

Anthrax, Room For One More

Fix the mental, as if that changes anything
Your heart is cured now, you're normal once again
One confession, you thought that's all it took
But redemption, doesn't let you off the hook

One of us
Can't erase the past to change who he would be
One of us
On a whim would act, then look for sympathy
Not from me

Hear me say...

One more
Chance to believe in
That you can even the score
One more
Place at the table
Always room for one more
Room for one more

Thing evil, is that just your normal gig
Fueled by hatred, happy as a stuffed pig
You're so lonely, everyone around you reeks
Of indifference, thriving in their apathy

Your schism, my distress
Your failure is my success
Squeezed out, kept me down
What goes around comes around
I can wait you out
Patience is my virtue
Call it payback, call it proper grounds
What goes around always comes around, always comes around