

Under such disappointing times, we distract ourselves.
Showing off our petty chemical fires. They glow so wrong.
So you follow your dreams, or at least the dreams you've settled for.
But if you followed your dreams...

I want the answer. I want the cure for dying alone.
I thought that I was meant to be a hero.
Now they'll all see how much I've grown.

Sing loud and scream and yell and raise your fists and cause an avalanche.
If you squeeze him hard enough, God might show the way.
Or if you'd just grow up,
You'd see that there's little in this world worth screaming for.
So fall in love, and lie down.
So you follow your dreams, or at least the dreams you've settled for.
But if you followed your dreams...

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