

Rumors of My Demise Have Been Greatly Exaggerated

Rise Against

So please don't ask me how
I ended up at my wits end
And breaking down
Pages torn from books we never read,
Cause we're plugged into this grid.
Don't pull this plug right now,
Or then we'd really have to live.

When I die, will they remember not
What I did, but what I haven't done?
It's not the end that I fear with each breath
It's life that scares me to death.

When we built these dreams on sand
How they all slipped through our hands
This might be our only chance
Let's take this one day at a time
I'll hold your hand if you hold mine
The time that we kill keeps us alive.

Your words won't save me now.
I'm at the edge feeling the sweat drip from my brow.
"Get a grip on yourself" is what they say,
Every hour, every day.
Hands over my ears,
I've been screaming all these years!

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We came in search of answers!
We left empty handed again!
Shots fired into the sky...
Are now returning!
Where the fuck will you hide?

Hiding from the laughter in the closets of our lives,
But the door hinges are squeaking letting in thin shards of light.
And now a hand's extending outward,
Quiet comfort they invite,
Do we dare take what they offer?
Do we step into the light?

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