

Write a letter to myself of white flags and surrender, I dig my  
trenches six feet deep, But where are you now? While we still  
stand proud, And you're still tripping on your feet. So you bet  
ter run for cover, Boy, The revolution just pulled your f\*\*king  
number, I've been a vindictive man, I've been a man of power,  
But looking at you is just like pulling teeth, I said looking at  
t you is just like pulling teeth. So here's to our past, From t  
he bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Th  
en smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass  
, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. I've seen  
a million faces, But I can't seem to forget the ones that burn  
me, But where are you now? While we still stand proud, And you'  
re still tripping on your feet. So here's to our past, From the  
bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then  
smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass,  
That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. Who starts t  
he riot?? Then hides behind it?? You sing the songs, But you kn  
ow we didn't buy it, When we heard it on the streets, And we he  
ld it in our hearts, You made us what we hated, And you tore us  
all apart!! Who steps aside?? You can't deny, You sing the son  
gs, But you know we didn't buy it, When we heard it on the stre  
ets, And we held it in our hearts, You made us what we hated, A  
nd you tore us all apart!! So here's to our past, From the bott  
om of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smas  
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