

The sparrow fell from its perch
From the dead weight of this earth
His precious held life long dreams
Were someone else's old misgivings
Don't live as the echo
But thrive as the sound
Don't live as the echo
But thrive as the sound
The boy dug deep with his hands
Only to find poisoned lands
And all he could carry all he could take
Were our legacies of hand me down mistakes
The fruits of our tears rot at the vine
Not enough heart not enough time
No right answers to their wrong ways
When we inherit our graves
(Don't) live as the echo
But thrive as the sound
(Don't) live as the echo
But thrive as the sound
Don't let your future
Writhe in our past
Don't let your future
Writhe in our past
Don't let your future
Writhe in our past
Don't let your future
Writhe in our fucking past