

# Bayside, Call to Arms

I swear I can't stand this place  
and what's becoming of me  
the longer I have to stay  
I want to think all unthinkable things  
and say what I shouldn't say  
I need a change

With that said I'm leaving today  
I've got some concrete ideas  
and they've been paving my way towards all the  
downtown's and urban decay  
there's so much life to these bricks  
so much buildings can say

A new experienced me  
we'll be coming back on rusted limbs and bloody knees  
A call to arms  
From all the suburban soldiers who got no one to count on  
Faceless and scarred  
We don't know where we were going we forgot where we came from

I thought there was blood left in this stone  
Turns out that I was wrong  
I hope you find the place that feels like home  
And a heightened sense of strength  
And a stronger sense of self

A new experienced me  
we'll be coming back on rusted limbs and bloody knees  
A call to arms  
From all the suburban soldiers who got no one to count on  
Faceless and scarred  
We don't know where we were going we forgot where we came from