

## 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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