

Fire On Dawson "End Of May"

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Their screams echo through the night
all this blood is it just a waste
is it freedom, greed a sign of man
or a way to pay off their hate

Their young are put on the line
by men who don't even care
they don't even know the end
to their graves their seeds they send

True
Yeah...The End of May

Into your hands my soul I submit
and you know that I will do the right thing
into your hands my soul I submit
and you know that I will do the right thing

Every path is worse than the last one I was on, they say
that a revolution is needed for answers
this contradiction is the burden of blank forms, cuz
whose asking questions when a bullet is your
Destiny...

A boy of eleven stands still
his age is hidden by the gun
his eyes see no pain no fear
as the lines on his hands disappear

Yeah...The End of May

Into your hands my soul I submit
and you know that I will do the right thing
into your hands my soul I submit
how can I make another life sink

The time is coming to erase the platform
no reason for this generation to fight on?
black, white or brown its just a colour that i'm on
what might have been is no more

