

The Reason

Sick of It All

Outcast. never fitting in
Defiant to the last - it's my life
Forged our own way outside the lines
For reasons they'll never understand
Sacrificed. considered great
Never crossed our minds - it's my life
Freedom to stand or fall
Our destiny is solely in our hands

No. this is not a joke
Or a stepping stone
Or some passing fad
Flows through our heart and soul
Some will never know
What they could have had

Too late. no turning back
Wouldn't even try - it's my life
Live through the joy and pain
The blood. the sweat
This is our life
We all want a reason. a reason to exist
We all want a purpose in life - well we found this
The curse the darkness put out the light
To be a constant thorn in their side
To pull the blinders from your eyes
It might do nothing but at least we try

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What they could have had
It's my life