

I grasp at life's fading light  
I need you tonight  
I need to be heard  
Your actions speak louder than words  
Ignored by you all  
I stumble and fall  
I suddenly knew  
My life meant nothing at all

In shreds, I stare down at the street  
Yearning for sleep  
That blissful escape  
But when it comes it's always too late  
The whore in my bed  
The noise in my head  
A hole in my pride  
It's coming and there's nowhere to hide

It seems to me to be self-contradictory  
It seems to me you count your victories while they're  
there

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I stumble and fall  
I suddenly knew  
My life meant nothing at all  
The whore in my bed  
The noise in my head  
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It's coming and there's nowhere to hide

It seems to me to be self-contradictory  
It seems to me you count your blessings while they're  
there  
You count your blessings while they're there  
Count your victories while they're there

It seems, it seems, it seems  
It seems to me  
To be  
To be self-contradictory  
It seems to me you've become part of the machinery  
Part of the machinery  
Part of the machinery  
Become part of the machinery  
Machinery