

Tight Rope

Papa Roach

My words are weapons in which I murder you with please don't be
scared please
do not turn your head we are the future the 21st. century dysle
xic glue
sniffing cybersluts with homicidal minds and handguns we are in
sane nothing
will change we are insane nothing will change there is a thin l
ine between
what is good and what is evil and I will tiptoe down that line
but I will
feel unstable my life is a circus and I am tripping down the ti
ghtrope well
there is nothing to save me now so i will not look down and aga
in and again
and again it happens again and again and again there's no begin
ning there is
no end there is only change progression backwards is this where
we are
heading take back your soul forget your emptiness there is a th
in line
between what is good and what is evil and I will tiptoe down th
at line but I
will feel unstable my life is a circus and I am tripping down t
he tightrope
well there is nothing to save me now I'm falling to the ground
falling to the
ground down to the ground i speak of madness my heart and soul
I cry for
people who aint got control lets take our sanity lets take comp
assion and be
responsible for every action hell no know how the way the way t
he way know
how the way know how there is a thin line between what is good
and what is
evil and I will tiptoe down that line but I will feel unstable
my life is a
circus and I am tripping down the tightrope well there is nothi
ng to save me
now so I will not look down there is a thin line between what i
s good and
what is evil and I will tiptoe down that line but I will feel u
nstable my
life is a circus and I am tripping down the tightrope well ther
e is nothing
to save me now I'm falling to the ground down to the ground all
the way down.