

You call them soldiers, I call them friends,  
From different countries I've never met.  
You call them heroes after they die,  
After you pay them, and steal their lives.

You call it high school, but all I learned  
Is that there's something wrong with the earth,  
And all your politics are just a dirty trick to keep us feeling  
sick, and keep us arguing.

Your bullets and your stones can pierce right through my bones,  
But this heart remains my own, and I will always have control!

And when our friends begin to die, the only truth they leave be  
hind  
Is that the devil holds their throats.  
And only heaven holds your soul, so don't let go.

Our generation needs education  
About creation, not separation.  
We are the nation, on medication,  
Our population built on hesitation.

See back in high school I never was cool,  
Until I chose to just do what I do.  
I skipped my classes, put on my glasses,  
And wrote my love songs, so I could find some sunshine in the r  
ain;  
A way to stop my pain, and now I understand  
That my pain was in their plan!

When our friends begin to die, the only truth they leave behind  
Is that the devil holds their throat.  
And only heaven holds your soul, so don't let go.

See when all is said and done,  
We will burn into the sun,  
The moon will shine upon  
The distant earth that it once loved.  
The stars will sing a song,  
For all the humans who got lost inside themselves...

And left the whole wide world to burn in hell.