

Oh, our faces were down
our faces were down, on the grass for way too long
our legs were fractured, but we're holding on
this is a war and yet i'm sure we ain't gonna leave it
to leave it unhurt

we will fight with guns and roses

to bring this life back to what it used be
to bring our heart back to something wich seems to beat
and we're back to this
too proud to share a single tear

we won't forget all the mistakes we've made
this was nothing but a passing trend
we won't forget all the promises we've made
and all the fucks we've had

you're so done of smiling at our lies
so tired of turning round
we're so done of masking our cries
tired of turning round

we will fight with guns and roses

to make this life worth the price to live it
this is gonna be a fucking bloodshed
Oh, we're tearing up the skin

what are you hoping for ? what are we holding on ?
ask us to forget, and regret that we won't
ask us to forgive, believe that we can't
but who the fuck do you think we are ?

there's no peace, no solace just an endless whis-per
just endless rumors about ourselves
about ourselves.