

You'd rather be in the dark than know what we know
It's easier than to deal with illusions of pleasure
It's easier

What's the price of it
What's the price to live
We're only killing ourselves each and every day
Despite what we believe
There's a difference between what is and what else the perceive
r knows
The only colors they know and for these things they can't compo
se
'Cause they don't know what I know
They'll sell your souls for their gold
And that's far too much for you
I'd tell you these words, but I'll hold them
And some say you already know
You're clairvoyant

What's the price of it
If we kill ourselves a little bit
Is it worth it
Start is relative to end
This has no price attached to it
What's the price of it
Fall down
Fall down