

## Mesh "Four Walls"

Visit "[Four Walls](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Where's the lesson God?  
You're tearing off the wings of all my unprotected  
dreams for nothing  
I'll keep holding on  
But I'm running out of nails over everything that's ever  
failed within me  
Stop the ageing soon  
Because I'm running out of time at the very point I need  
the clock behind me  
Alone in this room  
When nothing should be taking from the cleanness of  
the break I'm making  
It never falls in your hands  
You get a page of the big plan  
In a world that injects grey  
If you still keep your head straight  
In a world that protects bland  
Big noise from a small band  
Take the knives at the back door  
And fill the clubs to the four walls  
You'll fill the clubs to the four walls  
Here's the justice God  
I'm sifting through the words and re-arranging them in  
verse for someone  
I might be alone  
But I'm praying for the spark that might illuminate the  
dark for someone  
It never falls in your hands  
You get a page of the big plan  
In a world that injects grey  
If you still keep your head straight  
In a world that protects bland  
Big noise from a small band  
Take the knives at the back door  
And fill the clubs to the four walls  
Is it really worth it?  
You know it's worth the sacrifice of everything  
It doesn't come to us all  
You get a buzz when the track falls  
In a time that expects grace  
You can cry if you're first place  
In a world that protects fools

From the day that you leave school  
You take the bribes at the back door  
And fill the clubs to the four walls  
It never falls in your hands  
You get a page of the big plan  
In a world that injects grey  
If you still keep your head straight  
In a world that protects bland  
Big noise from a small band  
Take the

Visit [Mesh](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.