

# When Consequences Come

[Matthew Ebel](#)

When I was young I used to cry  
and looking back I dont know why  
I bore it like the world upon my back.  
I know that I was not alone  
facing hearts of stone about to crack.They came at me with taunts and jibes,  
but thankfully the guns and knives  
were always someone elses hell to bear.  
I guess Ill never understand  
why pain makes me a man  
and I dont care.I was always singing on the inside.You cant wait forever-  
Its only now or never  
-laters just when consequences come.  
You play what youve been booking,  
you eat what youve been cooking.  
You cant keep the devil on the run.  
Laters just when consequences come.Well Ill never be that boy again  
but I thank God that Im the man  
that boy became, hes part of who I am.  
I made it out alive  
but so many dont survive to say the same.So roll the dice,  
take your chances, pay the price  
cause every rock you throw  
is coming back at you.  
My guns are made of lengthy songs  
but others sing through homemade bombs.  
Im glad I picked the sweeter tune.I was always singing on the inside.Its never too soon to say Im sorry.  
Its never too late to say Ill be your friend.  
Its never too late to tell someone not to worry.  
Cause you never know if nevers going to be the end.

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