I'm not good in a crowd, I got skills I can't speak of Things I've seen will chase me To the grave I'm not good in a crowd, I got skills I can't speak of Over there Things that I've seen Will chase me to the grave Led with your hands tied Fetters and flies You stumble the dunes Complain to the moon Backs to the wheel There's granite to shove Take it They give it So rivet for rivet I will pilfer my family a bulletproof love How does it feel The weight of the steel? The weight of the steel The flat of the blade How does it feel To kneel at defeat? To kneel at defeat At the choices you make I'm not good in a crowd, I got skills I can't speak of Things I've seen will chase me To the grave Backs to the wheel There's granite to shove Take it They give it

I will build for my family a bulletproof love

And rivet for rivet