Dropout Year "Brace Yourself"

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Feels like my head is waking up, Releasing from the bonds that locked me out. I didn't realize that compromise would leave me in a rut.

It doesn't matter who's to blame When all of the victims lose their names, And all of our past mistakes Are tattooed on the lives we claim.

Every time we face rejection enters in the same equation.

Add it up to find the sum of some unwanted wealth.

Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.
Too many years have come
And passed me by to keep the window shut.
So Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.
All of the days that couldn't keep me down
Are crumbling to the ground.

Maybe it's already too late to tell if it's luck or if it's fate Guiding the vehicle that couldn't keep Our bodies heading straight.

Where are the answers that we need?

Why has it been so hard to see

That we had to lose ourselves

To find our whole lives waiting there?

Add it up to find the sum of some unwanted wealth.

Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.
Too many years have come
And passed me by to keep the window shut.
So Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.
All of the days that couldn't keep me down
Are crumbling to the ground.

So now we're writing the prologue to our story...
Filling sections left from when we second
Guessed the chances that could get us here.
Take a fall and lose it all so we can see the

atmosphere...

So Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.
All of the days that couldn't keep me down
Are crumbling to the ground.
Go fuck yourself. I'm breaking out.
Too many years have come and passed me by
To keep the window shut.

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