

I can't decide between what I love
And what's good for me
The beaten path is so calm and safe and warm
Just the thought of familiar streets makes my stomach churn
A house is not always a home

May we never die bored, may we never grow old
May we never die sick, may we always live bold

Sometimes I miss the calm and I miss a home
But I love to rage and I love to roam
And I hate the fucking stench of languid air
Sure a roof and bed and meal is nice
But hell I'm a man who likes to roll the dice
So I think I'll take my chances livin'
Instead of just survivin' even if its a shorter life so

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And I've made up my mind now I'll never stop movin'
To settles to give in to welcome the tomb
And I'd rather thrive in the scars
And burns, bite marks, and bruises
Than wither away in some small white-walled room
'Cause the stable, the stagnant, the sickening still
The death-like serenity's poised for the kill
My mind, soul, and body
How quickly they atrophy introduced back to that bane (plague)
Called complacency

Go!

May we never die bored, may we never grow old
May we never die sick, may we always live!