

Writings on the Wall

Parkway Drive

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1]

When you're born in the dirt the only way to grow is up

So we reach for the sun but it seems

Every rung that you climb is another crooked line

That you cross off the tally of your dreams

Don't step out of line kid, you learn it pretty fast

Every face has its place in the crowd

They'll give you all the answers, so you don't ask any questions

Then they'll march you with a smile into the ground And we all go to heaven in a little row boat [Chorus]

So put your hands up, put your hands up

If crawling for the scraps won't ever be enough

Put your hands up, put your hands up

The writing's on the wall, this ain't ever gonna stop

Put your hands up, put your hands up

If crawling for the scraps won't ever be enough

Put your hands up, put your hands up

We'll fight until we die, this ain't ever gonna stop [Verse 2]

This stray dog world, this sick sad place

Got a belly full of maggots and disease

Every apple here is rotten, every blessing is a curse

Every word is a lie you best believe

We take one step forward, then two steps back

In a race to the bottom of the barrel

They teach us how to fear

They teach us how to hate

Then they arm us and they march us off to hell And its left, left, left right left [Chorus]

So put your hands up, put your hands up

If crawling for the scraps won't ever be enough

Put your hands up, put your hands up

The writing's on the wall, this ain't ever gonna stop

Put your hands up, put your hands up

If crawling for the scraps won't ever be enough

Put your hands up, put your hands up
We'll fight until we die, this ain't ever gonna stop[Bridge]
Because they came for our minds
We said nothing
They came for our hopes
We said nothing
They came for our souls
And still we said nothing
Now they're coming for our lives
So what's it gonna takeWhat's it gonna takeSee how they run, see how they run[Chorus]
So put your hands up, put your hands up
If clawing for the scraps won't ever be enough
Put your hands up, put your hands up
The writing's on the wall, this ain't ever gonna stop
Put your hands up, put your hands up
If clawing for the scraps won't ever be enough
Put your hands up, put your hands up
We'll fight until we die, this ain't ever gonna stop

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