

Ever since this started, I've been waiting for something, for someone to trip our legs as we run.
But we've had our aim at the sun all along.
We proved them wrong as we fought our way through this town.

We were never meant to reach out for help.
We were never meant to hold back ourselves.

We're all captives, but we're not blind.
We're blindfolded, but we're not sightless.

We were never meant to, we were never meant...

Now I have torn down the sun from your skies, and I will leave you with the rain and the choice to decide.

We were never meant to reach out for help.
We were never meant to hold back ourselves.

Weighed down and never weightless.
Beaten down and never restless.