

The sparrow fell from its perch  
From the dead weight of this earth  
His precious held life long dreams  
Were someone else's old misgivings  
Don't live as the echo  
But thrive as the sound  
Don't live as the echo  
But thrive as the sound  
The boy dug deep with his hands  
Only to find poisoned lands  
And all he could carry all he could take  
Were our legacies of hand me down mistakes  
The fruits of our tears rot at the vine  
Not enough heart not enough time  
No right answers to their wrong ways  
When we inherit our graves  
(Don't) live as the echo  
But thrive as the sound  
(Don't) live as the echo  
But thrive as the sound  
Don't let your future  
Writhe in our past  
Don't let your future  
Writhe in our past  
Don't let your future  
Writhe in our past  
Don't let your future  
Writhe in our fucking past