

Sick Of It All

"The Blood And The Sweat"

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Struggling through the hardships everyday
I do what I can to fade away
(the bullet has passed it's got our state)
it helps our pride
(all the merry, it hasn't last, for disillusions)
Scratch in the dirt,
trying to find, a glorious time
when there was strength
Hard is my will, so we can take
what has it come to
why does it happen to
leave me cold,
and broken inside and wanting to quit

(Suck up to them), we shouldn't go down
we're down in the gutter
playing the game, something remains
we've already won, and we become slaves
No tears, from my eyes
Just strength, from my pride
No tears, from my eyes
Blood, sweat, 'till I die
No tears, from my eyes
Just strength, from my pride
No tears, from my eyes
Blood, sweat, 'till I die

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