

The A.K.A.S, We Write Our Own Anthems

Can you tell from the way we wear our scars so well?
We've got a reason to be cynical.
You can tell from the razorblades we smuggle in our mouths...
we've got a reason to be critical.
We've got nowhere to go and everyone knows
that's how it goes around here.
We've got stacks and piles of dead .WAV files.
Nobody smiles around here.
So we stopped dropping quarters in the wishing well.
We don't need it. We don't need another love song.
We don't need it. I know you're not speaking to me.
We're all sick of standing in line waiting to die.
We've got reasons to think it's pitiful.
We've got a new way to dance, a new way to move.
We write our own rules around here.
We've got piles and stacks of dead soundtracks.
We write our own anthems down here.
We write our own rules and we write our own anthems.