

All Your Friends

One Man Army

I could try all I want but still not break free crucified to the masses in accordance to conformity not the pain nor the heartache burn me in the end it's all of the years I've wasted so let the friends that used to be friends cast the first stones at my head aint no use in defending myself they've spoken for me not the faces nor the friends lost burn me in the end it's all of the years I've wasted it's all the years I've wasted they all like the night that's when they like to come look for me firing shots in the darkness with no identity not the pain nor the heartache burn me in the end its all of the years I've wasted. it's all the time I've spent wondering it's all of the years I've wasted it's all the years I've wasted.