

Morning Again

"Our Job Is Ta Die"

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Our job
It's ta die
To die young
And to try
To oppose
To interject
New ideas
To infect

To replenish
To keep in check
To finish what we wreck
While you live on
Tired & old
We auto destruct
Overdose

I'm against everything you're for
Money is the alchemy of war
And death is the object of tha poor

Our job is ta die
That's why i'm gonna get so fuckin' high
I can't breathe
Anarchy - we are here for just one reason
To stop you and feel
Serotonin flood

Are you fit to lead a country
Are you fit to lead yourself
Are you fit to judge criminals
With your crime begotten wealth?

Wake up
It's fuckin' life
At your door
With a knife

To keep the evil
In tha fight
To be tha wrong

That fucks the right

I'm against everything you're for
Comfort is the alchemy for sure
Allegiance to money & to war

All gods get below
We have no future to show
Bow before the wealthy poor
Rich with the hollow knowledge
Of the absence of more

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