

# Sick Of It All, I Believe

I believe that joy defines success  
I'm aware of what causes my happiness  
I believe that distance of my reach is far beyond what  
I ever dreamed  
What I dreamed shaped my creed  
All I need is self-belief  
It's all you ever really need  
I believe their world is misery  
I'm aware they speak the language of despair  
I believe in seeing through fear  
The fear of the future that's breeding mediocrity  
The opposition fuels the fire  
And only strengthens my desire  
To break away from what's expected  
and throw it in their face  
The opposition makes me dream  
of how much better I can be  
To outshine their drap existence  
And throw it in their face