I'm on my way I got time to remember what is right Always walk into this world With my head up high Yeah, I got time To destroy your way of life To step up with all my friends And scream my anthem straight to your fuckin face You should begin to think And you may realize That this is not a test That this is your real life So turn off the TV and go out in the street Maybe it's not too late to tell 'em what you need And if you call it life, I am dead It's the same old story So what you do, liar? I don't think I need you So get out of my way now You should begin to think And you may realize That this is not a test There is no second life So turn off the TV and go out in the street Maybe it's not too late to tell 'em what you need Let them go Marching Fighting Dying Let them go.