

Something breaks inside of you
With the spectacle of all the shows
With fifteen fights and your six bucks
has gone up some promoters nose
Jaded eyes see clearly but only half of whats there
Good old days are left behind whats left is boredom and despair
But sometimes every once in a while
Its beautiful I would say, I wouldn't have it any other way
If I said different it would be a lie
What was once rebellion is now clearly just a social sect
But are you just upset because your own social clique has left
Leave when you want because I know that someday I will too
But I wont burn my bridges and be just another jaded fool