

## Picking At Bones

Otherwise

Pot calls the kettle black  
Like an empty gun rack  
Your words versus my pen, my sword  
Call a spade a spade  
Live and die by my own blade  
No more shackles, no more chains

Cleanse myself in the acid rain  
Fly my flag no matter what you say  
From my cold dead hand, drag my corpse away  
To the promised land, to a dark new day

Sometimes you gotta learn the hard way  
I'll go my own way  
My life's my own  
My fate's unknown  
Sometimes you gotta learn the hard way  
I'll do it my way  
Ain't no one ever gonna tell me no  
Famine or feast, I'm picking at bones  
Picking at bones

In the shadows  
Of your darkest days  
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane  
In the shadows  
Of your darkest days  
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane

Rage is a gift if ya use it right  
To lift up the broken, to hear their plight  
So what will it take, to die with a smile on your face?  
To find happiness across time and space?  
To live honestly, to leave a legacy

Sometimes you gotta learn the hard way  
I'll go my own way  
My life's my own  
My fate's unknown  
Sometimes you gotta learn the hard way  
I'll do it my way  
Ain't no one ever gonna tell me no  
Famine or feast, I'm picking at bones  
Picking at bones

In the shadows  
Of your darkest days  
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane  
In the shadows  
Of your darkest days  
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane

I'm picking at  
I'm picking at bones  
I'm picking at  
I'm picking at bones

In the shadows  
Of your darkest days  
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane  
In the shadows  
Of your darkest days  
Have heart in the eye of the hurricane

Picking at bones  
Bones