

The Silver Lining

The Bled

Battered and courageous all eyes on you
We made you some kind of god of war on your back
Awaiting constant salivation straight from the snuff film
Cutting room floor shot by shot cry out
"I've had enough" the pictures not done
Till you lose a pint of blood this is
What I found in the wake the message
Was scratched on the face of his grave it goes
We will find the silver lining and make this our own
Where'd that pretty smile go you put it in a box
And left it on the side of the road thanks for nothing
You watched the ball drop then made a wish on a burnt out star
When'd you lose control you woke up one day with swine
All over your shore we committed our army to you fearless
Leader come see this through far from prophetic no promise
Came true we lost control your name conjures an image of defeat
we lost control