

The Bitter End

Steadman

I'm losing my patience
Aware of the consequences
Released by the silence
I sense
Violence
I'm losing my patience
It weakens my concentration
I'm missing my guidance
Quiet
Violence does no good

Tell me I pray don't fail me
I'm counting off hours
'Til you defend to the power of ten
Tell me what are you proving
well, Is it worth losing?
You said you fought to the bitter end

I'm building a shelter
I'm marking my territory
I'm flying my flag
I'll stand
I'll bend for nobody

Tell me I pray don't fail me
I'm counting off hours
Til you defend to the power of ten
Tell me what are you proving
well, Is it worth losing?
You said you'd fight to the bitter end