natio ${\bf n}$.

Burning down every radio station. When you need an anthem to feel. Sing it loud sing it proud. Go fight kill.