

# Bane, Some Came Running

out on the road little boys let their beards grow  
oh so busy talking about the things that we don't know  
all done worrying about the things we used to be  
(i'm too busy finding out what i'm gonna be)  
and finding weapons of mass destruction  
to combat this boredom that claws at my eyes, my ears  
no longer can i worry about whether these words  
have touched you or failed you...  
fuck, you're too busy bitching about  
clothes that do not fit  
"so play the violins"  
i'll keep getting in the van  
worry about money for the rest of my life  
just so that you can have this to talk about  
our time is to spend time with you  
and if you don't want it well that's fine too  
walk right out that door  
this room was growing cold with you  
this room that is my home  
and i cannot  
and i must not  
and i will not  
let clean shaven boys that all look the same  
toss hand grenades into this my faith