

Picking up the pieces
To put them back together
Staring at the faces
That hoped for something better
Wondering if I'll ever be the same
Wondering if I'll ever feel good again

But I'm still standing
Holding on
Stripped of all these chains you've put on
I'm still young
I'm still free
You haven't got the best of me

Holding on to reason
But caught up in the moment
With nothing to believe in
Because everything is broken
Nothing will ever be the same
No nothing will ever feel good again

Now you're seeing all your bridges burn
We're all waiting for it to be your turn
With your fingers and wires crossed
Counting down the names of the lives you've cost...