

The Kids Are Ready To Die

The Airborne Toxic Event

All these inanimate places feel like they're changing.
And the kids all lined up on the wall look like they're ready to die.
These forms they're sending me, it's like they just rearrange them.
We were caged up like animals questioned and ready to cry!

'Cause I was just 13 when I got my first taste of danger.
Standing by the church, I had a bottle and a pen in my hand.
Oh I said, "Father, I'm sorry. I just don't know what to do with this anger.
And this behavior is correctable. I know this wasn't part of your plan."

Oh but punks like us, we were always receiving instruction.
And you could burn our clothes, you could wash out the ink and the dye.
But you can't look me in the eye and say you don't feel like a little destruction.
And the kids are lined up on the wall and they're ready to die.

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All these days just seem like they're getting longer.
The view from my room is a gloomy and overcast grey.
The weakness we left behind seems to be getting stronger.
I swear there's something in the air, and I don't know what any one could say.

'Cause I saw it in the news this morning, there was another Boy by the side of the road, he had a gun in his hand.
And I thought "Well what could you say to make it ever make sense to his mother?
'Oh ma'am, he was excitable, we were just trying to make him a man.'"

But the day will come when it falls like a cheap house of plastic.
And the cards that were dealt, will be tossed like a storm in the sky.

'Cause you can only lie for so long before you get something drastic.
And the kids are lined up on the wall and they're ready to die.

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