First

The Chariot

Sing it.
Singing a different song.
Make it.
Guess who will play along.
I can't help looking at me.
C'est La Vie.
My hands are free as can be.
C'est La Vie.
Wanted: Passion.
Wasted and hopeless.
Makeshift glory,
Praises, fortress, blame me.
How can I speak on the other side?
How can I speak on the other side?
We cannot be inside this war until we bleed and make it
Louder. Louder. Louder. Louder. Louder. Louder. Louder. Louder.With various degrees of love and of hate.
With a gun strapped to your side, I believe you have your faith.
I move onward with a trumpet and a voice
And a ghost inside my head and the past is noise.

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