

Trying to Catch Up with the World

Saint Asonia

Sam, the weak accomplice
He knew he had a choice
He always startled easily
With the sound of every voice
A pocket full of excess
They take and take and take
He left him with a trigger pointed
Staring at his shakes

And it goes on
It goes on

She was given nothing
But their selfish lack
They sleep with one eye open
'Cause they know she's coming back
But she will wait her turn
Absent from concern
The furnace inside her
It burns and burns and burns

And it goes on, on
It goes on

Weaklings never practice
What they preach
They cower down below
That's what you call defeat
And in their darkest hour
It's hard to breathe
We try to catch up with the world
But we're so far out of reach
We're so far out of reach

Leaning in the dark
Stands this faked man
Slicing her with his words
Always grabbing her with his hands

And it goes on, on
It goes on

Weaklings never practice
What they preach
They cower down below
That's what you call defeat
And in their darkest hour
It's hard to breathe
We try to catch up with the world
But we're so far out of reach

I wish I had've warned you
Of this broken path
With each step you take
You know there's no turning back

Weaklings never practice

What they preach
They cower down below
That's what you call defeat
And in their darkest hour
It's hard to breathe
We try to catch up with the world
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