

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 hand it'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 There'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 hand it'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]