

Bishop Briggs, White Flag

take a hit, shoot me down, shoot me down
I will never hit the ground
hit the ground
plying dead I WILL NEVER DO
gotta keep an eye on you
patience is wearing thin, paper thin
promises broken again
what a sin
but it only feeds my energy
so don't expect no sympathy

smoke, fire, it's all going up
don't you know
I ain't afraid to shed a little blood
smoke, fire,
flares ae going up
flares ae going up

won't you wave my white flag no
this time I won't let go
I'd rather die
then give up the fight
give up the fight
give up the fight
give up the fight
won't you wave my white flag no
I won't go down slow
I'd rather die
then give up the fight
give up the fight
give up the fight

put an axe on my chest
on my chest
But I'm still standing cause I won't forget
the hell on Earth you put me through
I will save myself in spite of you

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