

"Get back up, what are you waiting for this time? "
I'm over playing with this plight
But I'm still handcuffed, ball-gagged, facedown to the
floor
And I'm waiting while I'm hating what I'm waiting for

It's time to take ahold of what belongs to me
It's time to walk away with no apologies
These voices in the mirror start quietly
And now they're screaming back at me

Don't back down
Holding on until my hands and mind are bleeding
This is my birthright
I'm so sick of feeling like I'm helpless
This is over tonight

Don't back up, your ass is to the wall again and
Aren't you sick of wasting so much time?
And yes it's true you're a fool if you think you were
born
To be waiting while you're hating what you're waiting
for

How could have I been so earthbound
with my heart in the depths and my face in the ground?
it's time to uproot myself and move on

How could have I been making sound
When my mouth and my lungs had both fused to the
ground?
it's time to uproot myself and move on

The voices in my head have all begun to sing
(the voices in your head have all begun to sing)
and they sure as hell hope I am listening
(I sure as hell hope you are listening)