

You exist and you're a friend of mine
Will we ever live in harmony?
You're alive; it's not the end of the line
Will we ever learn?

Cynical; the generations were abandoned here
No life is ever fair
When the mechanical fires are raging
The revolution's here

I can breathe again. I choose to never let go or lose control
See through the sights of a rifle
Live through the eyes of a child
Walk through the mind of minor to extol

I must change because I've been chasing shadows
Change. Immersed in the night, desperate and taken
Change. Run with the pride of a lion

You exist and you're a friend of mine
Will you ever live in harmony?
You're alive; it's not the end of the line
Will we ever learn?
I'm a failure; I'm the wreckage in the storm
I'm enlightened; unafraid I am reborn

Cynical; the generations were abandoned here
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