

# Chains

Radical Face

This started simple  
Like it always does  
With not much to lose

I thought I had control  
That I could always walk away  
If things turned bad

We were thick as thieves  
'til I became the one  
Who always went too far  
And I couldn't hear you

Now here I stand  
A pick in callused hands  
As the sun beats down  
Across my back

But in the end I'm lost  
And I'll drag you down  
Yeah, that's my cost

And I'm glad you were my friend  
Yeah, I'm glad you were my friend  
Though I may never see you again

And I'm glad you were my friend  
Yeah, I'm glad you were my friend  
Though I may never see you again

But I'm glad you were my friend