

## Sick Of Change

### "America"

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Loyalty, I gave my loyalty  
I gave my heart and my soul.  
My heart and soul and all I could give  
For a reason to live.  
Fidelity, always fidelity  
Putting everything I was aside  
And I tried to be the best in their eyes.  
How could they do this  
How could they do this  
How could they do this to me?  
Suffering, the pain and suffering.  
Being separate again, separate again  
From what I hold dear.  
And the shame of the tears  
Disappeared, the honors disappeared.  
With the betrayal of trust my body and being.  
They washed their hands of me  
Once and for all.  
How could they do this  
How could they do this  
How could they do this to me?  
This statistic wont lay down  
Take a number or stand in line  
This statistic wants to hear  
That they're guilty about their crimes.  
This statistic wont lay down  
Take a number or stand in line  
This statistic wants to hear  
That they're guilty about their crimes.  
America

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