

Screaming At The Moon

Modern Life Is War

It's a good life if you don't weaken (so I won't weaken)
And I'm a kid with a history of confusion.
The life that was pushed upon me
Was one I could never lead.
Cause my candle burns at both ends.
My problems never seem to end.
Just like my footsteps in the vein of the American night.
Just like the burning in my lungs.
Just like the rocks in my guts.
Just like I can't get enough.

With persistence of my vision.
With this bottle in my hand.
I bless the thieves who stole my masks.
I wander this land and through it all...

I drag my chains, they don't drag me...
Through moments of pain.
I drag my chains, they don't drag me...
Through moments of grace.
I drag my chains, they don't drag me...
Through untamed thoughts.
I drag my chains, they don't drag me.
I walk right through.

Cause my candle burns at both ends.
My problems never seem to end.
Just like my footsteps in the veins of the American night.
Just like fire in my lungs.
Just like the burning in my guts.
Just like I can't get enough.

Only the madman is wise in a world of cold logical minds.
I seek no shelter.
I emerge unscathed.
As propaganda rains down even harder
I become that much stronger.
I walk right through.