

The sound of a rusty old clock
Broken windows, creaking doors
Cold breeze piercing through the blanket

Realized
There's no way out
Every day, growing older
Realized
There's nowhere to hide
Every day, moving slower

Still breathing heavy
Standing up, sore and aching
Grabbing the basket
On the brink of collapse
But still enduring

Enduring another day
Enduring another night

Arrogant looks
Hostile remarks
But still no choice

Realized
There's no way out
Every day, growing older
Realized
There's nowhere to hide
Every day, moving slower