

## **Brett Fuentes**

### **"PLY Palace Hunted"**

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Lightning strikes  
Nothing left but my life  
Live free or die trying  
Sacrifice what I've lost  
Shed skin from time to time  
We are here and then we are gone

Still I trace what I don't have  
Focus on the wants  
In the end persistency  
See you can't always have  
What it is you want  
Sometimes you must leave it be  
And let it bleed  
Let it bleed out

Here come theories of everything  
Here come the f\*\*\*ing tsunamis  
Here comes us fighting to survive  
Here lives I to strive on

To have what I need

To love what I won't leave behind

Here we are again experience deja vu  
I only wish to shake the hand of the man that's made it  
through  
In time we say the words that were meant to be said  
Blood runs all through our veins  
still we're getting old

Yes we are, we are still getting old  
Yes we are, we are still growing mold

Oh society what can I say but  
You will always be a part of me  
If I run I will let you win  
If I stay I must let you in  
Like a black cat scratching at my door  
Reluctantly I must let it in  
If not for me would there be a you?

If not for you would there be nothing for me?

Society we are still getting old

Society we are still growing mold

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