

Stick To Your Guns, We're What Seperates The H

Frustration overwhelms me.
Nothing left but this empty feeling.
Rejection from the very same thing
That gave me definition.
So i'll bite the hand that feeds me,
Bite the hand that bleeds me,
Break the hand that cheats me me.
You will never defeat me.
I would rather stand and fight
Without a chance at all
Than wait around for these
"so called" friends to break my fall.
You pass your judgment on me
When it's you whose buckling at the knees.
We'll bite the hand that feeds us, feeds us.
We'll bite the hand that bleeds us, bleeds us.
We'll break the hand that cheats us, cheats us.
You'll never defeat us.
We are stronger and we fight harder
Than any makeshift martyr.
Such an arrogant elite,
Just begging to be heard.
You scream word after hollow word
But now it's our turn.
I've been there too.
Alone in a crowded room
And they're all laughing at you.
A room full of rolling eyes and self doubt.
Narrow minds and big mouths.
You're not in this alone
And you don't have to feel that you are.
We're what separates the heart from the heartless,
So we'll push forward regard less of the consequence.
We're what separates the heart from the heartless,
So we'll keep pushing regardless