

No Honour Among Thieves

Funeral for a Friend

Mark these words and hear their truth
You mean nothing to me
Your handshakes to play fake make me want to scream
The engine runs harder than your lies never could
Than your lies ever could
Just to mark these words

What price do we pay for something that we give away?
To reclaim what we have lost
Never to be found
(2x)

Thieves stealing the beating heart of our art
And trample it into dust
Like lifelines and hard times
There are enough to go around
Break the back of this slavery
We are nothing but cattles
Another sale in the marketplace
There's enough to go around

What price do we pay for something that we give away?
To reclaim what we have lost
Never to be found
(2x)

We disengage
Nothing left to say (nothing left to say)
To hold us down (nothing left to say)
To hold us down (we disengage)

What price do we pay for something that we give away?
To reclaim what we have lost
Never to be found
(2x)