

Effort

"Mass Production Of Minds"

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Tear filled hands over everything that's gone,
When an unclear mind does not belong
With the greedy eyes of the full and wealthy,
You see nothing helps me strive it keeps me healthy,
But wealthy is your mind in the zombie state,
Because you can't find compassion through hate
And you can't find any answers without asking
questions,
So just feel free to ask and take notes,
Straight edge to you, isn't what it means to me,
Because we've been mixing in accepted self pity,
I am not better than anyone else,
I still feel pain just like we all have felt
(Don't let our morals rot) xed up fists are striking blood
shot eyes,
And now neither one is better the intentions are
compromised
I am not better than anyone else,
I still feel pain, just like all have felt,
We'll use our strength to make a difference,
We're using our hearts to make others see this

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