

## Strike Back

Fiddler's Green

I'm sick of the way it all goes  
Of the way that no one knows about nobody else  
I'm sick, completely fucked in my head  
Completely sucked out, dry, half dead inside, we'll never  
see

We must get this right  
We must stand and fight

Strike back, don't let them get to you  
Strike back, don't let them scream at you  
Strike back and don't get caught up by the masses  
Strike back, before you hit the ground  
Strike back, before you're sick and down  
Strike back

I'm sick of other people's faces  
Of their marks and traces and of all they leave behind  
I'm sick and I'm screaming out loud  
That there must be a way out, cause it can't go on like  
this

You must get this right  
Be the thorn inside