

Where I Stand

The Warriors

I'm searching for the rhythm, for the reason why I'm
still throwing down.
Let's go.
Let's take it back in time, the days of youth we searched inside.
For identity we found humility.
Our insanity gave us some reality.
But now where do we stand?
Between awkward and careless hands that are trying to close
the door on what was pure.
You're not listening anymore... you're not reaching out
anymore... you're not listening anymore... but somehow
I'm still here. I'm pushing on to the rhythm.
Your time is running out son you gotta find yourself... is this
a sign of times?
Complacent youth that look so blind.
With sign of times?
Complacent youth that look so blind.
With your mentality, the detriment is stifling.
Your identity I can't even stand to see.
So this is where I stand.
Among the lemmings I'll just hold back. Without shame
I'll just move on when they're gone.