

A prince in practice moans for the attention that he wants
But most of this town won't even
Dignify his ignorance with a response
Left to a crowded foster home by a 15-year-old mom
Never been held in anyone's arms
When you've never been moved it's really hard to move on
A young saleswoman sets up shop when the sun sets
She'll make your wildest dreams come true
At a price you won't forget
The sadly-married set up alibis: no harm, no regret
Hoping they meet an angel in bed
That could wrestle the devil right out of their heads
This city runs fast, no one has time to sit with themselves
No time to look into our pain
Or see the same despair in everyone else
It's here, it's there, it's everywhere
Tears soak each card the dealers dealt
But time taught me how to see every second as Heaven
Even though they're perfectly disguised as Hell
And I refuse to let past bruises cover the light
It ain't all good, but it's all good enough, so I know I'm alright
Agony is truth, it's our connection to the living
I accept it as perfection and keep on existing in the now

I can only build if I tear the walls down
Even if it breaks me, I won't let it make me frown
I'm falling, but no matter how hard I hit the ground
... I'll still smile
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Ear-to-ear, as if that's all I'm here for
Despite the wars founded by the rich, funded by the poor
Kids barely 18 are dying so billionaires can make more
Elsewhere hungry mothers watch their babies starve to death
In a beat-up shack on a dirt floor
The aged professor quotes, "Freedom's without a path."
Now he dresses like a widow
And preaches "Love is dead" in every class
But curiosity killed the cat and taught the dog in him how to act
And it burned his bridge to Jill
So he tries to drown the guilt with a bottle of Jack
Self-proclaimed rebels say, "We must oppose the system!"
"You gotta take a stand; if you're not against 'em, you're with 'em!"
Signs read: "Support the troops!"
"Bring 'em home!" "No more innocent victims!"
But when a homeless veteran asks for spare change
You're too busy protesting to even listen
And I'm no different, I live in conflict and contradiction
But it can be so beautiful when I don't reject what lies within
It's beautiful the way agony connects us to the living
I think of the world when I hurt and keep on existing in the now

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