

Paper Chains

The Expendables

what we see it makes no sense
why do we constantly believe?
we have crumbled within our borders
and i'm afraid help is out of reach

they've taken our voices and they've locked them out
with paper chains i'd like to burn
i cannot even enjoy a sunset
when our world is on the verge

all this weight has got my head hung low
a certain pride that gives the air
i dont wanna be another disciple
as they sit in their liars chair

information has been bottled up
in the news i never heard
i cannot even sleep under the shining stars
when our world is on the verge

so i sit and watch this world go by
just like a lonesome bird
i cannot even concentrate on my own thoughts
when our world is on the verge
when our world is on the verge