

One Man Army, Another Night

Last night I found the answers at the bottom of my drink
Surrounded by all the on goings of the hapless and the meek
And when I can't feel no more my answers take me to the door
With self-inflicted wounds a lifetime spent here-to-fore
Holding knives in the hopes of cutting some more

Another night
Another line broken
Another lie in the air amidst us
Another night
Another lie goes on unending

Last night on my way home
They were calling me out on the streets rubbing salt in the wounds
I'd left from the fisticuffs with me and when I can't feel no more
My anger take me to the door
With hate down in my veins a lifetime spent here-to-fore
A lonely soul in decay and in search for the end.

Another night
Another line broken
Another lie in the air amidst us
Another night
Another lie goes on unending