

Strike Anywhere "Summerpunks"

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The driver shouted out,

"Time to turn this around,

Wipe the dust and spit from his face."

Out loud

Sang starvation and blight

Gone from the light and

We're so tired of running

We can move

The finish line

We can move

But we won't be left behind

Doubling over

Buckling under

Left behind

We waste the daylight

Burn in the night to find

The words of violence

And history's silence

To answer the question

Is this human kind?

Sing!

Is all our innocence
Driven underground?
Are these electronic gallows
For the urgent sound
With our tendons cut h
Ow do we run for sport
But we're so tired of running
We can lose
In the sun
We can lose
But all we have to win is one
Doubling over
Buckling under
Win is one
We waste the daylight
Burn in the night to find
Win is one
Words of violence
And history's silence
Win as one
Won't answer the question
Is this human kind?

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