

Eight Fingers Down, Hog Tied And Beaten

Hog tied and beaten
That's how my head feels
That's how some friends treat you
When you're on the floor
The pictures of traveling towards our ultimate dream
The screams from the the microphone underline the scene
Jaded from the seasons
Changing around me
The lock on a once dead heart
Who's holding the key?
Wish upon these scars
Wondering who we are
Now you've gone too far
The knife's sticking out my back
And you are looking for a victim
Your words are like your values
Going nowhere
Changing around you
Wish upon these scars
Wondering who we are
Now you've gone too far
Jaded from the seasons
Changing around me
The lock on a once dead heart
Who's holding the key?