

Our time is borrowed and forced  
We atrophy in your ascension for more  
The writing on the wall is fading  
Cascading down and blacking out our light  
We atrophy in your ascension for more  
The words are weighed to chapters closing  
The pages kept the ones who've lost their stride

I see you've written out the lines upon the course you'd have us ride  
But what if we refuse to sign?

I won't follow you down  
You fan the flames to torch the future  
While I watch you burn it to the ground  
You fan the flames to torch the future  
I think I found the answer to the question  
Maybe moving on is our salvation  
It's pulling teeth to start again

Lines still remain suspend your sentence  
An open-ended story you would bind  
This ink we bleed is drawn from knowing  
You'd lose the plot in trying to survive  
It's pulling teeth to start again and again  
But what if we refuse to?

And I won't follow you down  
You fan the flames to torch the future  
While I watch you burn it to the ground  
You fan the flames to torch the future  
I think I found the answer to the question  
Maybe moving on is our salvation

Is this a self-fulfilling prophecy?  
Is this your self-fulfilling prophecy?

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You fan the flames to torch the future  
While I watch you burn it to the ground  
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I think I found the answer to the question  
Maybe moving on is our salvation  
It's pulling teeth to start again