

PLY Palace Hunted

[Brett Fuentes](#)

Lightning strikes
Nothing left but my life
Live free or die trying
Sacrifice what I've lost
Shed skin from time to time
We are here and then we are gone Still I trace what I don't have
Focus on the wants
In the end persistency
See you can't always have
What it is you want
Sometimes you must leave it be
And let it bleed
Let it bleed out Here come theories of everything
Here come the f***ing tsunamis
Here comes us fighting to survive
Here lives I to strive on To have what I need
To love what I won't leave behind Here we are again experience deja vu
I only wish to shake the hand of the man that's made it through
In time we say the words that were meant to be said
Blood runs all through our veins
still we're getting old Yes we are, we are still getting old
Yes we are, we are still growing mold Oh society what can I say but
You will always be a part of me
If I run I will let you win
If I stay I must let you in
Like a black cat scratching at my door
Reluctantly I must let it in
If not for me would there be a you?
If not for you would there be nothing for me? Society we are still getting old
Society we are still growing mold

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