

The "holy" shows your purpose
And you buy it, you buy it?
If it's your faith, is this your fate?

We all fail
We all break
So we fight it back for no reason but ourselves
We fight!
We fight it back!

We'll not abandon ourselves
We were stalled out and empty
On highways cracked and blanked out
And if in someway we were to get out
To walk out, we'd have to
No matter how far or high up

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In the dark it looked like they were sleeping
They looked like how I felt, how cold they were
And who would go to trouble to arrange them like that?
And in my panic, in my grief it struck me.

If it burns too bright then it'll burn too fast

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We fight!
We fight it back!