

Dead Ends

Aim for the Sunrise

We were never meant to speak up.
My guilt, is enough to bury this place.
My regret, could flood this city.

They built a cage around us and called it home.
They called it home.

We are not broken, we are not beaten.
We are just dead ends, restless and sleepless.
And we continue to reach out.
Infect the world with the love we lost.

They broke our hands and fed us with nails.
Nails meant to keep us in place.

They built a cage around us and called it home.
They nailed us to the ground, just to keep us in place.

Our preachers gave us anchors, and pushed us over the edge.

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And we continue to reach out.
Infect the world with the love we lost.

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And we continue to reach out.
Infect the world with the love we lost.