

Artist: velvet_revolver

Title: The last fight

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Time feels like I've been back in jail
Like when I was doing time in the can
Spend all night on a bended knee
Just to beg for something to believe
Left home with a pack of clothes without a family tree

[Chorus]

This fight could be the last fight
No giving and no winning
One time could be the all the time
Should we decide to end the misery

Time heals all of the burned out bridges
Filled with nothing more than misery
With the mask of the unbattled son
Trying to beg for something to believe
Left home with a pack of clothes without a family tree

[Chorus]

Break the chains of featherweights and giants
With the stain forever lasting liars
They're afraid when we spit out the fire
And start living

[Chorus x3]