

Revolutionary (Bang The Drum)

The Ghost Inside

Brave the winter weather's storm,
as you trudge toward, your perpetual ending.
Shout and shiver, along side
the "too far gones" and the "never weres."

Fighting the war within has never felt so good.
Clawing and kicking for anything.
Fighting the war within has never felt this sweet.
Reaching and grabbing for anyone.

I can be the one to lead a revolution.

Like pigs to the slaughter, you drop dead,
in a pool of your own filth.

Forever faithful to the idea that someday,
sometime, you will have your kill.
Frustration sets in and down you go.
But it's a good thing that some dreams never die.

We can be the ones to lead a revolution.
It's a good thing some dreams never die.
Dreams don't die.

Militia men march for the love of our sound.
Stamp sincerely to the heart in our song.

(I will start a revolution!)