

The future has seen better days  
Always, closed doors  
Open old sores  
Makeshift Holy Ghost  
But I need more

It's fair enough to say  
That I am never walking back  
Never going out  
Never shaking hands  
With lifelessness  
But I walk alone  
You're by my side  
You've given me a thousand tries

Headlines  
Half truths  
Half life and it's half used  
Golden hearts (yea)  
Silver tongues  
Slant rhymes and I might be the only one left

I found you in the fire  
But you claimed that it kept you warm  
And my whole thought process  
Is nothing more  
Than what I say  
But I never understand  
The synchronization of a watered-down

Revolution  
The death of a son  
The death of a salesmen, the anointed one  
So what is there left to say?  
Everyone's given up  
But I was born on a different day  
And I drink from a different cup

Well it's fair enough to say  
That I am never walking back  
Never going out  
Never shaking hands  
With lifelessness  
But I walk alone  
You're by my side  
One thousand tries