

Mea Culpa

"Massacre High"

Visit "[Massacre High](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Blood on the classroom floor, running down the halls
Quick to dislocate the blame, but that blood stains us
all

It's a horror movie high school and the aliens are us
Dehumanized to the breaking point where it's a
weakness to show trust

I woke up this morning to find that I'd shot up my
school

Well it wasn't really me, but I feel like the accused

Disaffected, maladjusted, murder in their heads
When the culture's predatory, what did you expect?

'Cause when we're taught to act like zombies, expect
our conscience to rot

And when the cutthroat gets the glory, expect some
throats to get cut

This ain't no place for learning nothing, except how to
conform

And when mercy's seen as weakness, well that's what
they're gonna learn

And that school wasn't really mine, but it was
somewhere I could see

It was the pinnacles of power and the boardrooms and
the bedrooms

And the streets and every corner of this broken land-
of-plenty machine

Disaffected, maladjusted, it ain't over yet
Emptiness is elevated, what did you expect?

Another highschool massacre on your TV screen
But when you see that monster baby, know you're
looking at me

It's a brutal generation, preying on the weak
But tell me, what did you expect? That's what you
taught them to be.

But I learned to fight with words instead of bullets or
with blows

And I learned that "geek" just means that there are

things I want to know
'Til you judge us by our character, not cash and cars
and clothes
What we reap is what we sew

No one seems to listen until someone ends up dead
When you take away all outlets, what did you expect?

We're just being true to our school.

Visit [Mea Culpa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.