

## Tip the Scales

Rise Against

Are we so alone,  
So distant,  
So forgotten,  
As we think ourselves to be?

These are our lives  
But did they ever even matter?  
Are we worth remembering?

These machines feed on the tears of broken lives and dying dreams  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhhh)  
We're throwing wrenches in the gears  
Our lives will not be lived in vain  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhhh)

When this is all said and done  
We spent this life on the run  
Judged by the company we keep

Our language, buried inside  
These lungs that keep us alive  
We breathe so selfishly

Promises we plan to break  
Are made in whispered voices  
Cause our despair knows many names

We make mistakes  
But we apologize with roses we never stop to smell on the way

These machines feed on the tears of broken lives and dying dreams  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhhh)  
We're throwing wrenches in the gears  
Our lives will not be lived in vain  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhhh)

When this is all said and done  
We spent this life on the run  
Judged by the company we keep

Our language, buried inside  
These lungs that keep us alive  
We breathe so selfishly

We fell from the sky today  
We melt into balls of clay  
We sell ourselves everyday  
Don't tell me how to live this way

Pushed so far to the edge  
We teeter just on the brink  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhhh)  
You can lead me to the bloodbath  
But you can't make me drink  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhhh)

As these machines feed on the tears of broken lives and dying dreams

(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)  
We're throwing wrenches in the gears  
Our lives will not be lived in vain  
(Oh, Ohhhhhhhh, Oh, Ohhhhhhhhhh)  
My life will not be lived in vain