

## With Friends Like These, Who Needs Herpes?

Zebrahead

I'm breaking this wall down  
Everybody's looking like they know what I want to say  
No way to go back now  
Another scar healing but there's more coming on the way  
I hear you screaming your lungs out  
You say you feel helpless but I tell you that I feel the same  
We are all coming unwound  
The burden is so heavy and we can't shoulder all the blame

We're not the lost, not the dead  
Not the dying, decayed  
We're the ones  
Who are living with the mess that you made  
Never quit, deal with it  
Yeah we're sick of it  
(Whoa whoa whoa!)  
Let's go!

Whoa Oh  
Are you listening?  
Whoa Oh  
Can you hear me?  
We don't need your problems we don't need apologies  
Whoa Oh  
Are you listening?  
Whoa Oh  
Can you blame me?  
There is such a fine line between friends and enemies

Everybody says to let go  
I try and I try but I think I'm just conditioned this way  
I'll take your word if you say so  
But I know that you're lying when you say things will be okay  
Sick and tired of the status quo  
All our worst intentions are starting to see the light of day  
We won't admit it but we all know  
Things don't change without casualties along the way

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Farewell apathy, what's up to arms  
Discord in hordes in the eye of the storm  
Obscene machines that have nurtured us  
Traitor, raider, don't press your luck  
Farewell apathy, what's up to arms  
Discord in hordes in the eye of the storm  
This melancholy menace has infected us  
Invader, hater, this fucking sucks!

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