

Converge "Lonewolves"

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From a victim to a friend
don't ever let them in
keep your scars on your sleeve
and your heart in your hands
all the whores with their wars
their gaping mouths want more
all of them choke on regret
we sit in silence
dead or dedicated
alive or medicated
a coward queen or harlot heart
it's up to you
this world owes you nothing
this world owes me nothing
this world owes us nothing
but a hard road to walk
these mountains that we climb
is everything they've lost
this world owes us nothing
but a hard road to walk
these mountains that we move
are everywhere we look
it's all up to me and you

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