

Why Store, Still Inside Of You

Soldiers of the fortune
Looking for the kill
Soldiers of the fortune
They turn their backs
They turn their backs at will
Just a crying poet
In a bed of thieves
Searching for the label
Trying to, trying to succeed
Four thousand ladies marching
Moving in for the kill
Four thousand ladies watching
As that cold-hearted rocker's
Still inside of you
Through their eyes of wisdom
Through their eyes you see
Through their eyes of wisdom
You turn to look, you turn to look at me
Just another chapter
Waiting on the verse
It turns itself to laughter
It turns into, it turns into a curse
It's such a hard road to follow
With a scepter in your hand
It's such a hard road