

Brand New Sin, Freight Train

Times I didn't care
In a life of despair
Living without thought or remorse
My hatred throwing life off course

World spins out of control
How to get back I dont know
Better hold on real tight
Right becomes left wrong becomes right

Whoah-god help me
I'm like a runaway train and there aint no turning back
Whoah-can't trust me
Cause I'll just smile to your face then I'll stab you in the back (Yeah)

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Heads down
Distress
Eyes cold
Faceless
In my head and in my chest
Short breaths no time to rest

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