

## 40 Thieves

### A Loss for Words

Do you ever feel yourself blinded by the neon lights,  
hanging on, only to hang on?  
You shuffle day to day to be lost up in the fray  
and you're only saving grace is barely saving face.

Time goes by and I wonder will we make a stand?

All we want is to make it out alive,  
keep our feet in marching time.  
This is all that we know.  
And all you want is to meet life's expectations.  
It's all you want and it's all you'll ever know.

Don't fall asleep to that lullaby they sing.  
You hum along intently.  
This used to be ours  
(This used to be ours)  
and it can be that great again.  
We're just mannequins and models  
for the next big thing that they will push on you.

Time goes by and I wonder will we make a stand?

All we want is to make it out alive,  
keep our feet in marching time.  
This is all that we know.  
And all you want is to meet life's expectations.  
It's all you want and it's all you'll ever know.

Can we make it through this life unscarred?  
Do we even want to?  
Do we even have a choice?  
Did you get what I meant when I said,  
"We are the Living Dead?"  
Maybe the ego is all mine.  
I pray it's not all the time.

All we want is to make it out alive.

All we want is to make it out alive,  
keep our feet in marching time.  
This is all that we know.  
And all you want is to meet life's expectations.  
It's all you want and it's all you'll ever know.