

One Man Army, All Your Friends

I Could Try All I Want But Still Not Break Free
Crucified To The Masses In Accordance To Conformity
Not The Pain Nor The Heartache Burn Me In The End
It's All Of The Years I've Wasted

So Let The Friends That Used To Be Friends Cast The First Stones At My Head
Aint No Use In Defending Myself They've Spoken For Me
Not The Faces Nor The Friends Lost Burn Me In The End
It's All Of The Years I've Wasted It's All The Years I've Wasted

They All Like The Night
That's When They Like To Come Look For Me
Firing Shots In The Darkness With No Identity
Not The Pain Nor The Heartache Burn Me In The End
Its All Of The Years I've Wasted.
It's All The Time I've Spent Wondering
It's All Of The Years I've Wasted
It's All The Years I've Wasted.