Summer Of '97

Closet Monster

Nobody was listening.
Just shit talking unimpressed.
For speaking up and out above the murmur of the crowd.
Cause it's nothing special.
It's basic fundamental.
Just four guys concerned trying to drum up some right questions right now.A room full of people.
The whole worlds in their hands.
Why's not the whole world concerned?
This is your world to you know.
Stand up for something more than.
Sitting right back down.
I'm not afraid to get up and communicate this message to you because it cats me alive.
And I think that's why you only want to watch me sit and scream.
That doesn't justify what happened here.
What happened here?
You don't know how it feels (granted I don't know how it feels either most of the time).I'll see you in a smoke filled coffee shop one day.
I hope that we can talk what we've been through.
The most donuts per capita per idiot.
I'll never forget.
Taste my lungs bleed again.
I bit my own hand off when I realized it helped to feed.
At the end of the day I know how it feels to want the end.
One more cigarette.
You never seemed to understand.
It was just about respect.This truly ain't no mecca man.
This place is truly fucked.
We built it up and watched it fall.
And survived with those we trust.
All we were earching for was someone or something to believe in.
That's why we got each other. Cause when they knock one of us down.
We'll come together underground.
And try to conquer the world
The stars and stripes charred black.
When done right, art should attack.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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