

One Man Army, Here We Are

It's In The Air Tonight
In The Feeling In The Sound
It's Not Seeing Straight
And Not Getting Down
It's All Of Us Against Them
Dear Friends Till The End
Fighting On For More Than A Mile
Through Plastic Shit And The Smiles
Here We Are Alone
All Of Us
With No Control For What's Ailing Us Or Failing Us
Were The Crucified
Still Addicted To The Sound
Stained With Violence
And A Bad Case Of Woe Is Me
So We Take What We Like
To Cure What's Ailing Us