

Saint Vitus, Looking Glass

When is the time, to do something about your agony
Without a dime, you can't moan about the way it should be
The passion is there, let it come out naturally
You need not care, how others might think you should be

Look at the past, the name of the game was pain
The pleasure don't last, you lost what there was to gain
Hurtin' so many, lovin' so few
The one good thing that you can do
Playing the stars your melodies
Livin's so hard when it's on your knees

You know what's right, and you know that kindness can
It's a mental fight and the winner is a man
Open your eyes, shake your head
Raise your body from the dead
Cold gray haze will never stay
Don't ever let'em take your strength away