

Cage On the Ground

Flyleaf

Another dreamer steps onto the stage
He sings his hope and his fear and his rage
As the applause from the crowd start to fade
He hears them swallow the key to his cage
Welcome to the machine
It's a currency generator
And then it's a guillotine
A mirror held up to your own behaviour
I'm gonna take my bow
And disappear into the sound
I'm leaving my cage on the ground
When I take my bow
I'm watching it burn to the ground
See my feet flying up through the clouds
The dreamer dances inside of his cage
All his music and words are the same
But in the moment he exits the stage
You hear him whisper a prayer for the flames
Welcome to the machine
It's a currency generator
And then it's a guillotine
A mirror held up to your own behaviour
I'm gonna take my bow
And disappear into the sound
I'm leaving my cage on the ground
When I take my bow
I'm watching it burn to the ground
See my feet flying up through the clouds
When they distinguish your name
It may extinguish your flame
I'm gonna take my bow
And disappear into the sound
I'm leaving my cage on the ground
When I take my bow
I'm watching it burn to the ground
See my feet flying up through the clouds
One day distinguish your name (I'm leaving my cage on the ground)
It may extinguish your flame (I'm leaving my cage on the ground)
So trade those ashes for a crown

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