

# Wasted Days

Mortal Sin

As the misty morning clears on another day  
All alone I wait for the final call  
Bought the big ticket, got to ride that train all alone  
All hope for freedom is lost and my back's against the wall

Flesh and blood is all that remain to get me through it all  
Dignity stripped away, the human cloak is frail  
Tagged with a number, the human baggage of the world

Living on memories  
I can't break free  
I can't escape those wasted days  
Living on memories  
I can't escape the wasted days

I stare into the mirror but the face I'm seeing is not my own  
My life flashes by me now, the years they pass like days  
I don't belong in this hardened world  
Hey, take a look at me, I'm not the same  
Looking back into the mirror, I hear it whisper my name

Living on memories  
I can't break free  
I can't escape the wasted days  
Living on memories  
I can't escape those wasted days

No more pain from the world inside  
Still can't escape those wasted days

Living on memories  
I can't break free  
I can't escape the wasted days  
Living on memories  
My back's against the wall

(Living on memories)  
Can't escape those wasted days  
(Living on memories)  
As the sun rises slowly on another day  
They've come to take me away