

Spoiled children soon to fall  
Freedom is the lie we live  
We will wait for tragedy  
And scatter helpless to the fire  
Sorry for ourselves  
Sorry for the things we've seen  
No one cries for help  
Waiting for the fire  
When all our toys are burning  
All these empty urges must be satisfied  
Acted outside  
Precious strength to turn the game to history  
Giving up, I'm blown away  
He said all I had to say  
The final days have come and gone  
Safe inside; there's nothing wrong  
Nothing in these words  
Sorry force of habit  
Could it be way over my head?  
Helpless to describe it  
Could it be way over my head?  
Helpless to describe it  
Could it be way over my head?  
Helpless to describe it  
Dumb & cruel  
Cut before it's grown  
Lies so forced in bored control  
It learned all that it cares to know