

Wasted Days

Mortal Sin

As the misty morning clears on another day
All alone I wait for the final call
Bought the big ticket, got to ride that train all alone
All hope for freedom is lost and my back's against the wall

Flesh and blood is all that remain to get me through it all
Dignity stripped away, the human cloak is frail
Tagged with a number, the human baggage of the world

Living on memories
I can't break free
I can't escape those wasted days
Living on memories
I can't escape the wasted days

I stare into the mirror but the face I'm seeing is not my own
My life flashes by me now, the years they pass like days
I don't belong in this hardened world
Hey, take a look at me, I'm not the same
Looking back into the mirror, I hear it whisper my name

Living on memories
I can't break free
I can't escape the wasted days
Living on memories
I can't escape those wasted days

No more pain from the world inside
Still can't escape those wasted days

Living on memories
I can't break free
I can't escape the wasted days
Living on memories
My back's against the wall

(Living on memories)
Can't escape those wasted days
(Living on memories)
As the sun rises slowly on another day
They've come to take me away