Shout

Atrocity

Shout
Shout
Let it all out
These are the things I can do without
Come on
I'm talking to you
Come onIn violent times
You shouldn't have to sell your soul
In black and white
They really really ought to know
Those one track minds
That took you for a working boy
Kiss them goodbye
You shouldn't have to jump for joyThey gave you life
And in return you gave them Hell
As cold as I ice
I hope we live to tell the taleAnd when you've taken down your guard
If I could change your mind
I'd really love you break your heart

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