Violent and Armed

Chasing Victory

Bring me back to life.
I'm crying out for something that's not even there at all.
God, oh God, bring us back to life and save us all from death.
On this lonely night we're writing letters to God
and we're asking Him to please bring back my sun or just send me a sign.
Ready, set, go!
I'm calling all cars.
Ready, set, go!
I'm violent and armed.
I think it's safe to say that we'll bring this back down tonight, alright.
Open your sleepy eyes to the colors of the sky that are bringing me back to life.
So I'll stand my ground then I'll whither away like a rose that's been sitting in the sun too long.
Well I asked for this and I'll die for you.
You said that this wasn't permanent.
I'll die for this.

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