

Tightrope

Papa Roach

My words are weapons
In which I murder you with.
Please don't be scared.
Please do not turn your head.
We are the future, the 21st century dyslexic, Glue-sniffing, cyber sluts.
With Homicidal Minds and hand-guns.
We are insane.
Nothing will change.
We are in-sane.
Nothing will ch-a-a-nge

There is a thin line between what is good and what is evil,
And, I will tip-toe down that line but I will feel unstable,
My life is a circus and I am trippin' down that Tightrope,
Well there is nothin' to save me now,
So I will not look down

And again, and again, and again, and it happens again.
and again, and aga-ain.
There's no beginning. There is no end.
There is only change.
Progression backwards, is this where we are heading?
Take back your soul, Forget your emptiness

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And, I will tip-toe down that line but I will feel unstable.
My life is a circus and I am trippin' down the Tightrope.
Well there is nothin' to save me now,
I'm falling to the ground

Falling to the ground,
down to the ground,

I speak of maddness, My heart and soul,
I cry for people who ain't got control.
Let's take our sanity, Let's take compassion,
And be responsible for every action

Hell no, No How
No way, No way, No way, No how
No way, No how

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Down to the ground
All the way down
(Hidden in the dirt)