

New Blood

Surrounded By Monsters

We are the new blood teaching the young to fail.
We are the new blood marching this dangerous trail.
The sirens blaring sound, the hounds hunt through the trenches.
Their gaining ground, their teeth clench.

Bedlam!

There's a party on my mind.
They're finding me finding words I've been trying to find.
If not giving a fuck is a crime then you've caught me red handed.
If not giving a fuck is a crime then you've caught me red handed.

With my hands behind my back I'm guilty, yeah I'm guilty.
And when the judges gavel drops I'm guilty, yeah I'm guilty.
With my hands behind my back I'm guilty, yeah I'm guilty.

I never had a chance.
I believe that it's best not to cower
but I guess some of us don't have the strength.
They never had a chance.
Never had a chance.
Never had a chance.
Never had a chance.

When the coroner arrives at the scene of the crash he finds a man with the seat belt tied around his neck like a
noose.

Though the ink had not yet dried, there was a note right by his side and for a man with unlit pride his words
were simple and true.

"We've been finding our way at the bottom while you've fucked your way to the top.
We've been fighting our way at the bottom while you've fucked your way to the top."

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Teaching the young to fail.
Teaching the young to fail.

Lyrics submitted by Michael Lam.

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