

Buried Alive

Against All Authority

He sticks to the back streets and the alleys he sees through black eyes.

Moving through shadows. From battles. He's scarring inside.
He knows the hallways. He always avoids the south side.
And they find him cause sometimes there's nowhere to hide.

The fist feels so lonely. And everyone's watching.
The fist feels so lonely. Their eyes are exhausting.
Inside something dies. He's buried alive. Buried alive.

They brag about it now shout it now faggot's his name.
He hears the girls laugh as they pass the blood tastes like shame.
He won't give them what they want and scream out in pain.
Now he's naming his bullets and he's taking aim.

Now they say he was crazy. No pushed to the edge.
They all comfort the children the hallways are red.
And the bullies know the truth but it's all left unsaid.
The children know the truth its stuck in their heads.

[Chorus]