Against Me!
"Once Pure"

I opened my eyes to find my world enslaved, my brothers and sisters rendered mindless, with no desire to free themselves of their own chains. A potentially beautiful existence had been rendered meaningless. Set on a course to worldwide annihilation. But first the destruction and abandonment of everything sacred. Anything with any real meaning, any real chance of evolution. Yet they say I'm the one who's blind, cursed with this fucking insanity. When all this time we could have been free, in the name of Anarchy.

Once pure, once clean, once natural, the water was once strong and free. Once pure, once beautiful, once healthy, the air once breathed life. The land that sustains our existence has been locked in shackles and chains. Then raped by the flags and the tyrants. Poisoned by the power trips of the insane. So you look around, and you pick your plot and you dig your own fucking grave. Or you take your stand and you wage your war, in the name of Anarchy. A simple objection is not enough, prove your disgust. When all this time we could have been free, in the name of Anarchy.