

Dead All Day

Acrophet

Turn your head and look away, people dying everyday
Your decision breeding life, the seed of endless poverty

Nothing done nothing said, struggle for the future trends
Take from our working race, locked up in our golden shell

Money spent blizzards blown, behind your false convictions
Blaming us with your weeping tears, fooling some with gripping fears

Reason for living is other people giving
To force you in your dying directions

Fight for self-respect existing off of other people's fortunes
The helpless, the ones who need walked upon by man's misguided aid

Broken the respect for life expecting to get some for none
Sympathy, the waste of so much time

Deserving people deserve what is right
But who decides what's wrong from right
Not you nor me, is that the way you think it ought to be
Don't be a fool !