

What you're feeling, it's nothing new
And it's always something,
so what is wrong with you?

We find ourselves here, stuck inside
a never ending nightmare,
just trying to survive

All the roads away from here are blocked or burned
beyond repair
The one way left to go is out but no one really cares

Pieces of us always in bloom,
covering the walls of empty rooms
Pieces of your soul sealed in this tomb,
by others' influence on you
We can not go back but we'll go through,
walk a mile in someone else's shoes
The sum of all the pieces'll have to do,
till we create the world anew

Fortunes are few and far between
Yet so many still believe that
one day that could be me

Misled by all these transplanted dreams
by free market values
and a just-world fallacy

Faithfully I wish to be the one to save this world from
evil
but I'm only me and we need everyone for this

This is what they always do,
and all it takes to quiet you
is promise of a better view when you have paid your
dues