

Cancer Bats, Death Bros

No contemplation, no need, no cause
It's our distinction, it's in our flaws
Not in presentation, it's in our hearts
We don't fit in, we're unwanted parts
It's called recognition
Living or dying
We'll sing it, we'll sing it all
We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls
Dissemination, roll call, hands shown
We'll gain momentum, our numbers grown
Without resignation, we choose our own
This is our path, no grave, no home
It's called recognition
Living or dying
We'll sing it, we'll sing it all
We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls
Wreck your life, some good friends once told me
Each breath, each minute
We try our best to live this way
Yeah, we don't reap, we don't sow, yeah
We're writing bangers for the death bros
We'll sing it, we'll sing it all
We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls
We'll sing it, we'll sing it all
We'll sing the anthem for the death bros
I'll make this statement here
These are my undead brothers
These are my dearest friends
We don't need your palace to weather this storm
We just fuel this fire so we can all stay warm
We'll sing it, we'll sing it all
We'll sing the anthem for the lost souls
We'll sing it, we'll sing it all