

## Reception Fades

Rise Against

[Spoken:]

(It is, in the end, whatever the Hell I want it to be,  
And when I'm through with it, it's gonna blow a hole,  
This wide, straight through the worlds own idea of itself.  
They're throwing bottles at your house.  
Come on, lets go break their arms.)

You talk about the way things were,  
But I can't hear what you're saying.  
A time when life was not this hard,  
Blessed by the innocence.

Is the best yet to come?  
Or did it pass by long ago?  
Are we holding on to a thread,  
Of something already dead?

I'm not your reason to stand up straight,  
Shoulders back, chest out, and eyes raised.  
Stepping back, I hesitate.  
I can't let myself be taken.

Is the best yet to come?  
Or did it pass by long ago?  
Are we holding on to a thread,  
Of something already dead?

You can't change your mind, expect me to care.  
You can't just snap your fingers and expect me to be there.

[2x]

Can't just change your mind.

The reception fades, the signals breaking up.  
And am I moving on or am I giving up?  
If you walk away from this with anything,  
Live your life today.