

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

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

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