

The Outsiders (aka Hell Is For Heroes Part 1)

Modern Life Is War

So what the fuck are you going to do, kid?
Still rattin' at the chains of the gates of the world...
But you can't quite pretend.

Still tasting youth's bitter exile here in your empty generation's wasteland...
Where all the things that you've been clinging to are being ripped from your hands.

Restless soul this place will never be your home.
And if you wanna have it all...
You've gotta let it all go.
Before the adult world strings you up and skins your skinny bones clean to the bone.
'Cause all this time you've been searchin' for something real
And now the pressure is coming down on you.

You've gotta turn this despair inside out and turn it into your way out.

'Cause heaven knows you're sinking and I know we're much the same...
So cheers to our rebel hearts...
Not just another fuck you...
But a bedside love song for a chosen few.
We feel like we've been left in the wind to die in the dust...
With no one speaking to us...
So we are speaking up.
Throwing out our anchor against the fear.
Your revelation time is near.
So try and listen to the voice urging you on...
Saying...
This is it kid...
This is your last chance...
And this is the only way to glory...
And this is our last dance.