

Zamora

"Zulu"

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I'm feeling what I want to feel
I'm saying what I've said all along
Because I know the things that are important to me
Because life is too short to be long

And those thoughts
That I've kept inside
With those words
That I could not hide
Before those times that always remind me
That all I ever did was try

So change your tune one step to make a stand
I want to speak my mind start my own african tribe
I'm alone now run into the deepest pile of shit
Cause that's where I'm going to blend in

Those choices that I've never made
With those decisions that once cut me a break
Cause after all what's left in the end
There's somethings that they just can't take

So take a bow
Well you're not that great
Go pat your back
Go off and masturbate
Cause one thing that you know for sure
Your hand is not a lonesome date

So change your tune one step to make a stand
I want to speak my mind start my own african tribe
I'm alone now run into the deepest pile of shit
Cause that's where I'm going to blend in

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