

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