

Cage on the Ground

Flyleaf

Another dreamer steps on to the stage
He sings his hope and his fear and his rage
As the applause from the crowd starts to fade
He hears them swallow the key to his cage

Welcome to the machine
It's a currency generator
And then it's a guillotine
A mirror held up to your own behavior
I'm gonna take my bow
And disappear into the sound
I'm leaving my cage on the ground
When I take my bow
I want you to come to the ground
See my feet falling down from the clouds
The dreamer dances inside of his cage
All his music and words are the same
But in the moment he exits the stage
You hear him whisper a prayer for the frames

Welcome to the machine
It's a currency generator
And then it's a guillotine
A mirror held up to your own behavior
I'm gonna take my bow
And disappear into the sound
I'm leaving my cage on the ground
When I take my bow
I want you to come to the ground
See my feet falling down from the clouds

When they distinguish your name
It may extinguish your flame
I'm gonna take my bow
And disappear into the sound
I'm leaving my cage on the ground
When I take my bow
I want you to come to the ground
See my feet falling down from the clouds

So trade those ashes for a cry