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