

Here On In

South

It's a sold life
Sun rise on the back of an old life
Borrowed the style if the time's right
Cut all the ties in your foresight
You're only slaving in your own mind

But still life makes your heart

It's a cold life
Died in the back of a landslide
Caught in the web swallowed your pride
If your not certain then don't dive
The corner your eyes the sunrise

I've lost more inside than the spirit that's died
In my state of mind what I've got to decide (rely on)
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Controlled types
Types that lay back and pay no mind
Constantly burning their own kind
It means more to me than to stay and fight
I've lost more like that than I care to right

I've lost more inside than the spirit that's died
In my state of mind what I've got to decide (rely on)
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