

Ankhara

"Mca"

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Write a letter to myself of white flags and surrender, I dig my trenches six feet deep, But where are you now? While we still stand proud, And you're still tripping on your feet. So you better run for cover, Boy, The revolution just pulled your fucking number, I've been a vindictive man, I've been a man of power, But looking at you is just like pulling teeth, I said looking at you is just like pulling teeth. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. I've seen a million faces, But I can't seem to forget the ones that burn me, But where are you now? While we still stand proud, And you're still tripping on your feet. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. Who starts the riot?? Then hides behind it?? You sing the songs, But you know we didn't buy it, When we heard it on the streets, And we held it in our hearts, You made us what we hated, And you tore us all apart!! Who steps aside?? You can't deny, You sing the songs, But you know we didn't buy it, When we heard it on the streets, And we held it in our hearts, You made us what we hated, And you tore us all apart!! So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed. So here's to our past, From the bottom of our glass, That tilted, Spilled, Hit the floor, Then smashed.

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