

Mouse In a Maze

Useless ID

Is it so hard to accept the fact we're always changing?
did we all choose to live in denial?
we had no control whatsoever once the damage was done
and now we're all looking forward to one end.
how much of it can we take?
the more we don't communicate.
the less we feel rejected
over and out, we are...

Beat down here like a mouse in a maze
and no more than one in a million
lay you head down
we've fallen out with the world
get used to the feeling.

It brings the worst out of all of us
when there's no one left to trust.
we're all resident to a strange land
we wont take part in this new regime
a well written bloody scheme
designed to corrupt and take over.

the things we over analyse
the way we live is the way we die.
until it fades into oblivion
we're uninvited.

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and no more than one in a million
lay you head down
we've fallen out with the world
get used to the feeling.

Protection: we live in a shell
and find it in ruins
we may have gotten carried away
but there's nothing to it.