

Rising Up

Young Guns

We're all alone, we're all bastard sons
Been cast aside from the world above.
We practice dark arts and open casket love
We bathe in the warmth of a plastic sun
and when we pray we feel one way love
I know it's so tough when you look but can't touch so
Please
Give it to me, give it to me

Yeah, they say that your best ain't good enough
But don't bow down when you could be rising up.
My heart can't shake the feeling
They lied to us
So don't bow down when you could be rising up

We're in love with defeat
And we march to the beat
But I know what I've seen's not out of reach
So give it to me, give it to me

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