Is this the life you made
The kind of life you fake
Is there a point we break?
Or do we sing that same old song
And hope they play along
(We follow)

We're well on our way now to nowhere (To nowhere)
We're so far away from getting somewhere (From where getting somewhere)

Please stop the broken record
Your worthless effort
That makes you feel like God
So play that song
And watch it all go wrong
(Where do we search to find the honesty
In a world so fucked up and bleeding)
Knowing we will follow

We're well on our way now to nowhere (To nowhere)
We're so far away from getting somewhere
Close to anything at all
At all, at all
At all, at all

We're well on our way now to nowhere (On our way)
We're so far away from getting somewhere (From where getting somewhere)

We're well on our way now to nowhere (To nowhere)
We're so far away from getting somewhere
Close to anything at all
Anything at all