Looming Disaster

One Man Army

More Than I'd Like To Admit
I Find Myself Leaning Towards A Stint
Of Violence To bring Some Kind Of Rest
I'm Running Down The Nameless Faces
Laughing At Me Forcing My Own HandIt's Out There Waiting For Me
Outside Not Far Away Still Baiting At Me
Begging Me To Fight
And At The End Of The Night
I'm No Worse For The Wear
With No End In Sight
Outside It's Still Empty WaitingThere's Blood Being Drawn Tonight
And In My Own Home It Started A Fight
With An Old Friend A Familiar Face
It's Winning Now Got Me Guessing
Laughing At Me Forcing My Own HandIt's Out There Waiting For Me
Outside Not Far Away Still Baiting At Me
Begging Me To Fight
And At The End Of The Night
I'm No Worse For The Wear
With No End In Sight
Outside It's Still Empty Waiting (Repeat)

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