

# Converge, Lonewolves

from a victim to a friend  
don't ever let them in  
keep your scars on your sleeve  
and your heart in your hands  
all the whores with their wars  
their gaping mouths want more  
all of them choke on regret  
we sit in silence  
dead or dedicated  
alive or medicated  
a coward queen or harlot heart  
it's up to you  
this world owes you nothing  
this world owes me nothing  
this world owes us nothing  
but a hard road to walk  
these mountains that we climb  
is everything they've lost  
this world owes us nothing  
but a hard road to walk  
these mountains that we move  
are everywhere we look  
it's all up to me and you