

# Bayside, A Call To Arms

I swear I can't stand this place and what's becoming of me  
The longer I have to stay  
I want to think all unthinkable things and say what I shouldn't say  
I need a change  
With that said I'm leaving today  
I got some concrete ideas and they've been paving my way  
Towards all the downtowns and urban decay  
There's so much life in these bricks, there's so much buildings can say  
A new experienced me will be coming back  
On rusted wheels and bloody knees  
A call to arms  
It's from suburban soldiers who've got no one to count on  
Faceless and scarred, we don't know where we're going  
We forgot where we came from  
I thought that there was blood left in this stone  
Turns out that I was wrong  
I hope to find a place that feels like home  
With a heightened sense of strength and the strongest sense of sound  
A new experienced me will be coming back  
On rusted wheels and bloody knees  
A call to arms  
It's from suburban soldiers who've got no one to count on  
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