

Iron Chic

"Bustin'"

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There's a kind of focus
A subtle art to losing sleep
It takes a certain special kind of person
To make decisions as fucked as these
But that's just the start just a small part
Of what makes us who we are
We make our intentions clear
We choose our words carefully
We don't believe everything we hear
We still have some noise to make
If there's a god he hates us
Does what he can to see us fail
But were not superstitious
So we don't fucking care
We just need a spark, a light in the dark
To show us where we are
Defend against the hordes
With rusty shields and broken swords
All we need are words
A handful of drunken slurs
Truth be told, we'll always know
That we will never be alone

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