

# Zebrahead "Juggernauts"

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Watching anvils falling all around  
They can break our bones when they hit the ground  
Their sirens scream without a sound  
So we numb ourselves with drink to drown

Got it clocked in, bar coded names  
Zeros and ones, compose again  
Now the roofs on fire but it starts to rain  
So clench your fists and enjoy the pain

Think back to the ways of yesterday  
It's the I in team, raised renegade  
To the punk rock clubs and razor blades  
Where throwaway kids could serenade

We lost control again, we lost control again  
We lost control, gotta find a way to make amends  
To fight the end, take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquis, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

Dropping down the well that time forgot  
These scars they show they care a lot  
The sky would tremble like a juggernaut  
At the things we do and what we saw

But one by one we fall the same  
How much to lose, not much to gain  
So have your hope up another train  
Then pinch yourself and see what remains

Think back to the ways of yesterday  
So we never even have to get paid to play  
Got a backpack filled with a lot to say  
But the words have only thrown away

We lost control again, we lost control again  
We lost control, gotta find a way to make amends  
We write the end, take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquis, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We won't wait, we were the lost, but we've found  
We can't wait, our lungs are calling  
We won't wait, we're not the fallen, the underground  
You won't recognize us

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquis, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We lost control again, we lost control again  
We lost control and a loss of breath we are  
And we're breaking up, there's no use settling

So when will the waiting end  
If we don't pretend like a shotgun awakening  
To pull off a pinned down land  
Shed your skin 'cause they is shuddering

So tie off the bleeding end and start again  
The streets are barreling  
We're freezing to reinvent our discontent  
The sound is deafening

We want control again, we want control again  
We want control, gotta find a way to make amends  
To fight the end, take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquis, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We won't wait, no, we were the lost but we've found  
We can't wait, no, our lungs are calling  
We won't wait, no, we're not the fallen, the  
underground  
You won't recognize us now

We are the angry, the innocent  
We are the hungry, the discontent  
We are the marquis, the one percent  
We are the bourgeoisie of argument

We want control again, we want control again

We want control, the underground  
You won't recognize us now

We want control again, we want control again  
We want control, the underground  
You won't recognize us now

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