



SKET

Face down on a broken  
street There's a man in  
the corner In a pool of  
misery I'm in white van  
As a red sea covers the  
ground Metal crash I  
can't tell what it is But I  
take a look And now I'm  
sorry I did 5:30 on a  
Friday night Thirty

Running wild Running wild Boy sees his father  
Crushed under the weight Of a cross in a passion  
Where the passion is hate Blue milk Ford I'm gonna  
detonate in your den Blood in the house Blood on the  
street The worst things in the world Are justified by  
belief Registration 1385-WZ I don't believe anymore I  
don't believe anymore Raised by wolves Stronger than  
fear Raised by wolves We were raised by wolves  
Raised by wolves Stronger than fear If I open my eyes  
You disappear Running wild  
I don't believe anymore I don't believe anymore  
Face down on  
a pillow of shame There

are some girls with a  
needle Tryin' to spell  
my name My body's not  
a canvas My body's now  
a toilet wall I don't  
believe anymore I don't

believe anymore Raised  
by wolves Stronger than  
fear Raised by wolves  
We were raised by  
wolves Raised by  
wolves Stronger than  
fear If I open my eyes  
You disappear

