

The Life

A Plea for Purging

Look at all of us running
Always behind, always late
We're always playing catch up
In this human race

All of these young men dying of old age
To feel alive could cost you everything
It's hard to hold onto your ideals
when you lost your innocence

When the dreams you've caught
Aren't the dreams you've chased
Now your hearts are bleeding
To keep this pace

The kid you were
Hates the man you became
You can't remember what you wanted
You just can't
Feel the same

Remember what you wanted
remember what you chased

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