

Oh hell can't you see I've been tightrope walking on the edge of
the precipice we dig while waiting for the world to change
I guess I'm fine sometimes, with a thin pendulum in hands
I guess I'm fine sometimes
Advised to keep my head up straight, I still look at both my sides,
for it's in camaraderie I seek for the future I haven't found
on the curbs of ghost cities we built with our best excuses
But if our memories ain't for sale we sure don't own the scenes
We'll put our names on boulevards, so they speak to us
We'll burn all streets and cul-de-sacs, so they shine for us
And I beg for help when I call your names
The welcoming arms of fantasized allies
It's a story I guess I tell myself when I'm at home, about the
power of the number contradicting a silent phone
I guess I'm fine sometimes with a thin pendulum in hands. I guess
I'm fine sometimes, don't let me down until it ends
In the precipice we fall, one by one
Knee deep in the fear, the hate, the shame, the doubt, the pain
And we spit at the help we are given, with condescension in return
In the coldness of our hearts, we dance, we dance, On the soundtrack
of a life that leaves a bitter taste
Wandering around the blizzard, a coughing lighter in hand
Hoping for an exit sign to shine anywhere above our heads
We cry like the little kids we are losing at a game we didn't want
to play
It's a future-eating machine and on our solitude and fears it sharpens
billions of teeth
Some things stay alive when we're enough to want it
And solidary we shine, solidary we create
And solidary we rise, and hand in hand we change. If we don't pick
the music we'll just refuse to dance
And if this world's way too sick we'll watch it die hand in hand,
In a secession of colors