

The Music, No Weapon Sharper Than Will

No one can touch me when I am here
Your bitterness is driven by fear

There is no weapon sharper than will, I know
And I'm gonna keep stamping down until I know
I've got my fill

I'm
not gonna live my life alone
Life
is at its sweetest near the bone
In your eyes
I see a heartbeat like a stone
let it go and throw your arms around the sun

I can't get no peace in mind
Despite how hard I try
Turn down your ignorance
And maybe you will understand why
Fashion makes weaker souls appear to be something they're not
No words, just images
Nobody has a heart

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