

Frente

"Paper, Bullets, Walls"

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Show me anyone
The patient is gone
It hasn't been breathing since it learnt right from wrong
Any innocent
Got discontent
This is why children sing lament
Are you dying yet?
Do you remember to forget?
Like I do, like I do
You got what you spent
One hundred percent of nothing's nothing
Make my life unsafe for living
Your diamonds are dirt
I'd much rather hurt than have all your addictions
If you want forever we'll f**k you baby
Is it paper or bullets in the walls
When it could be possible, beautiful, wonderful
Every little wing
Flaps for something
But no one knows one
I got governments! I got continents!
This is important baby, come on, get up
Aha!
Aha!
Aha!
Aha!
Aha!
Aha!

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