

## Strung Out "The Kids"

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Don't pack your bags  
don't bring your things  
just leave them all behind  
Don't you worry about a letter  
left for someone else to find  
No explanation needed  
to define what we have done  
We've mapped our course  
we've set our sights  
crossed hairs on everyone

Today it's you and me  
and we're blowin up the world  
We'll climb it's highest peak  
and watch it fall apart  
We are the end result  
we've forged our destiny  
to rebuild it all again

Spray paint begins to dry  
the message soon becomes  
So obvious that this  
walking adolescent death trips tired of doin time  
They are the reversal  
they are silent  
they are one  
They are everything you made them  
assassination of the young

Today it's you and me  
and we're blowin up the world  
They'll write about us all  
if they get out alive  
We are the end result  
we've forged our destiny  
to rebuild it all again

You medicate into submission  
A sleeping monster needs no attention  
You bring me up to bring me down  
You knew one day I'd come around  
This wasteland be our playground

be our temple  
be our salvation

We'll fill the seas with gasoline  
and shoot the sun right out the sky  
The spark of our imagination  
will keep all hope from running dry  
They'll write about us all  
if anyone gets out alive  
to build it all again

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