

12 Rods "Friend"

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nothing's wrong
force along
pretending i'm not living yet
tomorrow is now
yesterday
step away
pretending i'm not living yet
swallow my luck
swallow my pride

enjoy, protect and feel
the lucifer in what you're given
i earned my gun
i earned my friends

god is high
make it die
what you see is what you get

so look around

mourning thought
mourning sun
makes me sad and days to come

that never do
but i make true

enjoy, protect and feel
the lucifer in what you're given
i earned my love
i earned my pride

i'm great
i'm strong
but i've only got one chance to be your friend

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