

Last Tribe

"Armchair Sanctuary"

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Throw my hands up I'm backing out
Throw down my guns, I'm gicing up the fight to prove
them right
Gotta get away from myself, if I'm gonna make it out
alive
Standing on the sidelines spitting my 2 cents
Celebrating arrogance while hiding in a drowd of
cynics
Passive passion proves my life is passing me by
I'll never make it out alive
This meaning is fleeting, just when we really need it
A building and nothing more, these empty walls are
bound to fall
Throw my hands up, I've had enough
I've been the first, I've seen the top of feeling down
and out
I gotta get away from myself, and I'll never make it out
alive
I'll be there if you feel like you're falling
I know we're going all the way, I know we're searching
for the answers
And it's not enough when you're losing heart
Instead of backing out just put in your part
Searching for where we are going

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