

# Lonewolves

## Converge

From a victim to a friend  
Don't ever let them in keep  
Your scars on your sleeve and your heart in your hands  
All the whores with their wars  
Their gaping mouths want more  
All of them choke on regret  
We sit in silence Dead or dedicated  
Alive or medicated  
A coward queen or harlot  
Heart, it's up to you This world owes you nothing  
This world owes me nothing  
This world owes us nothing but a hard road to walk These mountains that we climb is everything they've lost  
This world owes us nothing but a hard road to walk  
These mountains that we move are everywhere we look  
It's all up to me and you

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