

The Classic Crime, The Poet

It couldn't be more far from the truth
If you could do to me the things you would do
And I know you're on to me
I'm watching you wanting me
You hung down the rebels and punish them wrongfully
You came with fire and weapons to kill

Warrior, a poet once said
You're not dead yet so
:ive like you could be
Warrior, a poet said
Have no regrets when you're old
Have no regrets when you're old

I'm not looking for you to be anything
But my ultimate enemy
So back off, you're not what I would prefer to see
When my body rots I still won't give you the courtesy
You came with fire for the last time

Warrior, a poet once said
You're not dead yet so
:ive like you could be
Warrior, a poet said
Have no regrets when you're old
Have no regrets when you're old

When your body wants to run
But your heart knows you're better than that
The blood you spilled on battlefields
I promise you will not go unspent
Neither will I leave you stranded
The promise rings as our battle cry
You're never alone regardless of doubt
But faith comes so easy to some
Better luck next time, better luck next time
Watch as the teargas burns my eyes
It burns my eyes

Warrior, a poet once said
You're not dead yet so
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Warrior, a poet said
Have no regrets when you're old
Have no regrets when you're