

Foundation

"The Sound Of Arson"

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Despite all the spiteful things I say, I still need this like
the air I
Breathe.
Still need this to prop up these tired bones, cause my
youth is leaving.
Never to be seen again, stripped from me by time and
pressure.

So I bang the drum in a sound of declaration of war
against the world that
Is dark and calculated, like a killer in the shadows.
Remove me from this calculation.

This is a war so many will never know.
Opposition to the world that is stark raving mad and
cold.
I'm scared this anger won't last much longer.

Despite all the bullshit I say, I still need this to breathe
life into me.
Stoke the ashes, spark the flame, feed the fire, burn
down the lies.
Burn through this rhetoric, burn it all down.
Face the world like a roaring blaze, before all the tears
begin to turn
Silent.

Burn down everything that stands in our way.
Bang the drum.

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