

## 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