

# South, Hereonin

It's a sold life

Sun rise on the back of an old life

Borrowed the style if the time's right

Cut all the ties in your foresight

You're only slaving in your own mind

But still life makes your heart

It's a cold life

Died in the back of a landslide

Caught in the web swallowed your pride

If your not certain then don't dive

The corner your eyes the sunrise

I've lost more inside than the spirit that's died

In my state of mind what I've got to decide (rely on)

Here on in

Controlled types

Types that lay back and pay no mind

Constantly burning their own kind

It means more to me than to stay and fight

I've lost more like that than I care to right

I've lost more inside than the spirit that's died

In my state of mind what I've got to decide (rely on)

Here on in