

Brothers and Sisters

Band of Skulls

I was born and raised
With a dozen other countries
You were better raised
By the morals of your tensions
You're living just to please
Dying to offend

But, however, much the time
We're our brothers and sisters in the end

I remember when
We were just little children
Started make it up
Little sparrows of a soul then
Keep your enemies closer than your friends

But, however, much the time
We're our brothers and sisters in the end

What's it doing to me?
Don't you understand?
Separated from the pack you ain't never going back

Now we all grew up
Some a little more than others
Have your father's sons
Have the daughters of your mothers
You think you're so special
If only to pretend

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