Hooligans

MyChildren MyBride

Force feed me false hope, a little hope is better than no hope at all.
I'll draw the line and cross it, and then I'll draw the line again.
Force feed me false hope, a little hope is better than no hope at all.
I'll draw the line and cross it again, and again, and again, and again.

The devil's hands have been busy, or do my eyes deceive me? (deceive me)
There's so much rage built up inside of me,
I'm a shaken up bottle looking for release.

Did you hear me, it's the life that we choose.
And you can't take this from me.

We are the lions, we are the cold-blooded wolves
preying on the hand that feeds us, it leads us.
So young and yet so cruel.
We are the lions, we are the cold-blooded wolves
preying on the hand that feeds us, it leads us.
So young and yet so cruel.
So young and yet so cruel.
So young and yet so cruel.

What goes around comes around.
What goes around comes around.
What goes around comes around.
What goes around comes around.

The devil's hands have been busy, or do my eyes deceive me? (deceive me)
There's so much rage built up inside of me,
I'm a shaken up bottle looking for release.

We are the lions. We are the lions.
We are the lions. We are the lions.

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