It must be wrong

Blood red skies
It's the end of the line
Their lies are killing us faster than all demons in our minds
It's time to throw out all hope which they gave and then took back
On the pile where dead bodies are stacked

It must be wrong
It's not the place where you and I belong

It's not the place where you and I belong
At the end of any natural solution
Can't make it stop
Listen up
They're playing our song
The echo from our failures still goes on and on and on
It goes on
It goes on and on

We're running out of reasons to do this
Torn and sore
Can we even do it anymore?
United in prayer for a sign
That we'll be fine and stand victorious in time
Keep running 'gainst the wind and the tide
Mother Earth, the curse, she's never on our side
Zero solace for us
Enough is never enough for us

Blood red skies
No more lives on the line
No more barriers to cross 'tween a kind heart and a sick mind
It's time to gain from what we lack
Get back up and attack
On the pile where dead bodies are stacked

It's not the place where you and I belong
At the end of any natural solution
Can't make it stop
Listen up
They're playing our song
The echo from our failures still goes on and on and on
It goes on
It goes on and on

We're running out of reasons to do this
Torn and sore
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(We're running out of reasons to do this)

We're running out of reasons to do this Torn and sore

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