

Strike Back

Fiddler's Green

I'm sick of the way it all goes
Of the way that no one knows about nobody else
I'm sick, completely fucked in my head
Completely sucked out, dry, half dead inside, we'll never
see

We must get this right
We must stand and fight

Strike back, don't let them get to you
Strike back, don't let them scream at you
Strike back and don't get caught up by the masses
Strike back, before you hit the ground
Strike back, before you're sick and down
Strike back

I'm sick of other people's faces
Of their marks and traces and of all they leave behind
I'm sick and I'm screaming out loud
That there must be a way out, cause it can't go on like
this

You must get this right
Be the thorn inside