

Dillinger Four, Music Is None Of My Business

We are the force to bring another day
We are the order in the disarray
We are forgiveness and we are love
We are the sword and we are the dove
And if this thing stops breathing
And if this thing blew up today
We did it our way
The chain reaction is the only truth
We push and pull but always stay in place
We set our course, now we're just passing through
We bred the worst and so the worst comes true
And if this thing stopped turning
We wouldn't notice anyway
We'll fan it while it's burning
Then look for something else to blame
We'll take what's left and we'll sell it
As little souvenirs, of what before was here
You know once we've done it we'll do it again
It all starts over, suspicion and an eye for an eye
We notice difference and vanity starts setting in
Then arrogance, and we're all too pretty to die