

## No Honour Among Thieves

### Funeral for a Friend

Mark these words and hear their truth  
You mean nothing to me  
Your handshakes to play fake make me want to scream  
The engine runs harder than your lies never could  
Than your lies ever could  
Just to mark these words

What price do we pay for something that we give away?  
To reclaim what we have lost  
Never to be found  
(2x)

Thieves stealing the beating heart of our art  
And trample it into dust  
Like lifelines and hard times  
There are enough to go around  
Break the back of this slavery  
We are nothing but cattles  
Another sale in the marketplace  
There's enough to go around

What price do we pay for something that we give away?  
To reclaim what we have lost  
Never to be found  
(2x)

We disengage  
Nothing left to say (nothing left to say)  
To hold us down (nothing left to say)  
To hold us down (we disengage)

What price do we pay for something that we give away?  
To reclaim what we have lost  
Never to be found  
(2x)