

## Armalite "Entitled"

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If I named the wind would I value the breeze  
More than any words you've said to me?  
Our thoughts run in streams, an unquieting ease,  
As actions remain as yet unclaimed.  
To lock on specifics would only make me unsure:  
A paranoid example of "the post-twenty-four."  
Are you older or wiser as you appropriate signs for  
someone else's youth culture that you're just  
synthesizing?

I want an explosion:  
Something that I can call my own.  
I'll swell as a filament to snap,  
I'll burn with heat at my back  
Like a heart to mend, a hand to hold.  
Yes, sometimes...

Can't gather affects as a walk through the schools,  
Stripped of all young arrogance.  
If I kept to my own would I wonder  
How history touches the idealist jet set?  
Let the learned try to prove me wrong, but cynicism's a  
put down.  
So on what will I wonder?

And will I still crave explosion  
When I'm unsure what to call my own?  
Will I swell with new light or snap,  
Will I burn with heat at my back?  
As a heart to mend a hand to hold.  
Yes. Sometimes.

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