

# Here We Are

## One Man Army

It's In The Air Tonight  
In The Feeling In The Sound  
It's Not Seeing Straight  
And Not Getting Down  
It's All Of Us Against Them  
Dear Friends Till The End  
Fighting On For More Than A Mile  
Through Plastic Shit And The Smiles  
Here We Are Alone  
All Of Us  
With No Control For What's Ailing Us Or Failing Us  
Were The Crucified  
Still Addicted To The Sound  
Stained With Violence  
And A Bad Case Of Woe Is Me  
So We Take What We Like  
To Cure What's Ailing Us

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