

The A.K.A.S, Tools Of The Tirade

I've got two eyes. They spy every lie you hide between those lines.
I've got two ears. They hear every cry you drown out with that noise.
I've got 2 arms, two hands... and I clap to the rhythm.
I've got two legs, two feet, and you know we were born to run.
And now I'm running, we're running out of time...
You and I, we were always meant to die young.
Alive, you and I were born to run.
You know I won't go out without (without a fight)
while we're alive, but you and I, we were always meant to die young.
I've got one heart it starts racing to the music don't know when to stop.
I've got 10 fingers wrapped in two fists and I'm pounding on your door.
And I'll break it down if you won't let me in.
You and I, we were always meant to die young.
Alive, you and I were born to run.
You know I won't go out without (without a fight)
while we're alive, but you and I, we were always meant to die young.