

Life can be anything we want it to be, get the walls.  
We can not look back, but think about.  
They can't stop us now, from our thoughts  
and our dreams with the visions of liberty.  
For all those sleepless nights,  
in arms you can't reach, we'll fall.

We are shaping; we are taking everything to the ground.

You can't save us from ourselves,  
you can't even save yourselves.  
You can't stop us from our thoughts,  
our visions of a better world.  
But now take it this way,  
you can't stop me now.

Everything is lost so prepare yourself when the end is here.  
Remember, the world can't be forgotten.  
We're busy shaping a new world.

You can't save us from ourselves,  
you can't stop us from our thoughts and dreams,  
our visions of fucking apathy,  
for all those sleepless nights,  
we're falling down again.

These transitions in reverie could never be what you wanted the  
m to be,  
it's what I believe.  
These sleepless nights in arms you can't reach  
will never be what you thought they would be.  
I can't sleep, I can't breathe.  
I can't breathe the air that you breathe,  
I can't be the dreams that you dream.  
You're taking your time,  
and I can't breathe the air.

I can't breathe the air that you breathe,  
I can't be the dreams that you dream.

Living life in reverie could never be what you fucking thought  
it would be