

## Die Young

# "Anthem Of The Prodigal Son"

Visit "[Anthem Of The Prodigal Son](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Raised too high too soon in the game  
sowed all my seeds still waiting for rain  
life has come to mean writhing in pain  
but I don't regret a fucking thing...

what a petty waste of time--your politics, your dollar  
signs  
take me back to distant shores or vacant rooftops  
under the stars  
where is the romance in your sterile world of suits and  
ties?  
if poverty of wealth means richness in soul  
then I have been made whole

when we die  
we are immortalized not in clouds  
but in words we dared to scream aloud  
(I scream aloud)

this rebellion is not a phase  
I'll hate you all for the rest of my days

red-brick walls of false security  
the facades of your broken dreams  
the hand that feeds won't let you breathe  
yet you run back to your cage

when we die  
we are immortalized not in clouds  
but in the words we dared to scream aloud  
(I scream aloud)

as you bow down to your gods...  
I renounce the world you love

Visit [Die Young](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.