

Something In The Water

Stray from the Path

Round and round and round it goes
Negative repetitive, that's how it is
Over and over and over and over again
Negative repetitive, that's how it ends

Our fathers fathers
Lived through the horrors
Old bones grave robbers
The spear in the ribcage is now the bullet in the chest
The dead, they don't rest

There must be something in the water

The crusade is televised
The genocide is going live
It all goes black quicker than a flash flood
They're always Hungry for blood

Round and round and round it goes
Negative repetitive, that's how it is
Over and over and over and over again
Negative repetitive, that's how it ends

Our fathers fathers
Hand me downs
The clip for the rounds
Just squeeze, don't choke
The future weeps in the shadow of the gun smoke

There must be something in the water

Over and over and over and over again
Violent men meet violent ends

It's the same shit I heard back in 96
You can't teach an old dog new tricks
Decades later I've seen the worlds true view
Fox News is gonna flex and cast their image in you
Share holders gonna flex and try to annex the truth
Apple bought the fantasy, the piles of eyes
On the line, new thrill ride, trials and lies
And while we sit there and eat up the words from their mouths
They force our ears to go deaf to the screams in the south

They're always hungry for blood
Red rivers run to the roots of the family trees
An heirloom for the centuries
The rotten fruit

The withered leaves
The path to death is destiny

Must be something in the water

Over and over and over again
Violent men meet violent ends