

# Alice In Chains, Last of my kind

So young, so braise and so unholy  
I come to you in painted skies  
You're broken, taint your ancient story  
The living challenge you their lies  
Trapped in the cold outside  
There ain't no shelter  
And they want to force my hand  
Until I take what I wanted  
And break all their lies  
And defeat the fucking liars  
Smash all the temples  
And crawl through the rubble  
And cry to the fallen  
I'm the last of my kind still standing  
I'm the last of my kind still standing on the wall  
Oh, from out upon the hillside  
I live on what they've thrown away  
I go to sleep behind the eight ball  
I live to fight for one more day  
I'm trapped in the cold outside  
There ain't no shelter  
And they want to force my hand  
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