

Proud Of The Demon In Me

While She Sleeps

I hold this close, a single memory.
We had only strength, no choice.
But we held on pulling with everything.
As time goes by I learn to live with this inside.
I pushed you out and it burns more than you'll ever know.

I'm proud of the demon in me,
Black hands and a reason to breath.
The last chance to rip the flag from the seams,
The last chance of an English dream.

And I know there's cause in creation, you had the chance to make things right.
Now watch from a distance as I rise.

We are beaten but we are the ones you can lean on,
When they let you down, again and again.

With faith we built this fortress, Our hearts are in the mortar
. Without yours. Life is just a chance to grow a soul and you failed.
There's no one else to blame, you had it all, we had nothing.

Side by side, you better stand your ground.
I'm proud of the demon in me,
Black hands and a reason to breath.
The last chance to rip the flag from the seams,
The last chance of an English dream.