The Color Theft

Oh, Sleeper

I walk alone, head down, in a pale gray scene
Every step leads to atrophy, this body made for conquest
Instead a pawn on a stage so worthless
I saw the future as endless reaches
The skyline's promise, has left me faced with
Who's dreams are you killing
And who's pockets are you filling?
Are you where you said
You would be in the end?
I walk alone through the crowds of past failed kings
Auditions were called for the hope-thirsting sheep

What keeps this family of fighters
From facing the war that they were bred for?
Who's dreams are you killing
And who's pockets are you filling?
Are you where you said
You would be in the end?
I once saw my deeds grow to greatness
And now I'm lost in the folds and worthless
Following the footsteps of heroes
Never led to the safe and gray roads

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