

# Outlive

## Ghost Inside, The

We're so disconnected but not misdirected.

They think that we are nothing, but I believe in something more. You watch the clock wind down and let the days go by.

You justify the time you've spent, but all you do is make the rent.

We'll be buried with our memories, and you'll just be dead.

I'll live forever, and you'll just die in vain. No home, no bed. Nowhere to hang my head.

At the end of the day I hear no words they say.

No home, no bed. Nowhere to hang my head.

I don't care what they say; I made a choice for me. We're so disconnected but not misdirected.

So quick in passing judgment like I don't belong.

We'll be buried with our memories, and you'll just be dead.

I'll live forever, and you'll just die in vain. No home, no bed. Nowhere to hang my head.

At the end of the day I hear no words they say.

No home, no bed. Nowhere to hang my head.

I don't care what they say; I made the choice for me. But this time, I stand for this.

There's no space between the lines.

I stand for this.

No compromise this time.

I stand for this.

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