

We are escalator walkers  
In the brand new temple  
Came to reshape identities  
Shed our skins  
Be reborn  
And feel the same  
That no one here is real

We are moving standees  
In the shrine of choices  
Incarcerated between floors of  
Hope and disappointment  
We feel the same  
That no one here is real  
We feel the same  
That nothing here is still

We are stairway drifters  
Made of cyber paper  
Google boys and wiki girls  
Children of the self care

We come to pray every single training day  
Looking for a chance to survive  
Buying reduced price illusions  
Floating into another light  
Melting into another lonely crowd

We feel the same  
That no one here is real  
We feel the same  
That nothing here is still

Used to have our love  
And now  
Disposable needs  
Used to have our souls  
And now  
Refined new skins

Take  
Use  
Throw Away  
Forget

Dragging our feet  
Tired and deceived  
Slowly moving on  
Bracing shaky legs  
Against all those wasted years  
We roll the boulders of sins  
Up a hill of new days

In the arms of the setting sun  
Our burdens cast shadows over fiery ground  
Catching final rays  
We try to reach the journey's end

Before the sun will die

We sense we're almost there  
But the night comes too soon  
And we crawl in the dark  
Not ready to face up  
To unknowing lies  
We ache to go back

But we can't stop  
So we walk ahead