

The Elected

"Response To Greed, A"

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At first it seems like a bad dream and you can't claw
your way out.
And the plea that you make so you could escape
isn't answered but you'll figure it out.
And all of the nightmares you based your life all
around are now coming true.
And it's love or it's need, your response to greed.
Find a reason, count yourself out.
And in bed where you lay or you'll drink it away.
Anyways, to just draw this thing out.
And that's just the trouble with long term goals and
dreams.
They're always being revised.
But my sister still cuts her arms and my brother's still at
the garage.
And we've given all that we can mom and it's either
sink or swim.
And it's high time everyone else stopped paddling for
them.
And it's a song, a song for the tired ones,
a song for the sick ones, a song for you.
And it's a song, a song for the scared ones,
the scared of this lifeones, just like me and you.
And if the call, the call to the fight, comes.
Just call and I might run, right back to you.
'Cause I remember, yeah and I measure. I measure
them all.
All against you.
That's right all against you.

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