

Dynamite Boy, Bring The Rock

Just because we rock it does not
Mean we're made of stone
Trouble always seems to find us
Promise you will go

To keep my word I will load the gun for you
You chose me to be a puppet and a mirror
For abuse so here's the price you'll pay

This is how we point our finger
Toward your shallow grave

To keep my word I will load the gun for you
You chose me to be a puppet and a mirror
For abuse so here's the price you'll pay