

Streetlight Manifesto, A Moment Of Violence

I never did lose a battle,
but I'm feeling further from the end of war.
Deplored,
ignored,
and rarely ever self assured.
Why does it seem the ones who have everything have nothing inside?
nothing inside

I don't sleep anymore,
I gave it up,
because what we do is not enough,
and now they're calling out our bluffs.
Have you done a single thing for someone else?
Or do you take, take, take, until your belly is stuffed?

How long do you think you can go before you lose it all?
Before they call you bluff and watch you fall?
I don't know, but I'd like to think I had control,
at some point, but I let it go and lost my soul.
Sit tight for the revolution's years away.
I'm losing faith and I'm running low on things to say.
So, I guess I have no choice but to regurgitate,
the tired anthem of a loser and a hypocrite.
Oh! to have died that night, I realized it wouldn't last.
Our days were numbered and the reaper tipped the hourglass,
the final mayday of our sinking ship had come at last.
Oh! to the west, you don't know what it is you're running from,
but everybody's laughing loud,
your last chance to make your mother and father proud.