Anathema, Roads

Can't anybody see You've got a war to fight Never found our way Regardless of what they say How can it feel, this wrong From this moment How can it feel, this wrong Storm.. in the morning light No more can I say Frozen to myself I got nobody on my side And surely that ain't right And surely that ain't right Can't anybody see You've got a war to fight Never found our way Regardless of what they say How can it feel, this wrong From this moment How can it feel, this wrong How can it feel, this wrong From this moment How can it feel, this wrong Can't anybody see We've got a war to fight Never found our way Regardless of what they say How can it feel, this wrong From this moment How can it feel, this wrong