

# Prisoners

## Our Last Night

We wake up in a bed of sin  
And stare up at the ceiling as high as the sky  
Like it's our way to fly  
We're chasing a reason to exist  
But can't seem to escape the loneliness  
Running in circles around happiness

With houses made of gold  
Controlled by what we own  
We follow what we're told  
Fit right into the mold  
Is this what we need to breathe  
Or are we just feeding our disease

We lost sight of what we can't touch  
We lost it all but can't remember how to love  
I'm open with an empty heart  
And we shall grieve until we start  
We wonder why we feel empty inside  
Why there's a hunger that we can't satisfy  
A lonely world with a bad design  
You waste your time on an endless climb

With houses made of gold  
Controlled by what we own  
We follow what we're told  
Fit right into the mold  
Is this what we need to breathe  
Or are we just feeding our disease

Prisoners of a hopeless war  
Fighting with a double edged sword  
We could be free  
If we stop feeding our disease

We stand on top of the world  
But still there's hollow ground  
We stand on top of the world  
When all is wrong  
We stand at the top of the world, alone

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Controlled by what we own  
We follow what we're told  
Fit right into the mold  
Is this what we need to breathe  
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