

The Hurt Process

"Traditions"

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Years spent on
Droning hymns
At Sunday school
(Our Father, son and holy ghost)
Prostrate on
Orders culled
From ancient rule
(Don't tell them where old hands may go)

Just sit down
And shut up and don't think
'til we turn you on
Just sit down
And shut up and don't speak
Cause there's nothing wrong

Honor codes
Carved in stone
With blood and bone
(Lost on their Fields of friendly strife)
It's not enough
To say you
Just don't know
(How dare you come through it alive)

Now raise a
Picket fence
And settle down
(It's time you found yourself a life)
You're much too
Old to sit and
Play the clown
(You have no right to feel alive)

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