

Sick

Youth Brigade

I'm sick of all the fighting, sick of all the hate
Sick of all this fear and loathing, no one communicates.
Sick of listening to the crap called the American dream.
Promises of bluer skies, only fools would believe these
lies.
Each night another poll, reactions to the death toll
"Leaders" speak of potential's peak, where are we growing
to?

What if you woke up one day,
and had the chance to make it all go away.
Burn all the money, close down the schools,
take back the power, throw out the rules?

I'm sick of this society promotes a world of apathy,
Sick of feeling there's no choice no opportunity.
Sick to death from this sense of worthlessness and waste.
Sick of this security when hate kills every day.

I'M SICK, SICK, SICK, SICK, SICK, OF BEING SICK.