

Hate TKO

Microwave

Fix what's broken
If it isn't broke, then break it
The last of our scene
Are circled with pitchforks

Yelling, "Bleach out all the colors
Paint it black and grey
Kill off all your heroes
Destroy whatever makes you feel unsafe"

So write off all of your old friends
Tolerance is a well-swept path to hell
Build a shrine to your resentment
Tell me again what a rough hand you've been dealt

Recirculating the worry
Holding onto your pain
It doesn't really get better
That's just something they say

So, bleach out all the colors
Paint it black and grey
Kill off all your heroes
Destroy whatever makes you feel unsafe