

What great risk to truly live  
We could die alone.  
Our self-proclaimed meaning of bliss  
Is getting what we're owed.  
It's always getting what we're owed.  
I am like a machine,  
All that I really need is medicine  
And then I'll fall fast asleep  
In my dreamlike state, I'll pretend I'm unscathed  
But when I wake up, my resilience fades  
When I wake up, my resilience fades.  
How long, how long?  
How long, long...  
I know there's more to life than slavery  
I'm tired of dying  
I know there's more to life than drinking this soul  
sick medicine  
Oh no, no I'll never listen or do what I'm told  
At twenty-four, you'd think I'd hold my speech  
Instead, I'll mix you a cocktail,  
Some truth and some slander  
And never practice what I preach  
I never practice what I preach.  
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How long, long...  
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I'm tired of dying.  
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I'm tired of dying.  
I know there's more to life than drinking this soul  
sick medicine  
I know there's more to life  
I know there's more to life  
I know there's more,  
I know there's more to life than drinking  
This soul sick medicine!