

Picking At Bones

Otherwise

Pot calls the kettle black
Like an empty gun rack
Your words versus my pen, my sword
Call a spade a spade
Live and die by my own blade
No more shackles, no more chains

Cleanse myself in the acid rain
Fly my flag no matter what you say
From my cold dead hand, drag my corpse away
To the promised land, to a dark new day

Sometimes you gotta learn the hard way
I'll go my own way
My life's my own
My fate's unknown
Sometimes you gotta learn the hard way
I'll do it my way
Ain't no one ever gonna tell me no
Famine or feast, I'm picking at bones
Picking at bones

In the shadows
Of your darkest days
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane
In the shadows
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Have heart in the eye of the hurricane

Rage is a gift if ya use it right
To lift up the broken, to hear their plight
So what will it take, to die with a smile on your face?
To find happiness across time and space?
To live honestly, to leave a legacy

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