

# Man With No Country

Flogging Molly

Picture an ending before it's begun  
The art of forgiveness is not what we're taught  
Reek of the havoc already made  
The cradle was damaged, dug by the grave  
Where you lie in the sin, for mortal's the soul  
Forgive me this father before I go cold  
From burden of grief and all I regret  
Spare me the conscience before I forget

For once in this life  
I better do something right  
But i'm caught in a world that won't stop burnin'  
That won't stop burnin'

Jump through the arms with a mindless desire  
Hand in your pocket, burnt by the fire  
Cold as the stone you threw at the wall  
Blood never boils till the pressure is high  
With despise of the fear that festers the growth  
The truth always beckons  
Don't lose what you stole

For once in this life  
I better do something right  
Don't bury the voice that's not yet spoken  
I'll challenge the flames  
Till this man with no country remains  
Still caught in a world that won't stop burnin'

Right or wrong, this is where I belong  
I've always belonged  
If the truth be known, there's no place left to go  
No place I can go

But there is a light  
There's still a spark  
There is no place in this room for the dark  
So scatter the bones that's left of the old  
For dust only settles when bored  
Settles when bored

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I better do something right  
Don't bury the voice that's not yet spoken  
I'll challenge the flames  
Till this man with no country remains  
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Won't stop burnin'  
Won't stop burnin'