In Our Defense

The Academy Is...

Forced to the wall,
the crosshairs shift from this tied down burden: Courage.
What did you expect?
A nightmare of reason and faith alike.
Because you take shots, my back's turned, you're gutless.
You think you're saving face
But I'll tell you what (I'll tell you what)
As far as you're concerned the next breath that you take should be underwater.
You're worthless. You've been told once before.
This time you're gonna get back a little more than you paid for.
Forced to the wall the record skips and this satellite sense is detecting.
You run for cover. A nightmare, a vision, a quota, a reason.
You take shots, my back's turned, you're gutless.
You think you're saving face but first things first,
this is a matter of egos and how every single shot you take
Is taken in weakness and vain.
Place your bets, it's a matter of context.
You said it, you mean it, you want it, you've got it.
I've been waiting far too long for this.

You take shots, my back's turned, you're gutless, and you've got no spine at all.
I've been waiting. Take your shot and be on your way.
Spill fiction while my back is turned, when you've got an easy target.
Build stregth, and your heart is gone.
You tell my back that you're more courageous.
We've got our souls held in this dark hotel room.
You're taking chances for the worst and the worst is yet to come.
Place your bets, it's a matter of...
You said it, you mean it, you want it, you've got it.
I've been waiting far too long for...
Show a litte backbone.
In this hole we've dug, you're never crawling out alive.
You won't make it too far, you won't get too far.
In this home we've made, you're never welcome again.
You wont make it too far.
Place your bets son, pay your ransom.
You don't know what it is to regret.

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