

Break out a fight and raise your arms.
Skip those heartbeats, run, chase the illusion.
The indifference of few destroys us all.
Like rings from drops in a pool of blood we break like a sick single crop.
And watch with bitter eyes, no sound, a frown, as we lose each and every time.
Backstabber, do you feel safe? Tonight the streets will bleed again.
Backstabber, do you feel safe?
For the sake of nothing.
It was all for nothing.
Nothing will bring back fallen friends, because once it's been drawn a circle has no end.
The future falls when built on broken walls and we are left, looked upon standing tall.
Tonight we walk these streets in blood, leaving a trail right back to you.
Backstabber, do you feel safe?
Tonight the streets will bleed again.
Backstabber, do you feel safe?
Backstabber, do you feel safe?
Tonight the streets will bleed again.
Backstabber, circles are without an end.
For the sake of nothing. It was all for nothing.