

Pennywise

"American Dream"

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things you can't deny you best believe it when
everything you wanted is gone struck down although
you don't like it nothing of value to be found violence
breeds violence you know we'll never stop it for
progress we will protect the game we struck the fuse
you can't refuse it the memory is all that will remain the
political scene coming apart at the seams its the end of
the american dream the temperature is ready to burst
the future is not what it seems for the american dream
time has come you know we can't stop it you know that
the end is drawing near knocked down the sound of it
collapsing so loud no one can hear mindless old
tyrants do you hear the sirens song that will herald
your demise excessive sessions on your
transgressions we're all left sifting through the lies

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