

There was a house in a field on the side of a cliff
And the waves crashing below were just said to be a myth
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Now the house on the cliff is the wreckage on the rocks

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Nothing can fix the building's flawed foundation
The scaffolding and stalks were the laws and legislation
This house was doomed, but they didn't care
They'd invested in the system that was beyond repair

When I was little
I dressed up as an astronaut, and explored outer-space
I dressed up as a superhero, and ran about the place
I dressed up as a fireman, and rescued those in need
I dressed up as a doctor, and cured every disease

It was crystal clear to me back then that the only problems that I could face
Would be the same problems that affect us all
But of course this sense of common existence was sucked out of me in an instance
As if from birth I could walk but I was forced to crawl

So this an exciting time, to be alive
Our generation's gotta fight, to survive
It's in your hands now, there's no time
Our future, our future