

# Brothers and Sisters

Band of Skulls

I was born and raised  
With a dozen other countries  
You were better raised  
By the morals of your tensions  
You're living just to please  
Dying to offend

But, however, much the time  
We're our brothers and sisters in the end

I remember when  
We were just little children  
Started make it up  
Little sparrows of a soul then  
Keep your enemies closer than your friends

But, however, much the time  
We're our brothers and sisters in the end

What's it doing to me?  
Don't you understand?  
Separated from the pack you ain't never going back

Now we all grew up  
Some a little more than others  
Have your father's sons  
Have the daughters of your mothers  
You think you're so special  
If only to pretend

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