

## The Silver Lining

The Bled

Battered and courageous all eyes on you  
We made you some kind of god of war on your back  
Awaiting constant salivation straight from the snuff film  
Cutting room floor shot by shot cry out  
"I've had enough" the pictures not done  
Till you lose a pint of blood this is  
What I found in the wake the message  
Was scratched on the face of his grave it goes  
We will find the silver lining and make this our own  
Where'd that pretty smile go you put it in a box  
And left it on the side of the road thanks for nothing  
You watched the ball drop then made a wish on a burnt out star  
When'd you lose control you woke up one day with swine  
All over your shore we committed our army to you fearless  
Leader come see this through far from prophetic no promise  
Came true we lost control your name conjures an image of defeat  
we lost control