

Youth Wasted

The Bronx

The truth is, the truth still hurts
And that dept will just get worse
Repetition makes us colder
Death creeps a little bit closer

Sometimes the best laid plans
Still end with blood on your hands
Sometimes the best laid plans
Still end with blood on your hands

Don't look back and lose your ground
Or keep passing don't slow down
The fault with the burden on each shoulder
The time has come to stop lying over

Sometimes the best laid plans
Still end with blood on your hands
Sometimes the best laid plans
Still end with blood on your hands

The night was black, my eyes were red
Of past, present, future in my head
When did I learn to bite my tongue?
Youth is not wasted on the young

Sometimes the best laid plans
Still end with blood on your hands
Sometimes the best laid plans
Still end with blood on your hands

I gotta get this blood, off our hands
We gotta get this blood, off our hands.