

We're dancing on top of the world,
looking down on places that cease to exist.
We need a reason to turn our backs,
forced to create steal towers of death.
We're fearless on the edge of the Earth,
giving all of these people a chance to persist.
We need a reason to turn our backs,
building a future with so many cracks.
Remember where you first called home.
Reclaim the life of the Skydancer.
Restore what you called your own.
Return-where you run wild and free.

Remember where you first called home.
You're never going to see it 'til you're dancing on top of the world.
Restore what you called your own.
Return, where you run wild and free.

There's dying in the streets.
The hungry cannot eat.
The rich feed the genocide.
Every angle bound by the concrete jungle.
Unconscious, can we afford to live this way?
Abandoned and forsaken,
is this the path that we've taken?
Abandoned and forsaken,
we must arise and awaken.

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