Tip The Scales

Rise Against

Are we so alone, so distant, so forgotten
As we think ourselves to be?
These are our lives, but did they ever even matter?
Are we worth remembering?
These machines fuel on the tears
Of broken lives and dying dreams
We're throwing wrenches in the gears
Our lives will not be lived in vain
When this is all said and done
We spent this life on the run
Judged by the company we keep
Our language buried inside
These lungs that keep us alive
We breathe so selfishly
Promises we plan to break are made in whispered voices
'Cause our despair knows many names
We make mistakes but we apologize with roses
We never stopped to smell on the way
These machines feed on the tears
Of broken lives and dying dreams
We're throwing wrenches in the gears

Our lives will not be lived in vain
When this is all said and done
We spent this life on the run
Judged by the company we keep
Our language buried inside
These lungs that keep us alive
We breathe so selfishly
We fell from the sky today
We melt into balls of clay
We sell ourselves everyday
Don't tell me how to live this way
Pushed so far to the edge
We teeter just on the brink
You can lead me to the bloodbath
But you can't make me drink
As these machines feed on the tears
Of broken lives and dying dreams

We're throwing wrenches in the gears
Our lives will not be lived in vain
Our lives will not be lived in vain

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