

Bloody Sunday, Abject Paradise

do you know what it means
to truly be outside
last pick for everything
no one even knows your name
do you know how it feels
to be rejected all the time
always feeling like you are
standing at the back of the line

i never fit in
not saying i didnt try
i got so sick and tired
where my brothers
stand by me
unfit for society
the outsiders
live freely
finally a place for me

not you
try so hard
to fit in to this
you rejected all of us
did you really think that i'd forget
why don't you go back home
and leave this for us
there's no second chances
once you break our trust

i won't let you ruin this for me
this is home for me
i won't let you burn down all these walls
that were built on the backs of kids with heart
true passion isn't something you can find
you can try but its a waste of time
you can laugh and call this a cliché
but it meant the same in 88
i won't let you ruin this for me
this is home to me