

Motion Sickness

My Ticket Home

So there you stand, walking among them.
Pathetic, beat down. Lead by routine day after miserable day.
Is this everything you thought it would be?
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To be secure amongst your peers.
To feel safe in your own world.
But in the back of your mind you just want to die.
But you can't. No. You won't.
Cause this cage is all you know.
Cold, unnerving. Blank stares across the room.
Fake, uncaring. You want to see me back down.
What goes around is gone.
We all decide what we're made of.
We all decide what we're made of.
Unnerving. Blank stares across the room.
Fake, uncaring. You want to see me back down.
What goes around is gone.