

Siege Equipment For Spiritual Decline

If Hope Dies

Those roads and streets they cut.
They cut off circulation.
Just like chains around my wrists.
Yeah.
Pushing me in these same directions.
Caught in a maze of dull routine.
A body in motion, a mind crippled in inertia.
Looking for an avenue of escape.
Begging for release, from these paths worn thin.
The feelings that I've seen and done all this before.
Rushing straight towards us all.
We feel the callings of our futures.
The push and pull, the force of time continues ever forward.
Our hopes and dreams overcome.
Crumbled by forced reason.
Two tide of age and despair.
Dashing us against walls we've erected.
Buried below the weight of our screams.
To live and die and lose the sense of.
What it is that makes us strong.
Is the single greatest crime.
Which we are all guilty of.
To let the fire in our hearts.
Wink out without slightest protest.
The sound of progress thundering in our ears.
To feel the wind across my face.
I'll tear these towers down.
And embrace the day.
Rushing straight towards us all.
We feel the calling of our futures.
The push and pull of time.
The force of time continues ever forward.
To live and die and lose the sense of.
What it is that makes us strong.
Is the single greatest crime.
Which we are all guilty of.
To let the fire in our hearts.
Wink out without slightest protest.
The sound of progress thundering in our ears.