

Full of despair inside a darkness
Self conscious and scared, held prisoner of war
Running out of air, buried in a sadness
Want a way out of this paralyzing world
And the sound of the cries when a family's loved one dies
It echoes through a vacant room where a young soul still reside
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When the night is cold and you feel like no-one knows
what it's like to be the only one buried in this hole
You can make it to the sunrise.
(Woah. Woah. Woah)
You can make it to the sunrise.
(Woah. Woah. Woah.)

Searching for a way to escape the madness
A dire need for change as we fight for better days
The hurt and the pain cut deep like a razor blade
Holding in a cry for love, abandoned and afraid

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what it's like to be the only one buried in this hole
You can make it to the sunrise
(Woah. Woah. Woah)
You can make it to the sunrise
(Woah. Woah. Woah.)

I won't go to my grave until a difference is made
I won't go to my grave until a difference is made
(Until a difference is made)

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what it's like to be the only one buried in this hole
You can make it to the sunrise
(Woah. Woah. Woah)
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I won't go to my grave until a difference is made
(Until a difference is made)
Until a difference is made

(From time to time, there arise among human beings,
people, who seem to exude love, as naturally as the sun gives o
ut heat.)