

Zebrahead, The Juggernauts

Watching anvils falling all around
They break our bones when they hit the ground
Their sirens scream without a sound
So we numb ourselves with drink to drown

Got it clocked in, bar coded names
See 0s and 1s, compose again
Now the roofs on fire but it starts to rain
so clench your fists and enjoy the pain

Think back to the ways of yesterday
It was the "I" in team, raised renegade
To the punk rock clubs and razor blades
Where throwaway kids could serenade

We lost control again
We lost control again
We lost control
Gotta find a way to make amends
To fight the end
take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquis, the 1%
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

(Here we go, Here we go One time)
Dropping down the well that time forgot
These scars they show they care a lot
The sky would tremble like a juggernaut
At the things we do and what we saw

But one by one we fall the same
How much to lose, not much to gain
So have you hope on another train
Then pinch yourself and see what remains

Think back to the ways of yesterday
So we never even have to get paid to play
Got a backpack filled with a lot to say
But the words have only thrown away

We lost control again
We lost control again
We lost control
Gotta find a way to make amends
To fight the end
take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquis, the 1%
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We won't wait
We were the lost, but we've found
We can't wait
Our lungs are calling
We won't wait
We're not the fallen, the underground
You won't recognise us

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquis, the 1%
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We lost control again
We lost control again
We lost control
Gotta [?]
And I'm wrecking em
There's no use settlin'

So when will the waiting end
If we don't pretend like a shotgun awakening
To pull off a pinned down land
Shed your skin cause they is shuddering

So tie off the bleeding end and start again
The streets are barreling
We're freezing to reinvent our discontent
The sound is deafening

We want control again
We want control again
We want control
Gotta find a way to make amends
To fight the end
Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquis, the 1%
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We won't wait no
We were the lost, but we've found
We can't wait no
Our lungs are calling
We won't wait no
We're not the fallen, the underground
You won't recognise us now

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquis, the 1%
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We want control again
We want control again
We want control
The underground, you won't recognise us now
We want control again
We want control again
We want control
The underground, you won't recognise us now