

# 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 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 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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