

Flogging Molly, Man With No Country

Picture an ending before it's begun
The art of forgiveness is not what we're taught
Reek of the havoc already made
The cradle was damaged, dug by the grave
Where you lie in the sin, for mortal's the soul
Forgive me this father before I go cold
From burden of grief and all I regret
Spare me the conscience before I forget

For once in this life
I better do something right
But i'm caught in a world that won't stop burnin'
That won't stop burnin'

Jump through the arms with a mindless desire
Hand in your pocket, burnt by the fire
Cold as the stone you threw at the wall
Blood never boils till the pressure is high
With despise of the fear that festers the growth
The truth always beckons
Don't lose what you stole

For once in this life
I better do something right
Don't bury the voice that's not yet spoken
I'll challenge the flames
Till this man with no country remains
Still caught in a world that won't stop burnin'

Right or wrong, this is where I belong
I've always belonged
If the truth be known, there's no place left to go
No place I can go

But there is a light
There's still a spark
There is no place in this room for the dark
So scatter the bones that's left of the old
For dust only settles when bored
Settles when bored

For once in this life
I better do something right
Don't bury the voice that's not yet spoken
I'll challenge the flames
Till this man with no country remains
Still caught in a world that won't stop burnin'

Won't stop burnin'
Won't stop burnin'