

New Beat

The Bronx

Tonight we celebrate the sadness
Tonight we dwell in our misery
I'm giving in to all the things that haunt me
Surrendering to things that I should not be

King of the liars
The son of thorns
The house of thieves
And the church for whores

Tonight we serenade the madness
Tonight we embrace insanity
I'm tired of being tortured by my memory
All the things that they say I should not be

A judge for the rich
A torch for the poor
A man of hate
And a god of war

I don't need forgiveness
There's nothing left to lose
So now it's time to see
How much damage I can do

Tonight we laugh alone in darkness
Tonight we give no sympathy

King of the liars
The son of thorns
The house of thieves
And the church for whores

I don't need forgiveness
There's nothing left to lose
So now it's time to see
How much damage I can do
Damage I can do
Damage I can do