

What great risk to truly live
We could die alone.
Our self-proclaimed meaning of bliss
Is getting what we're owed.
It's always getting what we're owed.
I am like a machine,
All that I really need is medicine
And then I'll fall fast asleep
In my dreamlike state, I'll pretend I'm unscathed
But when I wake up, my resilience fades
When I wake up, my resilience fades.
How long, how long?
How long, long...
I know there's more to life than slavery
I'm tired of dying
I know there's more to life than drinking this soul
sick medicine
Oh no, no I'll never listen or do what I'm told
At twenty-four, you'd think I'd hold my speech
Instead, I'll mix you a cocktail,
Some truth and some slander
And never practice what I preach
I never practice what I preach.
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I know there's more to life
I know there's more to life
I know there's more,
I know there's more to life than drinking
This soul sick medicine!