

Knuckles

The Unjust

Broken notions of friends and the way times used to be
We wanted more, but then he's felt it all before
All the angers of life, the piss righteous of men
The tables turned, and now we pace to watch you burn

Wait for the energy
Wait for one...

The fame of all the years surrounds you...
So sway upon the surface...take it all away.
The fate of all the years surrounds you...
So sway upon the surface...

Lonely questions of life, and the way it ought to be
You wanted more, swearing your life and now its born.
Painted fists, shouts of bliss, empty promise of the plan
Showered with lies, and now they grin and watch you die

Wait for the energy
Wait for your time to come down
Stay for the fists to see
wait for the one!

The fame of all the years surrounds you...
So sway upon the surface...take it all away.
The fate of all the years surrounds you...
So sway upon the surface...

If and I forget...All the sounds inside, the sounds inside
If and I forget...all the sounds inside, its bound to die

Wait for the energy
wait for the one!

The fame of all the years surrounds you...
So sway upon the surface...take it all away.
The fate of all the years surrounds you...
So sway upon the surface...