

Foundation

"No One Writes Protest Songs Anymore"

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Don't ask me why. The reasons couldn't be any more
apparent from the
Children born into addictions from the conscience their
mothers lacked.
Kidnapped from their minds by a substance made to
corrupt and destroy,
Leaving any will they once had splintered shards on the
floor.

And I'm the one who's crazy? Something here has got
to give.
I'm the one who's crazy? When will this insanity end?

How many more reasons do you need as a person
makes violence their only
Means,
Gunning down for the money to silence the hunger in
their veins.

And I'm the one who's crazy? Something here has to
give.
I'm the one who's crazy? When will this insanity end?

It's all too clear as another person sells themselves to
feed the monster
That keeps them on their knees.

And you think I'm the one who's crazy?

Don't ask me why. Just take a long fucking look around.
See the sickness born from this, their human qualities
have now been
Stripped, and your future thrown away.

And your future thrown away. Threw it all away.

I'd rather be crazy if this is what you call sane.

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