

Well, boy, I saw that face again today
On another stranger's humbled stumbling frame
I had to think to keep my
Helping hands to myself
Every day I hate to be this way

Escape is unfulfilling, but it warms the willing

Time spent wanting, wandering away from here
The time comes when you run out
OF good things to say
I'm overwhelmed by the number of things
To fight for
Don't try to tell me that we're not gonna run out

Escape is unfulfilling, but it warms the willing
What goes on?

With little help from the fearless man in charge
We'll push ourselves back over the fading horizon
The rhythm of this grinding beast keeps me on
It's pain itself that keeps the tears from rising

It's logic versus conscience
I've got to lose myself in something
Hide away, slide away from pulling back
A pulsating bloody stump
Time spent wanting something to improve
Time spent wanting someone to move
That it's time to lose some sense
Time spent wanting something new