

# The Juggernauts

Zebrahead

Watching anvils falling all around  
And they break our bones when they hit the ground  
The siren screams without a sound  
So we numb ourselves with drink and drown

Got to clock in, bar code and name  
Zeros and ones, compose the game  
And the roof's on fire but stops the rain  
so clench your fists, enjoy the pain

Think back to the ways of yesterday  
The "I" in team raised renegade  
In punk rock clubs and razor blades  
Where throwaway kids scream serenades

We lost control again  
We lost control again  
We lost control  
Gotta find a way to make amends  
Rewrite the end  
Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquee, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

(Here we go, Here we go one time)  
Dropping down a well that time forgot  
With scars that show that we care a lot  
In the sky we dreamt like a juggernaut  
Of the things we'd do and what we saught

But one by one we fall the same  
How much to lose, not much to gain  
So have your hope hop another train  
And bleach yourself but the strain remains

Think back to the ways of yesterday  
When we never even had to get paid to play  
Had a backpack filled with a lot to say  
But the words have all been thrown away

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Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent  
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We won't wait  
We're the lost, but we've found

We can't wait  
Alarms are calling  
We won't wait  
We're not the fallen, the underground  
You won't recognize us now

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquee, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

We lost control again  
We lost control again  
We lost control  
Got a lost hope requiem  
And we're wrecking 'em  
There's no use settlin'

So when will the waiting end  
If we don't pretend like a shotgun awakening  
To blow off a pin-downed limb  
Shed your skin cause the day is shuddering

So tie off the bleeding end and start again  
The streets are barreling  
With reason to reinvent our discontent  
The sound grows deafening

We want control again  
We want control again  
We want control  
Gotta find a way to make amends  
Rewrite the end  
Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquee, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

We won't wait no  
We were the lost, but we've found  
We can't wait no  
Alarms are calling  
We won't wait no  
We're not the fallen, the underground  
You won't recognize us now

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquee, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

We want control again  
We want control again  
We want control  
The underground, you won't recognize us now  
We want control again  
We want control again  
We want control  
The underground, you won't recognize us now