

Four Walls

Mesh

Where's the lesson God?
You're tearing off the wings of all my unprotected dreams for nothing
I'll keep holding on
But I'm running out of nails over everything that's ever failed within me

Stop the aging soon
Because I'm running out of time at the very point I need the clock behind me
Alone in this room
When nothing should be taking from the cleanness of the break I'm making

It never falls in your hands
You get a page of the big plan
In a world that injects grey
If you still keep your head straight
In a world that protects bland
Big noise from a small band
Take the knives at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls

You'll fill the clubs to the four wallsâ?|
Here's the justice God
I'm sifting through the words and re-arranging them in verse for someone
I might be alone
But I'm praying for the spark that might illuminate the dark for someone

It never falls in your hands
You get a page of the big plan
In a world that injects grey
If you still keep your head straight
In a world that protects bland
Big noise from a small band
Take the knives at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls

Is it really worth it?
You know it's worth the sacrifice of everything

It doesn't come to us all
You get a buzz when the track falls
In a time that expects grace
You can cry if you're first place
In a world that protects fools
From the day that you leave school
You take the bribes at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls

It never falls in your hands
You get a page of the big plan
In a world that injects grey
If you still keep your head straight
In a world that protects bland
Big noise from a small band
Take the knives at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls
You'll fill the clubs to the four walls

Is it really worth it?

You know it's worth the sacrifice of everything