

Untitled

Bombshell Rocks

I don't recognize this place
This ever growing hatred
We drag ourselves down
There's a bad moon on the rise
We drag ourselves down
Now who's bound to pay the price
Truth hurts we stick to lies

It seems like we have a way of keeping ourselves down
And no one's looking forward
Everybody wants the crown
It seems like we have a way of keeping ourselves down
We're spitting in the wind
And everything comes around

And there's no lesson learned
We keep on getting burned
We drag ourselves down
We keep digging our own grave
And we just turn away
It's just like yesterday