

Too many lies when I was seventeen
And now I'm keeping up time with you
Short sounds of apocalypse
And my world's torn out of view
It's always the same
They want to lock you down inside
They won't let you try

I realize it's all the same when the lights dim down to pray
Through the eyes we paralyze but the world won't stop today
Did you rise for someone else?
Were you afraid to be yourself?
We've waited all our lives for the chance to come undone

We spit asides and we ruminate
About the false sense of it all
Life's short and the spirit falters
All the weak will do is crawl
In broken time
To conclusions we've assigned

We sacrifice and burn
To steal convention all away
We try to paint the future
Somehow we sterilize today

With an audience complicit
We change the lies to gold
In our septic disaffection
Still function as we're told
As we're told