

# One by One

## Big B/Chucky Styles/Judge D/Taxman

One by one (one by one)  
You can hear them collect (you can hear them collect)  
They don't wanna make peace with you  
What did you expect (what did you expect)  
Cause hunger feeds what anger breeds  
When you're not sure what to believe in  
Bring it on, son show your guns  
This is no time to be sentimental  
Leave your fears in the dark  
Choke them with your hands  
I'm talking about the way you walk  
Get your head out of the clouds  
As quick as the fever burns, addiction spreads  
Hatred flows through the veins of your dead  
I can't change what I can't see  
What the television doesn't say  
I don't wanna believe in leavin  
Believe in  
Come on, come on  
Two by four (Two by four)  
Grip it, tighten your hands (Grip it, tighten your hands)  
And whatever they've got to lose  
Is buried deep in the sand  
Cause hunger feeds what anger breeds  
When you're not sure what to believe in  
Bring it on, son show your guns  
This is no time to be sentimental  
Leave your fears in the dark  
Choke them with your hands  
I'm talking about the way you walk  
Get your head out of the clouds  
As quick as the fever burns, addiction spreads  
Hatred flows through the veins of your dead  
I can't change what I can't see  
What the television doesn't say  
I don't wanna believe in leavin  
Believe in  
Come on, come on

Lost, we traveled the week  
A mess to make it right  
We take in more than we ask for  
I know just how I should show my sand in the dark  
Leavin, leavin  
As quick as the fever burns, addiction spreads  
Hatred flows through the veins of your dead  
I can't change what I can't see  
What the television doesn't say  
I don't wanna believe in  
The fever burns, addiction spreads  
Hatred flows through the veins of your dead  
I can't change what I can't see  
What the television doesn't say  
I don't wanna believe in

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