

Program The Dead "Point The Finger"

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I never said I was a prophet
I never said I could stop it
I wasn't sent here
to steal the fear from your heart

God knows I didn't fall from heaven
He wouldn't know me
He wouldn't recognize my face

Drop your things and start to run with me
So far away from this explosion

They say there is a difference
In this battle between villains
Killing the youth
Fight the unborn
To save the unwilling
What a thoughtless cause
No pain could make peace
Do believe me when I say
I don't believe
I don't believe

I've got this feeling
that it's all coming down soon
Along with the ceiling
I'm bouncing off the walls

I'm in this one room apartment
Tearing my eyes out
No motivation at all
Nothing to start with
I don't believe

Drop your things and start to run with me
So far away from this explosion
Drop your things and run away with me
Making fine out of finally

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