

# You're Not a Man

Thomston

You're not a man until you're bleeding  
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Closed fist  
You cut like a razor blade  
With so much to prove before you wane  
Get hit  
Your bruises of honor are badges of war  
The oath you say;  
You won't let them see you down

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We dream of a place  
Where sweat is the currency that falls from your brow  
And toil does pay  
Dare I speak against  
Centuries of apathy  
Making the man the right way  
I'll keep it down for now, cause

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And I'll find my worth in more than open wounds  
(You're not a man until you're)  
So much is on my shoulders  
(You're not a man until you're)  
And when our arms are down, no one loses  
(You're not a man until you're)  
Till then I can't control ya  
(You're not a, you're not a)

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