

Rebels and Saints

Strung Out

Down every road through the scars through the cold
We got everything we need to get by
All we break all we plan all it takes to understand
We are brothers hand in hand win or lose

At the edge of a blade we are the lonely ones
Faithful to the words we live painted on city walls

This is for the ones that always got our backs
To better days ahead never looking back
And the songs we sing to get by

All the ones we love below and above
The rebels and the saints
The palace and the slums
Just another chance at a perfect day

Down every road past the past the point of no return
We grow crazy with the weight of the world
Now if the asylums in control then the inmates run the show
I will spend my days tearing down these walls

At the edge of a world
That never wanted us to be
I wanna leave something good behind
When you remember me

Just another chance for you and me
Down every road through the scars through the cold
We got everything we need to withstand

At the edge of a chance of a perfect day just another chance for you and me
At the edge of the world that never wanted us wanna leave something good behind
At the edge of a world that never wanted us
Will you remember me?