

Strange Notes

Strung Out

Our heroes are insane
Stranger to the times
Nothing here is ever what it seems
Close your pretty eyes
Wipe away that grin
The battle for your soul will soon ignite
And we're gunna blast this shit all night
Gimme gimme gimme gimme more
We gunna pick our shit up off the floor
And set these old ways of ours to rest
Breath in breath out hold it in
There's more to this than we'll ever win
The answers in the wind we are devout
To every drop of blood that we bleed out
Here where the names are everything we own
I can do without
I'd rather die a broken man
At the place I took a stand
I'd rather go insane fighting for this love
If all is tragedy then what will come will be
We are strangers no more
We write confessions on the walls
There's more to this than we'll ever win
We speak in lies in secret protocols
Breathe in breathe out hold it in
Show me where the hell you been
Cuz I'd really like to know
Here the names are all the same
And all we ever got is blame
Show me show me
I don't wanna die knowing what I left behind
Wasn't something worth the stand
Stranger are the times
As we get left behind
We know nothing here
Is what it seems