A Call to Arms

I swear I can't stand this place and whats becoming of me the longer I have to stay I want to think all unthinkable things and say what I shouldn't say I need a change

With that said I'm leaving today I've got some concrete ideas and they've been paving my way towards all the downtown's and urban decay there's so much life to these bricks so much buildings can say

A new experienced me we'll be coming back on rusted limbs and bloody knees A call to arms From all the suburban soldiers who got no one to count on Faceless and scarred We don't know where were going we forgot where we came from

I thought there was blood left in this stone Turns out that I was wrong I hope you find the place that feels like home And a heighten sense of strength And a stronger sense of self

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