

Gomorrah

"Driven Hard"

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My dreams are not my master
My thoughts are not my aim
Triumph balance with disaster
Two impostors one and the same

I have heard the truth I've spoken
Twisted now a trap for fools
I have had my life's work broken
To start again with worn out tools
Held my winnings in one hand
And risk them on a single horse
Lose and start at my beginning
And never tell about my loss

Driven hard, mind, heart and body
When all is gone
Held on still even tighter
To my will which screams to me 'Hold on'
I've kept my head when those about me
Losing theirs on me they blame
Trust myself when other doubt me
Allow their doubting all the same
Driven hard, mind, heart and soul
To the point when all is whole

Driven hard, my heart
Driven hard, my soul
Driven hard, is the way that I see this world

I have waited and not grown bored
Lied about, not dealt in lies
Some men hate me but I not them
Don't look too good nor talk too wise

Talked with crowds and kept my virtue
A common touch
Friend nor foe can ever hurt me
All men count with me but none too much
I fill each and every hour
With sixty minutes of distance run
Knowing that no man can touch me
Gazing straight into the sun

Mine is the world and all within
And, which is more, I'm a man my son

Driven hard, my heart
Driven hard, my soul
Driven hard, is the way that I see this world

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