

Stillwell Avenue

Protector

Confusion and disbelief
A time of hate, a time of grief

Who is guilty, who's to blame?
Fingers point and people shout
The Warriors from Coney
It was them, there is no doubt!

Stillwell Avenue

An army of thousands, is looking, is searching
Willing to find and kill, in the subway, in the streets

Stillwell Avenue

Every yard feels like a mile - The legs hurt, the lungs burn
Countless gangs are in the way, a way home, that's long

(Repeat second verse)

You see what you get when you mess with the Orphans?

[Solo]

Run and hide, hide and fight
With your fists, bats and knives
There's noone, who'll help you
You yourself, will see this through (x 2)

Down at the beach - A Warrior is truly free
And the Rogues will pay the price

Stillwell Avenue
The final rendezvous