

Airborne Toxic Event

"The Kids Are Ready To Die"

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All these inanimate places feel like they're changing.
The kids all lined up on the wall like they're ready to die.
These arms are sending, (?) it's like they just rearrange them.
We were caged up like animals and questioned and ready to cry!

'Cause I was just 13 when I got my first taste of danger.
I was standing by the church, I had a bottle and a pen in my hand.
Oh I said "father, I'm sorry, I just don't know what to do with this anger.
This behavior is collectible, I know this wasn't part of your plan."

But little fucks like us, we were always receiving instruction.
You could burn off clothes, you could wash out the ink and the dye
But you can't look me in the eye and say you don't feel like a little destruction.
And the kids are lined up on the wall and they're ready to die.
And the kids are lined up on the wall and they're ready to die.

All these days just seem like they're getting longer.

The view from our room is a gloomy and overcast grey.
The weakness we left behind seems to be getting stronger.
I swear there's something in the air, and I don't know what anyone could say.

'Cause I saw the news this morning, there was another Boy by the side of the road, he had a gun in his hand.
I thought "What could you say to make it ever make sense to his mother?
'Oh ma'am, he was excitable, we were just trying to make him a man.'"

But the day will come when it falls like a cheap house of
plastic.
And the cards we were dealt, tossed like a storm in the
sky.
'Cause you can only lie for so long before you get
something drastic
And the kids are lined up on the wall and they're ready
to die.
And the kids are lined up on the wall and they're ready
to die.

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