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Some of us are born
And then some of us are born again
Some of us are scared to death
And some just don't believe in it
Something's always wrong
There's a line
An idea i cant get behind
No one knows whats right
Some try
Some just try to find a king
They say
Who will save us now
It's our life
But we dont want to live it
We want to be told how
By something or someone
Who's better than us
Who we know we can trust
Who will always protect us
Keep us scared to death
So we never ask questions
We'll dictate the consequences of our actions
And give us peace of mind about our miserable lives
Find it content all we want is a place we can hide
We can hide
Someone always fought
You can rest assured
It's the young and the poor who fought all out wars
Led to death by men who they chose
And hoped would protect them
Who will save us now
It's our life but we don't want to live it
And all you'll get is down
Cause the people you elect to protect your best interests will just
....?....
Protect themselves
....?....
So we're left
Reality is relative
And that's all the advice i'll give
Life and death are hard
They're such strange and complicated issues
So listen listen well
For insight
And no one knows what's right for you
Who will save us now
It's a wrong
And irrelevant question
We figure it out
With the people who love us
Who call us our brothers
Through lessons we've learned
From our fathers and mothers
Now looking for someone to find our solutions
To battle our battles
....?....
Listeng pisniky learning till we know what's right for our lives our lives
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