

We are all inclined to live a separate way of life.
Some say it's our downfall
But there are reasons why
We tread on different sides
And some say it's our downfall
If we don't keep to the right
Always keep gold in our sights
Looking further into such things
There is no balance worth letting go
We can tell that you're trying to swing at something you can't hit
The wind won't blow you back on your feet
When you're stuck on repeat
So here I stand perfectly aligned
With the other side
We can tell that you're trying to swing at something you can't hit
It's all coming to a much-needed end
What the fuck's wrong with all the shit
That you've been force feeding down the throats of others?
Underneath the fucking covers
Thinking that we wouldn't know
Why do you try to live a worthless way of life?
I've tried to explain to you a half a dozen times
I've lied to you kindly half the time
There is no reason to let ourselves go
Pushing forward just to stay afloat
Try to stay afloat
We can tell that you're trying to swing at something you can't hit
The wind won't blow you back on your feet
When you're stuck on repeat
Some say it's our downfall
If we don't keep to the right
We can tell that you're trying to swing at something you can't hit
And it's coming to a much needed end
And we'll never follow you because the road signs point us in the right direction
Our sights will never align.