

What amounts to a dream anymore?
A crude device;
A veil on our eyes
A simple plan we'd be different from the rest
And never resign to a typical life

Common fears start to multiply
We realize we're paralyzed
Where'd it go,
All that precious time?
Did we even try to stem the tide?

Why should we waste it on
Buying into the same old lies?
The longer we wait around
The faster the years go by

It's not too late
To feel a little more alive
Make our escape
Before we start to vaporize

Doubtless, we've been through this
So if you want to follow me you should know
I was lost then and I am lost now
And I doubt I'll ever know which way to go