

# Crawl

## The Cynics

Out there you're gotta walk so proud  
You say you wanna leave this crowd  
Today, a shot away, you slip  
Seems like you're gonna lose your grip  
Invisible, invisible  
You live and you will die, so stoned  
And still you wonder why, alone  
So fake, no mercy  
You fall  
You break, no pity  
You crawl  
So fake, no mercy  
You fall  
You break, no pity  
You crawl

A wreck, a tragedy, a sign  
So sad the memory, redline  
Too late to build a bridge on trust  
I see the gold has turned to dust  
Invisible, invisible  
You live and you will die, so stoned  
And still you wonder why, alone  
So fake, no mercy  
You fall  
You break, no pity  
You crawl  
So fake, no mercy  
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