

One Man Army

"Loming Disaster"

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More than I'd like to admit I find myself leaning
towards a stint of violence to bring some kind of rest
I'm running down the nameless faces laughing at me
forcing my own hand it's out there waiting for me
outside not far away still baiting at me begging me to
fight and at the end of the night I'm no worse for the
wear with no end in sight outside it's still empty waiting
There's blood being drawn tonight and in my own
home it started a fight with an old friend a familiar face
it's winning now got me guessing laughing at me
forcing my own hand it's out there waiting for me
outside not far away still baiting at me begging me to
fight and at the end of the night I'm no worse for the
wear with no end in sight outside it's still empty waiting
[repeat]

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