

I need two broken arms to hold numbers up
Three accused of knowing
They gave us up for the riches and the golden key to the void

I'll be the one who will say when
I'll be the one who says when this will end

It's the room that's in a constant spin
I'll keep the world outside, I'll let the liars in
And every word they said
Turns into wasted years
I won't forget
I won't forget that
Is the room still spinning now? (All around)

Must break or turn to lead
Must break or turn to lead
I'm repercussions of all failed decisions
I'm repercussions of all failed decisions

We can't stop
We'll start it over
We can't stop
We'll start it over
We can't stop
We'll start it over

Barely listening when we pulled the alarms
Every person was running away
And I'm asking
Is the room still spinning now?

I won't fill this well
With grief, with pain
You vulture
You fading memory

All
I want it all
I want it