

Sick Of It All, I Believe

I believe that joy defines success
I'm aware of what causes my happiness
I believe that distance of my reach is far beyond what
I ever dreamed
What I dreamed shaped my creed
All I need is self-belief
It's all you ever really need
I believe their world is misery
I'm aware they speak the language of despair
I believe in seeing through fear
The fear of the future that's breeding mediocrity
The opposition fuels the fire
And only strengthens my desire
To break away from what's expected
and throw it in their face
The opposition makes me dream
of how much better I can be
To outshine their drap existence
And throw it in their face