

Gramm Lou

"Fuse"

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Take a look around you, can't you feel the disease
Some want to save their soul, some save the trees
The whole world is going down
Like a bottle rocket flies to it's death and
I can't help but think that I might barely make it to my
last breath

Going, going, going down
Can't you won't you hear the sound
Going, going, going

How long can someplace last that's dominated by
F-15s, M-16s grenades and 45s?
People hate and can't relate to ourselves
The smell of hell is growing well
Escape from what I deserve is something I would never
sell

Does anybody else see this as irony?
We strive to live for peace
And we nailed Him to our tree

People wonder where it's safe
While bombers want to show their hate
Wives and husbands want new mates
Rock stars strive to seal their fate
Peace is crumbling, wars still breaking
Families disintegrate
Children die, convenience sake
Nation disassociates
Nation disassociates, nation disassociates
Nation disassociates, nation disassociates

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