

Chains

Radical Face

This started simple
Like it always does
With not much to lose

I thought I had control
That I could always walk away
If things turned bad

We were thick as thieves
'til I became the one
Who always went too far
And I couldn't hear you

Now here I stand
A pick in callused hands
As the sun beats down
Across my back

But in the end I'm lost
And I'll drag you down
Yeah, that's my cost

And I'm glad you were my friend
Yeah, I'm glad you were my friend
Though I may never see you again

And I'm glad you were my friend
Yeah, I'm glad you were my friend
Though I may never see you again

But I'm glad you were my friend