

Write a letter to myself of white flags and surrender, I dig my
trenches six feet deep, But where are you now? While we still
stand proud, And you're still tripping on your feet. So you bet
ter run for cover, Boy, The revolution just pulled your f**king
number, I've been a vindictive man, I've been a man of power,
But looking at you is just like pulling teeth, I said looking at
t you is just like pulling teeth. So here's to our past, From t
he bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Th
en smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass
, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. I've seen
a million faces, But I can't seem to forget the ones that burn
me, But where are you now? While we still stand proud, And you'
re still tripping on your feet. So here's to our past, From the
bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then
smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass,
That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. Who starts t
he riot?? Then hides behind it?? You sing the songs, But you kn
ow we didn't buy it, When we heard it on the streets, And we he
ld it in our hearts, You made us what we hated, And you tore us
all apart!! Who steps aside?? You can't deny, You sing the son
gs, But you know we didn't buy it, When we heard it on the stre
ets, And we held it in our hearts, You made us what we hated, A
nd you tore us all apart!! So here's to our past, From the bott
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