

Kill The Young "Kill Your Young"

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This fledgling is ready to fly
Once again
They need some stories to tell
When they're dead
They think they're misunderstood
I'm afraid
Please patronise for the good

They think we're misunderstood
And we are
Please patronise for the good

We're not the same
I can't complain

You've lost the will to live again
We're not the same
I can't complain
You've lost the will to live again

So to spare the knowledge
That we've got
You've got to kill your young
And to rest in peace from everything you've got
You've got to kill your young

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