

Strike

"Summerpunks"

Visit "[Summerpunks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The driver shouted out,
"Time to turn this around,
Wipe the dust and spit from his face."
Out loud
Sang starvation and blight
Gone from the light and
We're so tired of running

We can move
The finish line
We can move
But we won't be left behind

Doubling over
Buckling under
Left behind
We waste the daylight
Burn in the night to find
The words of violence
And history's silence
To answer the question
Is this human kind?

Sing!

Is all our innocence
Driven underground?
Are these electronic gallows
For the urgent sound
With our tendons cut h
Ow do we run for sport
But we're so tired of running
We can lose
In the sun
We can lose
But all we have to win is one

Doubling over
Buckling under
Win is one
We waste the daylight

Burn in the night to find
Win is one
Words of violence
And history's silence
Win as one
Won't answer the question
Is this human kind?

Visit [Strike](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.