

Head Cold

House vs. Hurricane

So this is not a question of remorse
Who are you to know that there's more to this story
That the inside are often misinformed
This is not a question of remorse
Just one of satisfaction

You know nothing of sleepless nights
Try to sleep with a box on your head
Teased, battered, and broken and cold
You know nothing of sleepless nights

Once a successful man
Now a believing in violence man
Through his youth, an offended man
Played with fire, a risky man

Now nothing matters (I followed my dreams, took my chances)
Not a question of remorse (Just one of satisfaction)

As far as I can see, there's nothing here for me
Nothing that I can be shown (Nothing that I can be shown)
These days I feel like I'm just running out of time
'Cause I can't do this all alone

Let me say one more time
I've never seen anything but guilt in your eyes
Why not ask for help, this is all you need
But then again, who am I to judge someone else
I've been dealing on my own for years

Once a successful man
Now a believing in violence man
Through his youth, an offended man

Play with fire, you will get burnt
My, the tables have turned

As far as I can see, there's nothing here for me
Nothing that I can be shown (Nothing that I can be shown)
These days I feel like I'm just running out of time
'Cause I can't do this all alone

All Alone
Fight the power, you believe in violence
I believe in freedom
Fight the power, you believe in silence
I believe in freedom
Fight the power, you believe in violence
I believe in freedom
Fight power, you believe in freedom