Grenades

Manafest

Handcuffed in hate Wolves at my gate You took the bate Stroking your pain

Your voice of rage It suffocates You point the blame Shun me in vein

I don't wanna be the one To pull your gun Come undone Leave you numb

I don't wanna say I've won Turn and run See you stung Hold my tongue

Hold my tongue

Your grudge is like a grenade That's blowing up in your face How bitter is the taste How bitter is the taste

But you keep throwing these bombs Like it means nothing at all And so I just shake it off I just shake it off

Bankrupt of faith Bound in your cage The time you waste Sealing your fate

The path you take It's not too late Your not a slave Let go of the hate

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I don't wanna say I've won Turn and run See you stung Hold my tongue

Hold my tongue

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Your grudge
Blows up in your face
Your grudge
How bitters the taste
Your grudge
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