

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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