

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...