

we tore down the rivalries, they were painted some shade of brown

broken were the footsteps that made up our heavy crowns

walked off, each all alone, but somewhere in heart we were saved

forgotten were the outcomes of each unplayful game

as the paint chips we flourish more with each rising sun

some suffocate beneath and so they grab a gun

and thats where it starts over, hatred rising anew

reminded of the past and the infections that we threw

so its a cycle, despised by those who cannot win

those ones who will keep it rising up again