

Papa Roach, Happens Again

My words are weapons
In which I murder you with
Please dont be scared
Please do not turn your head
We are the future the 21st century
Dyslexic, glue sniffing cyber sluts
With homicidal minds and handguns
We are insane
Nothing will change
We are insane
Nothing will change

Chores:

There is a thin line between
What is good and what is evil, and
I will tip-toe down that line, but
I will feel unstable
My life is a circus, and Im
Trippin down that tight rope, well
There is nothing to save me now, so
I will not look down
And again
And again
And again
And it happens again
And again
And again

Theres no beginning
There is no end
There is only change
Progression, Backwards
Is this were we are heading?
Take back your soul
Forget your emptiness

Chores:

There is a thin line between
What is good and what is evil, and
I will tip-toe down that line, but
I will feel unstable
My life is a circus, and Im
Trippin down that tight rope, well
There is nothing to save me now
Im falling to the ground
Falling to the ground
Down to the ground

Yeah

I speak of madness, my heart and soul
I cry for people who aint got control
Lets take our sanity, lets take compassion
And be responsible for every action

Hell no

No how

Away, away, away no how

Away no how

Chores:

There is a thin line between
What is good and what is evil, and
I will tip-toe down that line, but
I will feel unstable
My life is a circus, and Im
Trippin down that tight rope, well
There is nothing to save me now, so
I will not look down
There is a thin line between
What is good and what is evil, and

I will tip-toe down that line, but
I will feel unstable
My life is a circus, and I'm
Trippin down that tight rope, well
There is nothing to save me now
I'm falling to the ground
Down to the ground
All the way down
Hit to the ground