

# New Age Rambler

## Emmure

Don't even bother speaking  
Don't ask me about how I feel today  
It's just another city  
Another room of faces with no names  
And I refuse to imagine a world outside this place  
Just these four walls  
As I wait for death's sweet embrace  
Seems all I've made are enemies  
Who celebrate my misery  
What the road gave and took away  
I have everything but what I need  
Need  
I have everything  
Everything but what I need  
You'll find me sitting in silence  
Separating myself from the talking sheep  
Searching for peace in empty bars  
Tell me  
Am I truly free?  
Seems all I've made are enemies  
Who celebrate my misery  
What the road gave and took away  
I have everything but what I need  
Need  
I have everything  
Everything but what I need

Songwriters

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