

Zebrahead "The Juggernauts"

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Watching anvils falling all around
And they break our bones when they hit the ground
The siren screams without a sound
So we numb ourselves with drink and drown

Got to clock in, bar code and name
Zeros and ones, compose the game
And the roof's on fire but stops the rain
So clench your fists, enjoy the pain

Think back to the ways of yesterday
The "I" in team raised renegade
In punk rock clubs and razor blades
Where throwaway kids scream serenades

We lost control again
We lost control again
We lost control
Gotta find a way to make amends
Rewrite the end
Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquee, the one percent
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

(Here we go, Here we go one time)
Dropping down a well that time forgot
With scars that show that we care a lot
In the sky we dreamt like a juggernaut
Of the things we'd do and what we saught

But one by one we fall the same
How much to lose, not much to gain
So have your hope hop another train
And bleach yourself but the strain remains

Think back to the ways of yesterday
When we never even had to get paid to play
Had a backpack filled with a lot to say
But the words have all been thrown away

We lost control again
We lost control again
We lost control
Gotta find a way to make amends
Rewrite the end
Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquee, the one percent
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

We won't wait
We're the lost, but we've found
We can't wait
Alarms are calling
We won't wait
We're not the fallen, the underground
You won't recognise us now

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquee, the one percent
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

We lost control again
We lost control again
We lost control
Got a lost hope requiem
And we're wrecking 'em
There's no use settlin'

So when will the waiting end
If we don't pretend like a shotgun awakening
To blow off a pin-downed limb
She'd your skin cause the day is shuddering

So tie off the bleeding end and start again
The streets are barreling
With reason to reinvent our discontent
The sound grows deafening

We want control again
We want control again
We want control
Gotta find a way to make amends
Rewrite the end
Take back what time has stole

We are the angry, the innocent

We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquee, the one percent
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

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

We are the angry, the innocent
We are the hungry, the discontent
We are the marquee, the one percent
We are the bourgeoisie of arguments

We want control again
We want control again
We want control
The underground, you won't recognise us now
We want control again
We want control again
We want control
The underground, you won't recognise us now

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