

It's a sold life  
Sun rise on the back of an old life  
Borrowed the style if the time's right  
Cut all the ties in your foresight  
You're only slaving in your own mind

But still life makes your heart

It's a cold life  
Died in the back of a landslide  
Caught in the web swallowed your pride  
If your not certain then don't dive  
The corner your eyes the sunrise

I've lost more inside than the spirit that's died  
In my state of mind what I've got to decide (rely on)  
Here on in

Controlled types  
Types that lay back and pay no mind  
Constantly burning their own kind  
It means more to me than to stay and fight  
I've lost more like that than I care to right

I've lost more inside than the spirit that's died  
In my state of mind what I've got to decide (rely on)  
Here on in