

Against Me! **"Haste Killed Creativity"**

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The days blow by in agile moments of clarity and blind despair. With rage so thick it's bittersweet to see a smile come through here and there. You put your faith in living, but youthful idealism is no longer welcome here. I'm not dead yet. Hopes not dead yet. A hero's march down scorn filled halls defeats the charity of last years hell. Your vain eyes show no respect, just loss of recognition broken spirit burnt out will. Sing a song of cynicism a foul smell of shit decay and degradation in the midst of celebration. I'm not dead yet. Hopes not dead yet.

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