

Anti-Flag, Vices

I must again sing my dissent until your end
I must again sing my dissent until your end

We all have our vices, We all have our flaws,
We all have our anger, we all have our love.

This is the first set of words that I'll put to these chords,
To idemnify me of the blood that runs through the veins in my arms.
Pumped from a heart that holds hope in one chamber and hate in the others.

We all have our vices, We all have our flaws,
We all have our anger, we all have our love.

Father-less is how i prefer to be known,
At 6 years young i was left all on my own.
The son of a full time working mother,
With a molester for a father, who lives with a prison for home.

We all have our vices, We all have our flaws,
We all have our anger, we all have our love.

I must again sing my dissent until your end.
I must again sing my dissent until your end.
Because i can barely breathe with your weight on my chest,
And Im so fucking sick of being ashamed of my own flesh.
I must again sing my dissent until your end.

We all have our vices, We all have our flaws,
We all have our anger, we all have our love.