Id/Hindsight

Snapcase

We were those people
Created upon synthetic dreams of economic merit
But we are now the pariahs
Recreated upon the nostalgia of a future exile
An exile to an unknown home
We are your savages
The so-called uncivilized
We are the untamed
We are the pariahs
Come watch the stars with me
And so I know that it's been told that I sold my soul
Deny my solitude
I can't make it alone
I admit to you, I can't make it alone
And I need you to know I can't
How I have forsaken you
How I deserted you
Stranded, I deserve to be
With my accomplishments, I abandoned you
Come live to die with me
I can't
We can

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