

## Bridge To Solace

# "Paper Bags And Plastic Cups"

Visit "[Paper Bags And Plastic Cups](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

And these neon lights just burn our eyes, while dead  
air's filling our lungs.  
We slave away our lives instead of dancing in the  
remains of this forgotten world.  
We are just the objects of trade in this death rat-race of  
this globe gone wild.  
Tell me what is left for us, tell me what is left for me.  
Is it only the paper bag what holds our flesh, and the  
plastic cup we drink our blood from?  
We buy our packaged lives back from the ones we are  
selling our souls to.  
There's a damn good sense of business in here.  
Reproduced human lives from a pounding heart to a  
cup of blood, from a breathing body to a bag of  
shredded burning flesh.  
You buy, we sell, we buy, you sell.  
This is just a damn fucking circle, and in the end we  
always lose.  
Looks like a tiring game we constantly play, but still, we  
are so easy to be led astray by the constant agenda,  
what might help us believe that we will win by trading  
ourselves away for a bunch of papers that do have  
numbers.  
While we are the ones who are THE numbers.  
This is just like a code on our foreheads.  
Control.  
Delete.  
Control.  
Delete.  
Press Enter and erase us from the maps.  
Times are changing, so be fast.  
Control.  
Delete.  
Control.  
Delete.  
Press Enter until we press backspace.

Visit [Bridge To Solace](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.