

Brothers and Sisters

Band of Skulls

I was born and raised
With a dozen other countries
You were better raised
By the morals of your tensions
You're living just to please
Dying to offendBut, however, much the time
We're our brothers and sisters in the endI remember when
We were just little children
Started make it up
Little sparrows of a soul then
Keep your enemies closer than your friendsBut, however, much the time
We're our brothers and sisters in the endWhat's it doing to me?
Don't you understand?
Separated from the pack you ain't never going backNow we all grew up
Some a little more than others
Have your father's sons
Have the daughters of your mothers
You think you're so special
If only to pretendBut, however, much the time
We're our brothers and sisters in the endBut, however, much the time
We're our brothers and sisters in the endWhat's it doing to me?
Don't you understand?
Separated from the pack you ain't never going back
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